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P. 867A

HOMES



PARENTS

739(0)

the magazine for parents who care

*L*IFT me, O God, above myself,—
Above my highest spheres,
Above the thralling things of sense
To clearer atmospheres.

*Above the earth-born need that gropes,
With foolish hankerings,
About earth's cumbered lower slopes
For earthly garnerings.*

*And grant my soul a glad new birth,
And fledge it strong new wings,
That it may soar above the earth
To nobler prosperings.*

*Lift me, O God, above myself,
Above these lesser things,
Above my little gods of clay,
And all their capturings.*

JOHN OXENHAM

THE WAY

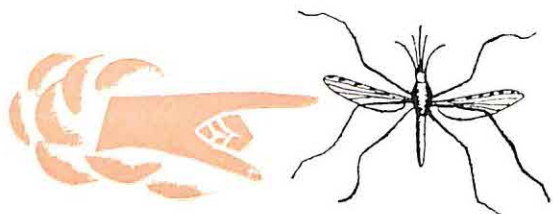
by Elsie Stewart



THOSE who climb Helvellyn are kept in the right track to the summit by three miles of "guiding-stones"—stones with a splash of white on them which can be seen from a distance.

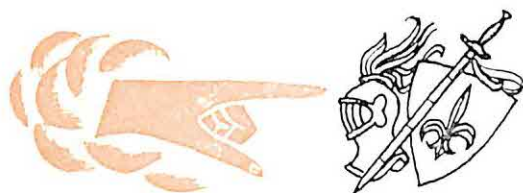
In his autobiography, *Undiscovered Ends*, Canon W. H. Elliott says that as he grows older he feels more and more that there is a path for each man to tread, though for some it may be uphill all the way. Many of us feel with him that God has a purpose for us and has planned out our path. The problem often is, however, to discover that purpose and to be sure we are walking in the right path. Yet there are "guiding-stones" which are revealed as we walk with Christ.

The yearning for some sure guidance in life is not something new, though perhaps the word itself has come more to the fore in recent years. From the time when man first reached out after the Unseen he felt there could come to him from that unseen world some answer to his problems. His ways of seeking guidance were not always satisfactory, as, for example, the appeal to the sorcerer, but he felt help was available if only he could find it. In the Old Testament men were conscious of a Divine Presence guiding them. Abraham went out at the call of an Inner Voice, "not knowing whither he went." Guidance is real when there is a sense of God's nearness to man in it. Thus if we are surrendered to God, if we commit our way to Him, we can be conscious of His Guiding Hand. "To be sure of God is to know for certain that everything will work out all right in the end."



HOW, then, can we expect to find the guidance we need? It is often revealed as we fulfil the duties that lie to hand in our daily lives. The sheep-dog, in caring for the sheep, looks up into his master's face and receives his instructions. In the carrying out of duty he is

shown what he has to do. We may ask how we are to know that where we are is the place where God would have us to be. One answer is that we are there! Ronald Ross became a doctor because his father had set his mind on it, though he himself wanted to be an artist and enter either the Army or the Navy. At first he was only a doctor from a sense of duty. He merely attempted to cure disease, until it came to him that he should be more interested in discovering the causes of disease. Living in India as he did, he became interested in mosquitoes, and after long research, cutting up the tiny bodies of mosquitoes and looking at them through the microscope, he discovered the cause of malaria. He found his real life-work through first following the path of duty.



WE can also hear God's voice in the deep places of the heart, pointing out the right path for us. In times of quiet meditation on the Bible we listen for what He has to say to us. Through an enlightened conscience we receive guidance for the way. Joan of Arc, when questioned as to why she was sure it was her duty to deliver France, said, "I hear voices telling me what to do. They come from God."

"They come from your imagination," retorted Captain Robert de Baudricourt. "Of course," replied Joan. "That is how the messages of God come to us."

It is well to beware of self-deception, of calling guidance what we ourselves want to do, but we can test the voice within by noting if it directs us to the Christ-like thing. Sometimes the voice of God calls us to something from which we shrink, and we try to forget it or drown it in other interests. A genuine call from God, however, will not let us go, and we know no peace until we obey.

SISTER EVA (Eva Tiele Winckler) was the daughter of wealthy parents. The loss of her mother at the age of thirteen awakened in her heart a longing to know God. Later she felt God was calling her to devote her life to some high purpose, but she rebelled against it and continued her normal social life, though trying to



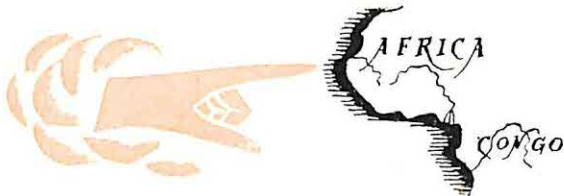
help others more. One day she seemed to hear very distinctly a voice saying, "Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the poor that are cast out to the house." Immediately she knew that she must help poor people who were in need, and vowed she would henceforward serve God wholeheartedly. She became a well-known servant of God in Germany, who served the degraded, the destitute, and little children, "for Jesus' sake."

CIRCUMSTANCES often provide the answer to what we are to do. We may want to do one thing but circumstances determine another path for us, and in retrospect we can see how right it was. Quiet resignation to circumstances is often a sign of strength. To know and



recognize the will of God in our circumstances and to align ourselves with it is to have come far in the understanding of His purpose for us.

King George VI, so beloved and respected, did not choose to be King. He preferred the quieter ways of life, but circumstances arose which forced the responsibilities of kingship upon him. Selflessly he accepted that high calling as the way in which God would have him serve. Upheld by his faith in that same all-powerful God, believing He would guide him every step of the way, he went forward courageously on that lonely path. Surely the love of his people, so freely shown at his passing, vindicated God's choice of life for him.



VON HÜGEL has pointed out that our relationship with God is "vertical and horizontal"; that is, God speaks to us directly, yet also through other men and women. God's will for us may be revealed through others. Albert Schweitzer's choice of Africa was not his; it was made for him simply by an appeal for help. One day he found on his study table a French missionary magazine called *The Needs of the Congo*

Mission. As he read of the misery and suffering endured by the African negroes he felt that he was being called to go out and help them. So in the few moments while he was reading that magazine he gave up all hope of the glory and fame that awaited him in the world, and answered his Master's call "to give and not to count the cost." Through the word of another he found his true vocation.



SOMETIMES we find ourselves on the right path "by accident." What in retrospect turn out to be the really big things of life are at the time of their happening too small almost to be noticed—a chance meeting, a word heard on the radio, a letter. Looking back, we see how decisive a factor in our lives these played.

Wilfred Grenfell, returning from the London Hospital one evening, passed a large tent in which special religious services were being held. Out of curiosity he went in, and there met the challenge which turned his energy into the channel of service to the Deep-Sea Fishermen. As he himself said when giving his address as Rector of St. Andrew's University, "If I had not heard the call of Christ in the tent that day I might possibly have been a physician in Harley Street, being driven about in my Rolls-Royce."

In so many diverse ways do we find God's "guiding-stones" for our lives. Life brings its challenges, and as we respond we find we receive the power to meet them. We may feel inadequate to follow the path to which God calls us, but with the call He gives the power.

At times it may be the path forward seems wrapped in mystery. We have no sense of guidance from any quarter; yet there may be guidance in the very absence of guidance; we can trust where we cannot see. Pascal once wrote: "As I sat wondering how I was going to get through a difficult patch it seemed a voice spoke to me, 'Have I not led you all through your life so far?' I had to answer, 'Yes.' 'Have you lacked anything?' 'No.' 'Cannot you trust Me then for the future?' 'Lord, forgive me, I know You will lead me.'"

We can go steadfastly forward along the path of life, with those words ringing in our ears from a poem little known before but quoted by the late King in one of his Christmas broadcasts:

"I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,
'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'

And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.

That shall be to you better than light, and safer than a known way.'"

not only LUPINS

By John King, B.A.

"YOU won't forget to say your prayers, will you, Alan?" At the foot of the stairs Mummy waited for an answer. The answer was slow in coming. . . . "Alan, you won't forget to say your—"

"No, Mummy." The reply from Alan that interrupted Mummy's insistent voice was a little grumpy. Insistence, Alan was discovering, was Mummy's weakness. Why did she keep on so?—always pressing him about his prayers and underlining what he heard in Sunday school. He would have said his prayers as a matter of course . . . but now, well, just for once, he wouldn't.

Alan, of course, did not know that Mummy's insistence was caused by sheer weight of anxiety for her son's welfare. He knew nothing of the times when she slumped into a chair in the afternoon and wondered whether anything would ever come of all her prayers and efforts to bring Alan to know the Saviour. He saw nothing but "keeping on" where she intended spiritual encouragement.

Mummy sighed as she left the foot of the stairs. Faith and prayers were all very well . . . but they seemed to be fighting a losing battle against boyish mischief and the hundred and one distractions of growing-up.

Morning found Alan itching to be out, making the most of the thick-studded possibilities of the summer day before him. He had decided that fishing was the only pursuit for a boy worth his salt that morning. Fretfully he submitted to the requirements of the early morning routine, and then he was off to inspect his net. It was not where he had left it last year, so back he came from the shed.

"Mummy, where's my net?"

"What net, Alan?"

"My fishing-net, of course, Mummy—the one I bought last year."

"Oh, that; it's in your chest upstairs."

Upstairs Alan scampered, his memory suddenly enlightened. As he was rummaging through his chest he heard Mummy's voice again: "Alan!" It was the ominous sort of tone which indicated that Mummy had found a flaw in the great design. Noisily he continued routing out the contents of the chest, ostentatiously oblivious of the summons.

"Alan, do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mummy," came the reply in the weary intonation one would expect from a beleaguered garrison offering surrender.

"Alan, you aren't going out with Jimmy and those friends of his, are you?" asked Mummy reproachfully. "I don't know why you do it; you're not at school with them, are you?"

"Oh, Mummy, they're all right," complained Alan. He



added eagerly, "I expect we'll catch some fish today. Can I have a jam-jar?"

When he came back, Alan was carrying a jam-jar full of minnows. Getting him away from the jar for dinner was like prising the lid off a syrup-tin, and restraining his progress through the meal was like holding a runaway horse.

The afternoon passed quietly. It passed so quietly that Mummy went to see what was up. The jam-jar she found by itself, warming up in the sun. Floating on the surface among the ants' eggs (the regimen prescribed by Alan for captive water creatures of any variety) were a couple of fish that had succumbed in the densely populated waters. Alan's interest in fish had obviously waned.

Mummy went to seek him out, suspecting fresh mischief. She caught sight of him at the bottom of the garden. Surely, she thought, he's not doing something to his garden! She went to see. The patch of garden that Alan claimed as his own suffered weeks of neglect and occasional lightning raids, which meant a periodic transformation of the area with slight benefit to any plants there.

Alan was fumbling about in the soil. "What are you doing, Alan? Didn't you plant some seeds there?"

"Yes, Mummy," exclaimed Alan, "lupins. Look, here's one." And he stood, holding with forefinger and thumb a tiny seedling.

"Well, don't pull them up, Alan—they'll never grow that way! Why, you've been picking them all out!"

"Yes, but I've been putting them back, Mummy. I wanted to see how they were getting on."

"Oh, Alan!" Mummy laughed at his impatient curiosity. "You have to wait for them to come up. It's no good poking and prodding them."

"But how do I know they are coming up, Mummy?"

"Well, Alan, if you were a good gardener, like old Mr. Hobbs, watering your seeds and looking after them regularly, you would have every right to expect them to grow, even though you didn't see any shoots for a long time." Her voice faded; for the first time she was giving serious consideration to one of the analogies of Scripture.

"What's the matter, Mummy?"

"Nothing, Alan. It's just occurred to me that I've been sowing some seed."

"Where is it, Mummy?" asked Alan, glancing around him.

"Oh, you won't find them here, Alan; they're not in our garden."

"Have they come through yet?" Alan spoke as one gardener to another. "They will, won't they, if you're looking after them."

"I'm sure they will come through."

"Why, of course they will, Mummy, like my lupins. I'm not going to touch them any more, and when they're grown I'll give you a great big bunch of them."

"And when mine come through I'll tell you the story of how I nearly spoiled mine, in the same way that you've been interfering with those lupins."



"A GOOD EDUCATION"

I WAS leaving childhood behind: in another two years I should be on the staff of a daily newspaper, learning to be a 'professional' man, entering a calling which is one of the finest schools of unbelief in existence. The new life which was stirring in my body, the new thoughts which were taking possession of my mind, should have been paralleled by a spiritual awakening, a second birth, lacking which life can have no fullness. There was no such awakening, and the reason must be faced squarely, not because the result was any more important in my case than in hundreds of thousands of other cases, but for the very reason that my case was a perfectly ordinary one. The fault lay in the home. And if, in spite of its boasted learning, mankind is living once more in gross darkness, under the threat of disintegration, social, moral and even physical, the

fault, in the first instance, lies in the home, because the world's homes have been producing children from whom all spiritual training has been withheld. Unhappily, this has gone so far that the great mass of parents are now incompetent to give it. They cannot impart to children that of which they have no knowledge themselves. Ignoring or evading the greatest of all responsibilities, they send them to school to receive what we are pleased to call a modern, scientific education, which means, in due course, both knowledge and power, but without any spiritual restraints. Youth learns almost everything except the rightful use of what it is taught, and as the most shattering of direct consequences, the world has now atomic power, but lacks the power to control it."

From *Bristol Fashion*,

by Hugh Redwood.

APPROACH

By Dorothy Spring, Lecturer, Christian

LET'S face it: there is something ridiculous, if not downright dishonest, in deploring the prevalence of broken marriages as long as we are willing to accept divorce as inevitable in these or those circumstances.

I have talked about marriage and marriage problems to individuals and to groups of all shades of opinion, and I do not think I have yet met anyone who was prepared to accept with complacency the present high rate of marriage failures. Speak about the social problem in the abstract, about the effects of divorce upon young children, about the consequent instability of society, and you will have a concerned and sympathetic audience every time. But mention that you, personally, believe in the permanence of marriage—and you will raise a storm immediately! The very people who, a moment ago, were gravely shaking their heads with you over the unpalatable statistics are now up in arms. You surely cannot mean that you don't believe in divorce at all? Oh but, my dear!—what about the case of the young wife who . . . ?—the husband whose wife . . . ? And so on; every one a specially hard case, every one a piece of special pleading.

On the one hand, they look at the state of society today—the maladjusted, insecure children, the ever-growing number of neurotic adults—with real concern; while on the other, they will defend in individual cases (any individual cases) divorce as the only possible solution to marriage difficulties.

To my mind it is like despairing of one's husband's indigestion while continuing to feed him exclusively on lobster thermidor and hot pastry! The whole thing can be summed up in a couple of questions and answers. What is worrying us? The instability of the family. Why is family instability prevalent? Because of the high divorce rate. How long have we had a high divorce rate? Since divorce was made easy by legislation and by the gradual dying away of the social stigma once attached to it.

The Chief Cause of Divorce

To argue from the other end, we may say that once divorce is made possible people will avail

themselves of the machinery provided, and divorces will take place in large numbers. Once divorces take place in large numbers, the social fabric will begin to rot. At a public forum on marriage one evening the question was discussed, "What are the chief causes of divorce?" My own answer was that the chief single cause of divorce was the possibility of divorce, and in the discussion that followed I found myself looked upon as a rather backward and naïve creature who was not *au fait* with the facts of life. But I was delighted to see that the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed the same opinion in much the same words a few days afterwards. And, of course, this is true. Human nature will always seize upon a way out of difficulties if one offers, and most marriages have their crises when it takes real courage and endurance to hang on. The indissolubly married fight for their happiness, find a solution, or practise patience until the bad time is passed. Those who believe only in fair-weather marriage part, and add themselves to the social problem. Anyone would think, to heed the modern view, that permanence was some unhealthy phenomenon thought up by sportsmen and old women for the harassing of humanity. Do we divorce a son or daughter whose way of life is not ours, or a tiresome old parent?

But to those of us who are Christians there is no need, surely, to study the evil effects of divorce in order to condemn. Are we so lacking in courage, so influenced by fifty years or so of fashionable laxity, that we cannot hold, wholeheartedly and without reserve, the belief that those whom God hath joined are not to be put asunder? There is no need to apologize for subscribing to this simple tenet of the Christian faith, and no need to bolster it up with sociological arguments. If man cannot put asunder those whom God hath joined, the great problems of insecurity and instability do not arise, the newspapers may cease to print alarming headlines, and social welfare departments may reduce their staffs. There will be, always, the few hard

to MARRIAGE

Education Movement, South Africa

cases, but the majority will settle down and work out their own solutions.

Our Children's Ideals

We live, however, in a world which has abandoned Christian standards, and the present divorce laws are part of our world. How can we help our children to find happiness and security in marriage? Are we to give up the struggle, and leave them to adopt the ways and ideas of the unthinking, unbelieving majority? Or are we to put up a fight? Or shall we compromise by putting the Christian point of view as an ideal too high and too difficult to be accepted? Children grow up with the convictions of their homes, and the trouble is that most of us are only half-convinced. We pay lip-service to the fundamentals of religion, but in our weekday life we betray the fundamentals too often. We need to be consistent and steadfast in our conversation if we would pass on something real to our children. In other words, their education begins in our own minds, and we need to be convinced ourselves before we can convince others. If we all forswore double talk we would make more satisfactory parents. If only we would decide once and for all to come down fairly and squarely on the side of God's idea of marriage, and say so, without for ever agreeing idly that "really poor Mrs. So-and-So had no option"! And then, with our own minds clear, we could go to the world of nature about us for confirmation of God's intentions.

Patterns in Nature

All living creatures propagate their species in much the same way—the reproductive organs and their functions are recognizable even in plants—but the incidentals vary according to individual needs. All through nature we find that the greatest care is taken to ensure that the young life establishes itself. Many plants produce their seeds in astronomical numbers because so many are liable to be wasted, and almost all of them are elegantly fitted with various contrivances to help them to get along: they have parachutes to float them through the air, or

hooks to catch on to an animal's coat, or fruit to attract the birds which will scatter the seed. Among animals these mechanical devices are, on the whole, replaced by parental care, and creatures with no apparent intelligence, and certainly no emotional attachments, care for their families with complete efficiency *for as long as may be necessary*—in other words, until they are able to look after themselves. For just so long the parents stay together, united in the task of bringing their young to maturity. When the infant creature needs no care, no education, as with most fishes, or where one parent is capable of handling the situation alone, there is no parental association. But in all those cases where the young are helpless and need two parents to look after them, there is marital fidelity. Look at birds. Mark how faithfully the male and female devote themselves to each other and to the family until the nestlings are flown. No one trained them to do this, nor compelled them; the instinct was implanted, we say, by Nature. But who is Nature, if not God? And reasoning in the same way, can we fail to see the pattern of God's intention for us? Our babies take twenty years or so to grow to maturity, and they need all the qualities of both parents for their shaping. This span of growing-up time brings a mother to an age when parenthood is over. Justice demands that she shall not be cast aside once her active usefulness as a partner is past, but shall be cherished into old age.

If, biologically, the human family could be brought to maturity in a matter of five years or so, it might be possible to discern the pattern in Nature of four or five new matings in a human life. But this matching of the growing period of the children with the total extent of the mother's span of fertility leads us inescapably to the conclusion that God's design for us was the single and permanent family unit. Perhaps this reflection will help to confirm our beliefs, so that we may pass them on to those for whose guidance we are responsible.

(Reprinted, by kind permission, from *Christian Education*.)



Enid Blyton

by

HER DAUGHTER

(Gillian Darrell Waters)

I AM going to write about the real Enid Blyton—my mother. Most of the journalists who come to interview her see her just as a celebrity, but she is something much more than that. She doesn't care anything about fame or money—what she loves most in her work is the reward she gets from the children, the love and trust of millions of boys and girls of different nationalities and classes—and of their parents, too.

If you have ever listened to her talking to children you will have seen their spontaneous demonstration of affection when she comes into a hall. I have often sat beside her when she is autographing, and listened to their confidences when they come up to her. They speak as if they have known her all their lives—indeed they *do*, because she is in every book she writes.

I wish you could see all the letters they send her. "Dear Enid Blyton, My goldfish isn't well, he is lying at the bottom of his bowl. What can I do to make him better?" Or, "Dear Enid Blyton, Your books are smashing. Please don't ever stop." Or, short and simple, "Dear Enid, I love your books and I love you, too."

They send her wild flowers to name for them, they even send her dead birds and insects, asking her what they are. We never know what will be in a parcel!

At Christmas we get maybe a thousand cards, and we put them all round the picture rail, on all the book-cases, on the piano and mantelpiece, yet still we have many over. Mummy probably gets a thousand letters a week. She reads every letter, and tries to reply to every child, even if it is only an autograph. No one else can do this for her, because it's her own handwritten answer that the children want. Imogen (my sister) and I help her by addressing and stamping envelopes.

Everyone who knows her work should know too that Enid Blyton isn't just a story-teller. You have only to read the letters she gets to know that.

But what of Enid Blyton, the person, the wife

and mother? We know more about her than anyone else!

Her home and family have always come first with her. When we were small she was never too busy to listen to us, answer our questions, and enter into all our interests and enthusiasms.

In the summer evenings we would walk along the river bank through the buttercup fields, or go to the farm and see the animals, and feed the tame lambs from a milk bottle. In the autumn we would go blackberrying after tea, and in the winter we sat by the fire roasting chestnuts, playing games and talking.

When I went to school I used to come home every day, collect what she had written, and go up to my room and read till I had finished it all. A profitable source of pocket-money as I grew older was the correction of proofs; I was given a penny for every mistake I found in them. Mummy is a very good pianist and has a lovely voice, and often she would play and sing to us—nursery rhymes, carols, or her own songs. She used to draw for us, too.

Mummy taught me to read and write, sew, and do simple sums before I went to kindergarten. The first two years I was at school I finished at twelve o'clock, and she would always be waiting for me at the end of our lane, usually with Imogen in the pram. She has always taken an interest in all we do at school, and would never allow any work or business engagement to stand in the way of our half-terms, speech days, or school plays. If one of us was ill she cancelled her appointments at once; when Imogen was ill with infantile paralysis a few years ago Mummy went up to London every day to visit her while she was in hospital, in spite of all her work.

Mummy knows an enormous amount about Nature. In the summer we sit in the garden and listen to the birds singing, and she can always identify them by their songs. When I was small she taught me the names of all the wild flowers

and trees. We have always had many animals because we love them, and we used to breed Siamese cats and terriers. Mummy looked after my tame mice while I was at boarding school, besides doves, pigeons, tortoises, goldfish and a canary. Animals and birds have always loved her and become very tame with her. We have about six tame chaffinches which will eat out of our hands and do not hesitate to help themselves when we eat out of doors.

Now we are growing up Mummy still has the same time and affection to give us. She is a companion not only to Daddy but to me too; we often talk solidly for two or three hours at a stretch when I am at home. I know that she will always give me all the help and understanding I need; there really isn't any problem I would not discuss with her, no secret I would not trust her with. We love a day's shopping together in London. I am very lucky in that I am the same size as Mummy—she is very generous, lending me many of her clothes, and often ending by giving them to me. She's very relieved that her feet are smaller than mine!

Mummy and Daddy have both got a wonderful sense of humour; Mummy is also a very good mimic. Some evenings she makes us completely helpless with laughter, beginning at dinner-time and not finishing till we go to bed. She is very interested in Daddy's work; he is a well-known London surgeon, and they are both proud of one another.

We all get very worried about Mummy sometimes because she has so much to do—letters to answer, books to write, proofs to correct, reading to do, the house to run, and a hundred-and-one other things. Yet she manages to get everything done without getting flustered or irritable. I have never known anyone do so much in twenty-four hours, yet still have time to do something extra for her family, and to read as well.

A home isn't just a *place*—it's an atmosphere created chiefly by the wife and mother. I know that Daddy and Imogen will join in saying that our wonderful home is largely due to Mummy. She is not temperamental like so many artists, but she has no ordinary character or personality. She has created for us a home where there is only peace and no strife, only laughter and no gloom, only understanding and honesty with never any suspicion or deceit, where above all there is only love and happiness, and no hatred or bitterness.

I told you, at the beginning, how many, many thousands of children all over the world give Enid Blyton their love and trust; I hope I have now been able to give you a little insight into the amazing personality I have always known, loved and admired—my mother.



THE PROGRESS OF HUMAN NATURE

“THE children now love luxury, they have bad manners, contempt for authority, they show disrespect for elders, and love chatter in place of exercise. Children are now tyrants, not the servants of their households. They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up

dainties at the table, cross their legs, and tyrannize over their teachers.’

“While this may sound very modern, it is interesting to know that this complaint was registered by the Greek philosopher, Socrates, over 2,000 years ago. Seems children were a problem also in those long ago days!”

From *The Christian Parent*.

THE TRAGIC TALE OF REGINALD

THE parents of Reg, from his earliest age,
Had tried in a manner more kindly than sage
To see he was stayed by no curb or taboo
From doing those things that he wanted to do.
"Far be it from us to forbid or deny."
One whim to this apple," they said, "of our eye."
Encouraged by "Yes," and untrammelled by "No,"
His dear little ego shall flourish and grow,
And, free as the breezes that blow where they list,
Remain unacquainted with "Don't" and "Desist."
Pursuing this plan they avoided with skill
Such things as ran counter to Reginald's will,
And blended with manners caressing and mild
The shortage of rod that corrupteth a child.
So Reginald did for the whole of each day
What Reginald wanted, in Reginald's way.
He even, howe'er he were begged or cajoled,
Did *opposite* things to the ones he was told,
And more and more marked in his conduct became
Contempt for commands and dislike of the same.
If strangers were reckless enough to suggest,
"I think, Reggie dear, perhaps this would be best,"
Such howls would arise, such an outburst of noise,
Such stamping of feet and such smashing of toys,
That lashings of sweets would be proffered for peace
Lest neighbours grew nervous and summoned the
police.
How sad that his parents so failed to descry
The paramount need at such times to apply
A heavy tattoo with a muscular hand,
On parts for such chastisement specially planned!
Instead, uncorrected, young Reginald grew

Till relatives talking, as relatives do,
Were drawing it mild when they said, as they did,
They never had met such a horrible kid.
One day Reggie's mother determined to slip
With Reggie to town on a purchasing trip,
And after some deep disputation and fuss
(For Reggie said "train" when his mother said
"bus").

They made their approach to the shop where report
Had said the best bargains were commonly bought.
At spots in that town, near its busiest sites,
Were crossings controlled by mechanical lights,
And reaching the shop where they purposed to call
Meant crossing the busiest crossing of all.
The lights, which were green, went to crimson instead,
And "STOP," little Reg, who could read a bit, read.
Now how could that light be expected to know
That "STOP" was the way to make Reginald
"GO!"

Big masses of motors at right angles pent,
All threw in their clutches as Reginald "went."
Not harshest of hoot or the fiercest of brake
Could possibly save after such a mistake,
The traffic, like tide that sweeps in on a shore,
Poured right over Reg until Reg was no more.

This story so tragic but stresses the truth,
"The stricter the parent, the better the youth;"
No boy who has tannings discreetly applied
Could possibly die as young Reginald died.

(Reprinted, by kind permission, from *Uhula*.)



Standards For Living

Share the happiness of those who are happy, and the sorrow of those who are sad.

* * * *

Live in harmony with each other.

* * * *

Don't become snobbish, but take a real interest in ordinary people.

* * * *

Don't become set in your own opinions.

* * * *

Don't pay back a bad turn by a bad turn, to *anyone*.

* * * *

Don't say "It doesn't matter what people think," but see that your public
behaviour is above criticism.

* * * *

As far as your responsibility goes, live at peace with everyone.

Romans 12 ('Letters to Young Churches').



THE END OF AN ERA!

Instead of "Cowboys and Indians" the modern junior joins "Dan Dare" in the "War of the Worlds"! Here he is, with Space Suit, atomic sub-machine gun, and portable radar set in his helmet.

BIBLE STORIES *for your children*

A Fresh Start

by the Editor

THESE Bible stories are really like chapters in one long serial story. First, Satan had attacked God's plan, and had tricked Adam and Eve into doing what he wanted. They had sinned against God, and the stain of sin had spread so quickly that one of their sons had become the murderer of his brother. But before Abel was killed he had found the way to God, and another brother, named Seth, copied him in this. So from now on there were going to be two sorts of people in the world—loyal men like Abel and Seth, who obeyed God; and rebels like Cain, who were determined to please themselves.

Which army would be the bigger—the loyal men or the rebels? You can guess the right answer if you ask another question: which would most people like to do—please themselves, or obey God's commands?

So the rebels increased more and more in

numbers, and the stain of sin spread still more, growing deeper and darker all the time.

Can you imagine what people were like? It is almost impossible, for they thought of wickedness all day and every day, until everyone, even the women and children, were fierce, and cruel, and violent. If they had gone on like this unchecked they would have hurt and murdered one another until all were dead.

And so God issued a warning. He spoke to Noah, who was one of His loyal servants. "I can already see how these rebels will end," He said. "We must have a new beginning. I will therefore send a flood on the earth, so that it may be washed clean from all this sin and violence. But you, Noah, have done what is right, and so I am going to save you from this flood."

How could Noah and his family be saved? The flood was going to be so great, God told him, that it would cover not only the tallest trees but even the highest mountains.

"You must make an ark, like a ship or barge. It does not need to be the sort that can sail at a high speed, but it must be able to take on board not only you and your family but some of every kind of animal as well."

So Noah began to build his ark, and you can imagine how silly the rebels must have thought him. Fancy building a boat far away from the sea! You can imagine, too, how Noah would solemnly warn them all of what was about to happen, but how they would scorn him and say, "We're going on pleasing ourselves. We *won't* obey God!"

The day came when the ark was ready. Into it went some of every kind of animal, and when they were comfortably settled Noah took in his family. Did the rebels stand round and laugh their loudest? Whatever they did or said, Noah believed that what God had said would certainly happen. He was inside the ark now, and it was God who shut the safety door.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat! Drops of water were falling from the sky. Faster and heavier came the rain, as the sky grew blacker and blacker, until the clouds seemed to be emptying



themselves on the earth. And there were earthquakes, with floods of water rushing in from all directions. Storms and floods—not for one day or for one week, but for almost six weeks!

It was as God had warned them. The highest hills were covered, and everything was destroyed—everything but the ark with all its passengers. They waited and waited, and at last they knew that the terrible storm was over. Now there was an even longer wait for the waters to drain away. Would God forget them? Of course not! Day after day Noah counted, until nearly a year had gone by since they first entered the ark.

At last the time came for him to do something. He opened the window (or hatch, as we might call it today), and sent out one of the ravens to see if it could find anywhere to perch. He also sent a dove, but the dove quickly came back and Noah stretched out to take her in. A week later he sent her off again. She came back as before, but this time with a leaf in her beak, which she had evidently plucked off a tree. Another week Noah waited, and off went the dove once more. This time she never came back, and now Noah knew that they could all leave the ark.

Out they stepped into a clean, fresh world from which every trace of sin and cruelty had disappeared. They were going to make a new start—and what do you think would be the first thing Noah would do? Build a new house? Plant a new garden? Neither of these things, for Noah knew the secret of happiness—he must put God first. That is why his first act was to build an altar and offer a sacrifice to God. This was his salute to his King.

Then, as he looked up into the sky, Noah saw what you have sometimes seen—a rainbow. And as he looked at those lovely colours God made him a promise. “Never again,” He said, “will I destroy the earth by a flood—and that rainbow can always be a reminder of My promise.”

When you next see a rainbow, will you let it remind you that God always keeps His promises? See how many you can find in the Bible, as you read it day by day.



A PRAYER

O Lord my God, I don't want to be a rebel, but to be Your loyal and brave soldier. Please help me to obey all Your commands in the Bible. Thank You for all Your promises, and especially for what Jesus said—“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” Amen.

FOR ACTION!

“The Report of the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police is not exactly the week-end reading that most of us would choose. . . .

Serious crime among young children is increasing alarmingly. Last year no fewer than 4,470 children between 8 and 13 years of age were arrested in London for indictable offences.

Since the war we have come to accept figures like these rather too casually. It has been easy to shrug the shoulders and blame the war years. But you can't blame the war for what a child of eight did last year.

It is becoming more and more evident that you must blame his parents and perhaps the system under which he is not being properly educated. Almost certainly home influences are primarily at fault. Unless one believes in original sin, it is difficult to see how else so many infants come into the hands of the police.”

(From a “News Chronicle” leading article.)



OVERHEARD!

“These husbands!” said one wife to another. “Is yours like that?”

“Mine's the best fellow in the world!” she replied, lifting her head with a smile that spoke of both pride and confidence. “He never comes through the door in the evening without a cheery smile, whatever the day's business has been like. He may tell me about that later on, but I know there'll always be that smiling face and cheerful words.”

“And do you always welcome him with a smile?” enquired a husband who was standing by.

“I do. It's the least I can do,” she replied. You may add your own comments.





FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH

By Alan Horder

PROBABLY very few of us class ourselves as photographers, but nevertheless each of us almost certainly has a camera of some sort in the home. We use it at various times during the year, but mainly in the summer. Nearly all our pictures are made out-of-doors—we rely on sunlight to make the picture, and consequently with the approach of winter the camera is put away.

Some of us, perhaps, have been bold enough to try photography by artificial light, but for everyone who has successfully mastered this technique probably several have given it up as being too complicated, or involving the acquisition of expensive equipment. This is rather a pity, because winter provides all sorts of opportunities for family groups, pictures of the children at play, etc. Is there no easy way of recording these fleeting moments?

Fortunately there is such a method nowadays, and the change has been made possible by the introduction of *midget* flash-bulbs and of inexpensive equipment for hiring them.

A midget flash-bulb is about the size of the bulb in a car headlight. The application of a small voltage from a torch battery to its contacts causes it to emit a bright instantaneous flash of light. Each bulb gives one flash only, and is then thrown away.

The special advantage of a flash-bulb is that it gives a *very bright light* for a *very short time*. It is rather like bringing sunshine indoors, permitting us to take snapshots again although it is winter and probably night-time as well. Moreover, because of the short duration of the flash, photographs taken in this way retain their spontaneity.

How can I obtain these bulbs and how do I go about using them? Are not expensive synchronizers and flash-guns required, and cameras with special shutters?

Well, you can spend a lot of money on flash equipment if you like, but we are not going to recommend it here. *The synchro-flash method*—in which the bulb is fired by the action of the camera shutter itself—does require special equipment, but flash photography in the home can be done perfectly well by the *open-flash* method. This means briefly that the camera shutter (set to "B" or "T") is opened, the bulb flashed, and the shutter quickly closed—as simple as that.

What are our minimum requirements for this? Firstly, the bulbs: of the many types available we recommend the following three for home use—PF 14, No. 5, and S.M. They are known as "*midget*" bulbs, and can be obtained from the local photographic dealer. They cost about a shilling each.

To fire the bulbs an *open-flash holder* is needed; this also can be obtained from your dealer. Many types

are available, the latest, simplified models costing only a few shillings.

And now to take our first flash photograph. The procedure is very simple when we have carried it out once; but the following drill may be a help on our first attempt.

- (1) Load the camera with film—the ordinary "orthochromatic" film used by most of us in the summer is recommended.
- (2) Ensure that the flash-holder is switched off, and fit it with a new bulb.
- (3) Arrange the group of people that we wish to photograph—if they need and will permit arranging! Then focus the camera and adjust the lens aperture if necessary. If we are using a box camera and the subject is to be nearer than 10 feet from the camera we may require a "portrait attachment." Refer to the camera instruction book for guidance on this point if need be.
- (4) Set the camera shutter to "B" (brief time) or "T" (time).
- (5) Hold the flash-holder just above the camera with the bulb and reflector facing the subject, open the camera shutter, fire the bulb, and close the shutter. If you like, a friend can work the flash-holder while you concentrate on the camera. With practice the time that the shutter is open need not exceed half a second.
- (6) Wind on the film, and remove the used flash-bulb.

That, briefly, was the method used for the accompanying photograph, which is one of a roll exposed of the author's family, in about half an hour one evening, just before the children's bedtime. The camera used was a modern box camera with large "reflex-type" view-finder.

Here are one or two other points about open-flash photography which you may find useful.

First, it is usually preferable to leave the ordinary room lighting switched on while flash photographs are being taken, and this is quite permissible. This does mean, however, that the time that the camera shutter is open must be kept to a minimum—a fraction of a second. Otherwise a second image from the room lighting may be formed. It may sometimes be advisable to have less room lighting than usual.

Some method of steadying the camera is necessary while the exposure is being made. A camera tripod, though very convenient, is not essential—the camera

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The title "Feeding the Family" is centered in a large, elegant script font. It is surrounded by a circular border composed of numerous small, detailed illustrations of everyday objects. Starting from the top left and moving clockwise, the items include: a bowl, a rolling pin, a whisk, a butter knife, a box of butter, a salt shaker, a measuring cup, a strainer, a pitcher, a mug, a clock, a frying pan, a spoon, a plate with food, a fork, a teacup, an open book, a calculator, a cookie sheet, a toaster, and a lamp. The entire composition is set against a plain white background.

by Mildred Gordon, B.Sc.

MENUS FOR A WEEK

It is easy to get in a rut with food, but one's own rut is probably fresh to someone else, so here are a week's menus which may help you for breakfast, dinner, and high tea, or lunch and evening dinner.

SATURDAY

Breakfast. Bacon.

Dinner. Liver and sausage. Runner beans, boiled potatoes. Plum pudding and custard (made with fresh plums and suet crust).

SUNDAY

Breakfast. Boiled eggs.

Dinner. Steak pudding (with or without kidney).
Shredded cabbage (cooked in 10 minutes), mashed
potatoes. Plums and blancmange.

Supper. Tomato sandwiches, cheese and chutney sandwiches, apples or other fresh fruit.

MONDAY

Breakfast. Bacon and fried potatoes.

Dinner. Steak pudding re-heated. "Bubble and Squeak" (from Sunday's vegetables). Stewed fruit.

Tea. Mixed salad.

TUESDAY

Breakfast. Grilled bacon.

Dinner. Boiled ham, baked beans in tomato. Boiled potatoes and parsley sauce. Blackberry fool.

Tea. Fried soft roes on fried bread.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast. Smoked haddock or cod in white sauce.

Dinner. Eggs on chips. Savoury cabbage. (Fry a little onion, tomato and celery in 1 oz. fat. Add shredded cabbage and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Cook 10 mins.) Welsh cheese cakes.

Tea. Cold ham and sweet corn.

THURSDAY

Breakfast. Bacon and tomatoes.

Dinner. Cornish pasties. Green vegetables. Rice pudding and baked apples.

Tea. Baked beans on toast.

FRIDAY

Breakfast. Kippers.

Dinner. Rabbit casserole and root vegetables. Jam tart.

Tea. Cold meat, or pie, or salad.

(Use has been made of oven or top of stove to avoid waste of fuel.)

A DOCTOR'S DIARY

by a Lady Doctor in General Practice



I HAD just finished evening surgery and was dictating some letters to my secretary, when all of a sudden there was a frantic ringing of the night bell. Miss Wilson went to the door and I overheard a breathless voice saying, "Please tell the doctor to come quickly, there's been a terrible accident" . . .

When I arrived at the scene of the accident there was the usual crowd of sightseers nearly suffocating the poor man. (Oh, how I wish that First Aid were a compulsory school subject!) I eventually made my way through to him, and it was pretty obvious he had broken a leg, although he was still quite conscious.

"It's my leg, I'm afraid, Doctor. How long shall I be off work with it?"

"A long time, I'm afraid, Mr. Edwards. Maybe about six months."

"Six months! I've never been ill for more than six days before. I shan't know what to do with myself."

"You'll be all right. There's the ambulance now. They'll look after you in hospital. Don't you worry."

Several weeks later my secretary told me there had been a message from Mrs. Edwards to say that her husband was home, and please would I call in when I was passing that way.

I happened to be visiting next door that afternoon, so I called in to see how Mr. Edwards was getting on.

"Ah, good afternoon, glad to see you back. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I'm fine in myself, thank you, Doc, and it's nice to be home with the wife again, but I just don't know what to do with my time. It was all right in hospital, with plenty of people to talk to, and this—

er—what do you call it?—occupational therapy, is it? I made a rug for the dining room, and Mrs. Edwards is quite pleased with it. A few weeks in hospital is quite a different matter from several months at home, isn't it?"

"I'm sure Mrs. Edwards can find you plenty of useful things to do, making rugs, basket work, and leather wallets. You might even make some to sell to your friends to help out the family budget."

"There's another thing I've been thinking. Didn't you tell me once that you couldn't find time to pray much and that you were too busy to study your Bible properly? You know everything that happens is within the permissive will of God, and He can overrule the worst circumstances so as to bring good out of them. It may be that while you are laid aside like this God wants to speak to you in a way He has never been able to do before, because you have never been prepared to give time to listen to Him."

"I think Moses must have felt very 'fed up' when he had to run away from the Egyptians and spend his time minding his father-in-law's sheep at the far side of the wilderness. How boring it must have been for him, especially when he had been brought up in a king's household! Yet it was there that God came and spoke to him, and gave him his great commission to lead God's people out of Egypt. Look it up again in the first two or three chapters of Exodus. You have plenty of time now!"

"Perhaps God has some special message for you, or some special job of work He wants you to do for Him. Give Him a chance to talk to you."

"Maybe you have never faced up to God's claims on your life. God, in His mercy, has spared your life this time, but you might easily have been killed in that accident. Would you have been ready to meet your Maker?"

"Well—no, Doc, I don't think I would, really. You see, I've never had time to think much about such things. I will study my Bible, as you say. At any rate, it will help to pass the time away!"

He did begin to think, and so did his wife, and I tried to help them whenever I visited them. Then one day Mr. Edwards asked if he could go and stay with his brother, who was a minister up in Scotland. I gave my permission, and some time later I had a letter from the minister. He told of how he had prayed for his brother for years, and how glad he was to find him seeking after truth. He went on to say that it had been his privilege to lead both husband and wife in imagination to the Saviour's cross, where they had seen themselves in all their need; and there, too, they had seen the Lord Jesus Christ in all His love and power. They had each knelt and asked His forgiveness, and given their lives over into His control.

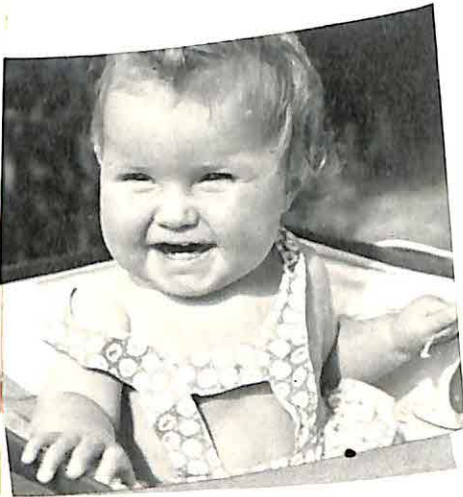
A few weeks later the Edwards' returned home, and I visited them again. Oh!—what a change! This time there was no grouching or grumbling or questioning. They were full of a new-found joy and peace, and Mr. Edwards was surrounded by interesting books and missionary magazines.

There was more than interest; he had the bracing conviction that there was a purpose in life for him even while convalescing, and he was looking forward to more active service as soon as he was fit for work again.

FAMILY Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

THE other day we celebrated the Bundle's first birthday. Jane had talked about the Bundle's birthday for weeks beforehand, and planned what she was going to give her, but when it came to the point no new gift had been bought or made, for all the planning; so various beloved old toys were dug out of the children's toy-box, wrapped up lovingly in coloured paper, and solemnly presented to the Bundle with as much of a "see-what-a-lovely-surprise" air as if the Bundle had never seen them before!



"Bundle"

Jane also sat down and designed a birthday-card. This *was* a surprise to Mother, particularly as she ruined several sheets of my best notepaper with false starts! However, on birthdays nobody is "told off," and she was full of pride and pleasure in her birthday card, and handed it to the Bundle most lovingly. The Bundle held it upside down, scratched it experimentally to see whether it made the same satisfying noise as a newspaper does, and crumpled it up.

In the afternoon we had a small birthday-party. It was a fine day, warm enough to have tea out of doors. The guests of honour were the doctor who superintended at Bundle's birth, and his wife; they hadn't

seen her for a long time, and were suitably complimentary about her five teeth, lovely brown sunburn, and the curls that are just beginning to sprout on her little round head.

When the party was over and it was bedtime, Jane said suddenly, "When I say my prayers I must say a special one about the Bundle, because perhaps God doesn't know about it being her birthday." So the Bundle was duly prayed for in a special birthday prayer.

I don't know how other parents get on, but we have found our attempts at giving religious instruction to our children full of unexpected turns. When Jane first came into the world my friends, who were parents of long experience, told me how important it was that children should from the very first be trained in the habit of prayer. "Even the youngest baby," they said, "can be trained by observation, and if at bedtime you kneel in silence by the cot and pray for your baby, he will get so used to seeing you do it that it will become an instinct with him to do the same later on, when he is old enough to understand."

I think there's something in this, and it was a practice I followed with Jane—but for some time she didn't seem at all appreciative. One evening, when she was about two, she expressed an opinion on the subject—and in no uncertain terms. As I knelt there by her cot she watched me for a moment or two, then said in a bored voice, "Bye-bye, Mummy," rolled over and turned her back on me. I couldn't help laughing inwardly at this dismissal!

But we went on with our little nightly ritual, and as Jane grew older she learned to say her own prayers. We've never taught her a set form of prayer other than the Lord's Prayer, but have encouraged her to say what really are her own prayers. These do tend to become set prayers, though, with the same petitions repeated night after night (ever since a visit to the Zoo she has prayed, with some trepidation, that "God won't let the animals get out of their cages"). But she does from time to time introduce new variants, as when she prayed for the Bundle on her birthday.

On Sunday mornings Jane goes regularly

Please turn to next page

FOR YOUR READING LIST



NO DARKER ROOMS

(By A. Morgan Derham. Victory Press, 8s. 6d.)

All those who like biography will find an interesting study in this story of Richard Baxter and his work in Kidderminster. This period in the life of a great Puritan minister coincided with the last part of the Cromwellian rule and the recall of Charles II.

Until one becomes accustomed to his style, Mr. Derham's writing seems strangely naïve, but this may well be because of the difficulty many writers find when producing natural dialogue for a period three hundred years before their own age. In any case, both the story and the writing improve vastly upon acquaintance, though some may find the characters and their doings almost too forbidding and depressing.

Baxter, a courageous man, troubled by ill-health and often in great pain, chose to lead a life of hardship so that his own lot might more nearly resemble that of the majority of his flock. He was loved for this and for his unfailing kindness, although his integrity never permitted him to cloak his reproaches when he considered that to administer them would do good.

For those "with ears to hear" this book has a definite message, but it also contains the story of a young girl's romantic adventures and the ultimate happy ending to her problems.

M. F.



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

A Dialogue on Evolution, by Montague Goodman.

We warmly commend this refreshing treatment of a difficult subject, which keeps free of technicalities by adopting the standpoint of a jury

called upon to decide if a case has been made. As we could expect, the author does not "pull his punches"—"The Bible asserts categorically the special creation of man, and Evolution equally categorically that he evolved from lower forms of animal life. . . . The two are radically opposed and irreconcilable." He makes effective use of a quotation by a leading evolutionist that the theory of Evolution is unprovable, but warns the ordinary Christian that it is not his task to prove the Evolutionist wrong. He goes on to show the difference between scientific progress and moral improvement, and so leads to the point that Christ meets the real need through regeneration. (Paternoster Press. 6d.)

JUNGLE DOCTOR

From the same publishers comes *Jungle Doctor and the Whirlwind*. The groundnut scheme and the opening of local mines bring the menace of easy money to the Jungle Hospital, and wreck the lives of some, but faith and persistence are triumphant at last. (By post, 4s. 9d.)



THE RESTLESS FLAME

This novel is an attempted reconstruction of the first part of the life of the famous St. Augustine. The darker patches are not omitted, and this may turn some from the book. On the other hand, Augustine's mental and spiritual struggles are portrayed in vivid detail. The man and his times, now so far away both in years and in ideas, come colourfully to life again, and the author is to be congratulated on his success in an unusually difficult task.

(By Louis De Wohl. Gollancz, 270 pp. 12s. 6d.)

All these books are available from C.S.S.M.

FAMILY PORTRAIT *continued from previous page*

to a nursery Bible-class, run by a clergyman's wife in her own home for the children of her friends. Here Jane does really learn a great deal, even if she does get a bit mixed sometimes! (One of her favourite story-books is *Winnie-the-Pooh*, and the other day she returned from Sunday school to tell us about "Isaac, who had two sons, and their names were Jacob and Eeyore"! To our great happiness God is becoming very real to her, and when she prays she talks to Him with that friendly naturalness which, I believe, should be instinctive in a small child's approach to God.

Watching one's children is a continual education to

the parent, and as I watch Jane at her prayers I realize more and more how precious that childish trust and faith is, and how important it is that one should help the child to keep it through the years of growing up. If we who are grown-up in years, but so far from grown-up in Christian experience, can remember always to turn to God and trust Him at every turn of the road—trust Him for our children as well as for ourselves—He will guide us out of His wisdom, and His understanding love will surround them every step of the way.

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

A FAMOUS FATHER

FOR the first time in the twenty-three years of our married life each of us was sleeping under a separate roof, and it was with rather a forlorn feeling that I went into the dining-room of the small hotel where I was staying. I placed a book on the table, but it was not easy to read with snatches of conversation reaching one from the other tables. Homes and Parents!—here were their representatives on holiday! They talked of what they had done during the day and what they would do tomorrow. The intensely “family” flavour of their conversation made me realize again the tremendous strength of family ties, and what a beautiful and satisfying thing family life is. An elderly man and his wife were cracking jokes with a small boy at the next table. Presently Martin leaned over confidentially, and said: “I’m going home on Saturday. I shall have only one more breakfast and one more lunch with you. Will you be sorry I’ve gone?”

“Going home!” There was no disguising the satisfaction in his voice, and I went slowly upstairs wondering just how and where our readings in 2 Samuel this month fitted into all this. Could far-away David, in Hebron, Jerusalem, or in exile, mean anything to twentieth-century homes and parents? You’d be surprised—as I was!

David was a man with a great future before him—and every father of a family has that! I noticed David’s care to walk according to God’s will and plan. Each step was anticipated by

prayer for guidance: he waited for God’s “Go up” (2 Samuel 2. 1). There is no miscarriage for those who are led like that.

David made time to be alone with God to ponder His ways. Nine times over in chapter 7 David uses the phrase “Thou hast.” It is a great encouragement to go over as parents, or with the children, some of God’s doings in the past and His purposes for the future, as we have seen them in our own experience and in the old Book.

I’m sure David’s children loved and admired him. We watched him in 1 Samuel rescuing them from their enemies unscathed. And David didn’t just leave the bairns to their mother, but his great soldier-heart kept a place for each one. There was the little nameless son over whom he grieved with Bath-sheba, and from whom he learned that sin, though forgiven, often leaves a trail of sorrow behind it. There was baby Solomon, and the good-looking, restless, ambitious Absalom. Not even Absalom’s treachery undermined his father’s love. It seems as though David’s nobility of character was best seen in times of sorrow. That makes a lovely study in itself. There are herbs that are most fragrant when they are bruised.

We have fingered only the fringe of David’s story, but as we read more about his life and loves, his failures and victories, I am sure we shall feel grateful that the Spirit of God inspired these records, and preserved them for our reading today.

“THUMB-NAILS”

When we were children a rare treat was to explore the drawers in a certain chest in my father’s study. They were large, and full, and very untidy! In one of these drawers lay some bundles of water-colour drawings. The sketches were small—so small that there were several on each page. These, my father would tell us, were “thumb-nail” sketches, made by our grandfather when something specially appealed to him, and always with a larger picture in view. Beautiful as these drawings were, they were only fragments of the finished picture which had taken shape in his

mind, and which would later come to life on his canvas.

I thought of those “thumb-nail” sketches as I read through the little story of Mephibosheth in 2 Samuel 9. Before time began God planned His greatest Masterpiece. Just how wonderful it would be, and on how vast a scale, could not yet be revealed, but down through the ages, for those who had eyes to see, God made His tiny sketches. The story of the Ark is one; the offering of Isaac another; here is one in 2 Samuel 9. They could not give the whole beautiful picture, but each is

significant, for the Artist has drawn them in loving and eager anticipation of the glorious crowded canvas which is the finished masterpiece.

When the news reached the Court that Saul and Jonathan were dead, Mephibosheth's nurse fled with him to far-away Gilead. In their flight the little prince fell and became a cripple for life. His position and condition physically was thus the exact counterpart of our spiritual condition—far off, and unable to walk in the ways of God. Mephibosheth had no claim upon the kindness of the King—quite the reverse, when we remember how Saul hunted David. But the King sought him out to show kindness to him for the sake of another. And so this man, obscure and deformed, was raised to the position of a King's son and provided for in every way.

The work of Christ upon the Cross is the masterpiece of love of which this is a faint foreshadowing—

"Through the blood of Christ you who were once outside the pale are . . . inside the circle of God's love and purpose" (Ephesians 2. 13—J. B. Phillips).

"Your sins are forgiven you for *His Name's sake*" (1 John 2. 12).

"God, who is rich in mercy . . . hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus" (Ephesians 2. 4-7).

*"My Song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovingly be.
Oh, who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Fragrant flesh, and die?"*

*Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend."*

David did not always live on the crest of a wonderful spiritual experience. There were, of course, the days when he penned the psalms which the people of God have used ever since to help them in their worship. But there were other days when things went awry in the family or in the army: when there were high words at home or treachery in the camp; and, darkest of all, the days when, for all his energy and prowess, he had no power to conquer himself. I like to think it was of those days he was thinking at the last. They had taught him something which was now his comfort, and he sets it on record for us who come after.

Although, he tells us, his home never came up to what, in his best moments, he so much desired; although it often fell short in organization, in hospitality, in good humour, in service and worship, yet God never breaks His promises to those who put their trust in Him—He *never* fails to do His part. "Although my house be not . . ." (and here I fill in all that my house is *not* because of my mistakes and failures)—"yet God hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure" (2 Samuel 23. 5).

*"The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is 'Yea and Amen,'
And never was forfeited yet."*

And in this assurance we may set out cheerfully and hopefully once more, and press towards our goal.

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR JANUARY*

2 Samuel								
1	...	1. 1-16	10	...	13. 37-39	18	...	17. 15-24
2	...	1. 17-27	11	...	14. 1-11	19	...	18. 1-18
3	...	2. 1-17	12	...	14. 12-24	20	...	18. 19-33
4	...	5. 1-12	13	...	14. 25-33	21	...	19. 1-15
5	...	7. 1-17	14	...	15. 1-12	22	...	19. 16-30
6	...	7. 18-29	15	...	15. 13-23	23	...	19. 31-43
7	...	9. 1-13	16	...	15. 24-37	24	...	22. 1-16
8	...	12. 1-14	17	...	16. 1-15	25	...	22. 17-32
9	...	12. 15-23		...	17. 1-14	26	...	22. 33-51
								27 ... 23. 1-7
								28 ... 23. 8-23
								29 ... 24. 1-14
								30 ... 24. 15-25

can equally well be rested on a chair or table, or steadied by means of a neck-sling.

We have so far said nothing about the exposure time required. In fact, the bulb looks after that—provided it is of the size recommended. Exposure tables are given with each packet of bulbs, but all that the box-camera user needs to know is that he can obtain well-exposed pictures of subjects up to about 10 feet from the camera with PF 14 and No. 5 bulbs, and up

to about 7 feet from the camera with S.M. bulbs. The shorter distance for the S.M. bulb is necessitated by its lower light output. This is more than compensated for by the exceptionally short duration of its flash, which makes it a favourite when trying to get sharp pictures of children who won't stay still.

(The photograph accompanying this article is of the author and his family, by a friend. It was taken on Selochrome film in an Ilford Craftsman Camera, price £7 10s. 6d.)

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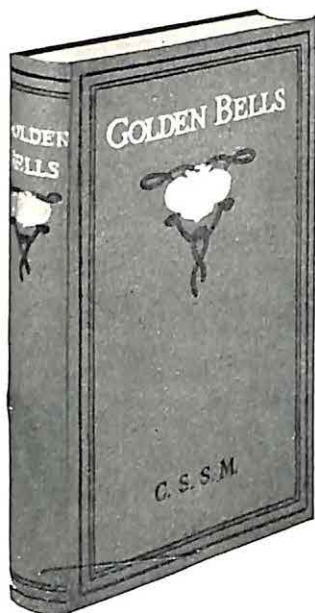
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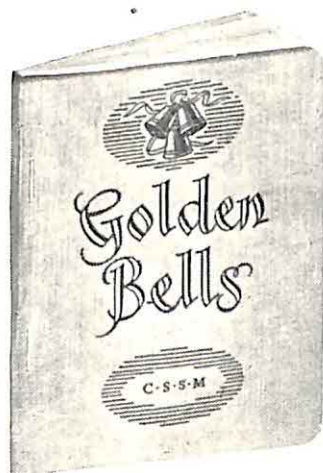
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A BALANCED DIET?



A Wedding has been Arranged



*In reply to a
reader's enquiry,
Margaret Forster
helps her to plan
the details of her
wedding so that
everything will be
just right.*

DEAR MISS BRIDEWELL,

Thank you for your letter asking for help with your wedding arrangements. You do not say how many guests you will have to cater for at your reception, but as you *do* say the wedding is to be a simple one, I am taking it that it will probably be a family affair, with your very special friends as the only extra guests.

In any case, I expect you will want to send out printed invitations as soon as you have decided on the time and place of the ceremony. These will cost you about fifteen shillings per dozen. Remember while you are ordering these to order also the little wedding-cake boxes with printed wedding cards, to send to those people who have sent you presents, but whom you feel unable to ask to the wedding. These usually cost roughly five shillings a dozen (or slightly less for larger quantities). Before going to the printers, decide whether or not you are going to have a printed form of service. This is often dispensed with these days, especially in the case of a simple wedding such as yours will be. However, it is a pleasant keepsake of the occasion for your friends and relations; the costs will depend upon individual requirements.

The invitations should be sent out from six weeks to one month before the date of the wedding, so make the arrangements for the wedding and reception in good time to allow for the printing.

You do not say whether you have parents from whose home you will be married, but if so it is possible that your mother may like to hold the small reception at her own home, either doing the catering herself, if she feels equal to it, or engaging a firm of caterers to provide all food and drink, and also the cutlery, plates, and glass.

If, however, you feel that the house would not be big enough, it is better to hire a church hall, perhaps, or a room in a café. This would probably cost you only about two guineas, and saves a lot of

clearing up afterwards. Some firms will allow you to hire the hall and do your own catering, but others will let the hall only if they are given the contract for the reception. In this case a moderate charge is round about four and six to five shillings per head, although, of course, prices vary from district to district. For this sum a buffet meal would be provided, with such food as sandwiches of various kinds, savouries, small sausages, cakes, with perhaps trifle and/or ice cream, tea, coffee and minerals. The wedding cake must be ordered separately, and for a single-tier cake which would suit your needs the prices vary from about £1 1s. to £3 3s. according to weight.

If you are going to do your own catering entirely, remember to work out approximately how much each of your guests will need of each item on the menu. If the reception is held at home, and you are planning to have fewer than a dozen guests, and can seat up to that number, I would suggest that a simple cold meal—such as ham and tongue or chicken and ham, and salad, followed by a cold sweet, is easier, in the long run, to prepare and set out than the large variety of “bits and pieces” needed for a buffet meal.

If you are clever enough to make your own cake, do make it well in advance—at least two months before the day. All rich fruit cakes are far nicer for keeping.

You ask about the prices of photographs. I think one of the best ways of ensuring some really happy and natural pictures of your wedding is to engage a firm of photographers who specialize in wedding photography. They will come along and take often up to fifty or more photographs of you and all the wedding party, and guests arriving and departing, and possibly one photograph in church if you and the vicar have no objection. They will then submit the best of these photographs for your selection. You can choose as many or as few as you like, and the charge will

be about four shillings per photograph. If you have a firm in your area who work in this way, I do advise you to use them. So often the ordinary photographer's groups are far too stiff and formal to provide a living memory of this happy day. By the way, considering the poor quality of reproduction in the newspapers, press photographs, prints of which are always obtainable from the newspaper office concerned, are often very good indeed, due probably to the fact that the press photographer pops in and snaps you by surprise instead of asking you to hold a pose. If you want the Press to be present at the church you can always notify the editor of your local paper.

From photographs we go to the price of cars for the wedding. As it is to be a quiet affair, you will probably be able to manage with two cars instead of the old-fashioned fleet, but the best way is to have a talk with your local taxi hire manager. With high costs these days, guests do not usually expect to be "collected" and taken to the church, but it is nice if you can arrange transport of some kind to take them to the reception afterwards. You should find that you will be able to keep the costs down to between £2 and £3, depending so much, of course, on the distance, of which I know nothing.

Now, as to the wedding itself. I presume, as you are making your plans in good time, that you will be married "by banns." After the banns have been called on three occasions—on consecutive Sundays at the church where you wish to be married and at your fiancé's parish church—the wedding may be celebrated any day within the following three months. It is essential for a marriage by banns that either bride or groom shall have lived in the parish where the marriage is to take place for fifteen days, so if you wish to be married at a church which is not in your parish you will have to find a kind friend, resident in that parish, to put you up each night for the required period. The vicar of your parish church will send a certificate to the officiating clergyman to say that the banns have been published in his parish. The certificate will cost your fiancé three and sixpence, and the cost of publishing the banns is seven shillings. In the Free Churches no banns are required.

Should you wish to put forward the date of your marriage for any reason (and as you mention the possibility of your going abroad as missionaries this is not unlikely to happen) an ordinary licence costs from between thirty shillings to three pounds, varying according to the diocese, plus ten shillings for stamp duty, and enables you to be married immediately at a specified church (provided you have the fifteen-day residential qualifications). Marriage by special licence allows the marriage to take place anywhere and at any time, and the licence costs twenty-five pounds.

The actual wedding fees also vary in different districts, but may be about fifteen shillings plus two shillings and sevenpence for the certificate. On top of this, of course, your bridegroom will wish to make a donation to the church through the vicar—anything from a guinea upwards, and about ten and six for the verger. Your best plan will be to contact friends who have been married at the same church and find out what sum is customary, and then add to it if you wish. Then there will be about a guinea for the organist, and if you are having a choral wedding, the fees for the choir, which are from about five to ten shillings for each man, and one shilling to two and sixpence for each boy.

In case you are not one of these independent modern couples pooling resources, I give you finally a list of who pays for the various items. It is the custom, although in these hard times not strictly adhered to, for the bride's parents to pay for trousseau, linen and plate, printing, flowers (except the bridal bouquets), wedding cars (except the bridal car), reception and photographs.

The following items are traditionally the bridegroom's responsibility: fees for banns and licences, the marriage service, organist and choir, bouquets for bride and bridesmaids, button-holes for himself, ushers and relatives, presents for bridesmaids, and bridal car from the church.

It only remains for me now to wish you both every happiness in your future life together—and may the sun shine on your wedding day! I shall be writing again to answer your query about furnishing.

Yours very sincerely,
MARGARET FORSTER.



(The prices mentioned in this article were checked by the author in her own district at the time of writing, but they are likely to vary, of course, with time and place.)

MY
PARENTS
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special series
of
anonymous articles

IT seems only yesterday that as a "six years darling of a pigmy size" I was (to continue in Wordsworth's language)

*Fretted by sallies of my mother's kisses,
With light upon me from my father's eyes.*

And yet today my own little irrepressible six-year-old and his irresistible brother remind me that a day of four-and-twenty years rather than hours has passed since those carefree times. Many are my childhood recollections from which I have been invited to draw, not now *Intimations of Immortality*, but intimations of wise (and unwise) parenthood.

I recall with pride the Christian atmosphere of my humble home. I can recapture my father's voice as he prayed or read the Scriptures aloud. As a family we proved the truth of Dr. A. J. Cronin's slogan—"The family that prays together stays together."

My parents were regular in their attendance at divine worship, their Sundays were spent as befits the Lord's Day, and as the children grew older they showed generous hospitality to strangers, especially to those of "low degree" who were not always sought after by others on a higher social plane. My mother rarely turned a beggar away without some encouraging word and kindly deed. However hard the times were, there was always something set aside "for the Lord's work."

In these respects they set a worthy example, but we must analyse, affectionately, their limitations, and benefit from their mistakes. It must be at once recorded that my parents accepted odds that I could never bring myself to accept. A small terraced house, no bathroom or modern amenities, no garden—and living with my paternal grandparents! Those were the conditions into which five children were born. How my mother worked

to keep the peace and make a "go" of things—all honour to her for her efforts! My parents seemed to accept inconvenience as if such an attitude was necessarily virtuous, and without seeking an alternative. No attempt seemed to be made to correlate the size of the family with either the available accommodation or the family income. Talking of money, my parents wisely kept one purse, regarding their income as a joint affair, their worldly wealth as belonging equally to both. Father spoilt this sensible arrangement by refusing to accept any responsibility, and not infrequently complaining about the misuse of family funds.

I have reason to remember my father's hot temper, but as mother used aptly to say, "his bark is worse than his bite." He was inclined to shout when angry, and make a show of passion which, though menacing, did not hurt. My parents were often divided on matters of discipline, and sometimes even their private disagreements were aired in the presence of their children.

Always volatile, often unpredictable, father found it difficult to show feelings of affection. Little surprises for mother, birthday or Christmas presents, a few flowers on a wedding anniversary—these were gestures which never occurred to him. They can mean so much to a tired wife and mother. Although excellent as a nurse (and how I remember the rocking chair!), his interest seemed to cease when baby days were over. I never remember him playing with us or reading to us as children, nor do I remember him discussing a career or offering guidance in early adolescence on the meaning and mysteries of life. He seemed to take it for granted that we knew where we were going, and that to do well was a matter of course rather than to be deserving of praise. On the other hand, and in an equally phlegmatic way, he poured his life savings, representing years of toil and sweat, into my education.

My mother was an infinitely patient woman. She would sing her children to sleep, instead of deeming that her infants when warm and well and correctly fed required no further attention. Nor was an early bed-time strictly enforced. I remember how often an over-tired mother endured noisy children long after it was either reasonable or necessary.

But memory has the happy trick of retaining the pleasant things, and it is a great tribute to my parents that they managed as well as they did. Their limitations, of which I have written dispassionately, were due to a lack of education, their economic circumstances, and their environment. If, in any small measure, I am a better parent, it can be due only to the opportunities they provided. Still spared, they are as indispensable to one another today as ever, having emerged from the difficulties of life to enjoy a companionship of unfading richness.

Thinking of them, emulating their virtues, learning from their mistakes, I can only pray

*O Lord, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!*

Family Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

IT was undoubtedly Robin's morning. He began it dramatically by bouncing on the springs of his cot—removing the mattress and jumping up and down. He has done this before, of course, and has been told not to do it before—and this time it was once too often. The long-suffering springs couldn't take Robin's weight any longer, and they broke. Robin, surprised and injured, found himself on the floor.

"I hurt, I hurt," he sobbed.

"Cot hurt, too," said father grimly.

Mother went into the kitchen to get the breakfast. Robin, still in his nightgown, came in and asked for a drink of milk. He was given some from a bottle that was already open and in use; that didn't suit Robin at all. He wanted some from one of the lovely new bottles that still stood, pristine white and silver-topped, outside the front door. "Don't want that milk, want *this* milk," said Robin.

"You'll have that milk and like it," said mother, still feeling sore about the broken cot-springs (*more* expense!).

Jane, yesterday, had complained that her milk tasted sour, and on inspecting it I found it had "turned," and so she was given fresh milk. Robin, remembering this, decided to follow a like path. "My milk flower," he insisted. "*Nasty!* Flower!"

I sampled a little. "It's not sour at all, Robin. It's perfectly all right. Drink it up, there's a good chap."

Robin put his mug down untouched—I mean untasted—and said, head in air, "I *won't* drink it."

"All right," I said indifferently, "don't. I don't mind."

Robin hated that. "You *do* mind! You *do* mind!" he cried, full of frustration, since he hadn't managed to goad me into crossness. After which he suddenly calmed down, drank his milk, and went meekly to sit in his high-chair!

It was a hectic breakfast. We had overslept, and my husband and Jane—the two members of the family who both have to leave home immediately after breakfast—had to rush, and be rushed, through their meal with the clock planted in the middle of the table as a reminder. Robin spread the carpet round his high-chair with a liberal scattering of bits of herring and bread-and-butter and apple. I got the dustpan and

brush, swept it up before he could tread it into the carpet, saw Jane off to school, Father off to his job, dressed Robin (there hadn't been time to dress him before breakfast), and sent him out into the garden to play while I washed up the breakfast things.

Presently he came trailing in: "Can I go and play with David?" David is four, and lives next-door.

"Yes," I said, and took him round to David's house. The two began playing amicably together in David's garden and I went back to the house.

I had just finished bathing and feeding the Bundle, and put her into her pram, when David's mother came round. "Has Robin come home?" she asked. "I saw David playing by himself just now in the sand-pit and asked where Robin was, and he said Robin had gone home a long time ago."

We looked in both gardens and up and down the road, but there was no sign of Robin.

Now Robin, for all the troubles he gets into, leads a charmed life. We have done all we can to teach him road-sense, and when he goes for a walk with Jane and me he always keeps to the inside of the pavement. He has never strayed away from home.

But I began to feel very worried. At the back of our house are school playing-fields, and in them are old air-raid shelters, one of which is flooded. The entrance is roughly blocked with an improvised barrier of wooden planks, and I have repeatedly told Jane she must never go in or let Robin go in there. Also, there are nearly always a number of groundsmen working in the fields, who know the children and keep a friendly and protective eye on them. But...

At this point Jane returned from school. Together we scoured the cricket-field, including the air-raid shelters. No sign of Robin.

We walked down the road to an old bomb-site where houses are being rebuilt. As I said earlier, Robin had never strayed away from home—but there's always a beginning to everything; this might be Robin's first excursion into the great unknown. But there was no Robin to be seen, and the builders had not seen him.

Please turn to page 107

TRAIN that TODDLER

by Doff Merrell



LOOKING round at the children of today one is struck very forcibly with the unpleasant fact that nine out of ten mothers are *haphazard* in the way they bring up their children. They've a lot of nice, comfortable, but *vague* ideas of what they want Johnny or Susan to be like when they're older, yet they don't set about consciously training them. They never get down to brass tacks, but just go on from day to day drifting along, hoping the children will "turn out all right."

Your toddler is in one sense like a piece of soft, shapeless plasticine, the moulding of which lies in *your* hands. It's quite a responsibility, isn't it? You can mould that toddler the right way, so that he'll grow up to be the kind of person you'll be proud of, or you can turn him into a little gangster, noisy, rough, and rude, and quite beyond your control.

I think you will find it a tremendous help if you can only get a clear picture in your own mind of what you want your child to be like. This will enable you to decide exactly what are the characteristics you are aiming at instilling in him. You could make a list of them if it helped.

To start with, what about honesty? You want your boy or girl to be honest, don't you? *Really* honest, that is, not thinking that little things don't matter, or having a vague idea that "winning things" is quite justified. Make up your mind then to *teach* your toddler to speak the truth, for such things don't come automatically. Good qualities have to be taught! So teach your children to be honest in all things—to own up to breakages, for example—but don't punish them too severely when they do, or next time they'll be too frightened to tell you they did it. One can be too severe with children, so that they become deceitful and evasive from sheer fright. And be sure always to speak the truth *yourself*. If your child hears you telling "fairy tales," he'll soon follow your example. What mother does *must* be right, he thinks.

If you've a boy, I'm quite sure you want him to be courageous and independent. Well, don't rush out and fuss over him every time he falls! Neither is the offering of a sweet very good training. After all, if a child finds he's given a sweet every time he cries hard, it's only common sense he's going to let out a good yell when he falls. He's got to make sure of that sweet!

Don't rush to do things for him every time he roars with frustrated rage, because he can't manage something for himself. Sometimes, if you leave him alone, he'll find a way of doing it, or perhaps you can *help* him or show him how, but *don't always do it for him!* The sooner he learns to do things for himself, the better.

You don't want him to be greedy, do you? You want him to be generous. Teach him, then, to offer his little bag of sweets to others first before he has one himself. It's just as easy to teach a child to give as to take. Selfishness is at the root of most of the evils in the world. If every mother taught her child to be unselfish it would be rather a different place.

Don't shower your toddler with too many expensive toys. It's not really necessary for him to have a tricycle or a motor-car just because the boy next door has one, you know. If he is given things too

easily you'll find as he grows older he'll take it for granted everything is going to be handed to him on a plate. We aren't all equal in this life, we haven't all got an equal amount of money, and a toddler might just as well learn this while he's young. It'll come easier then than later on. In any case, it isn't expensive toys that make children happy. Let them learn the joys of pretending, of making the best of what they have. Apart from anything else, it will teach them to use their imagination.

What about teaching him that a thing worth doing at all is worth doing well? So many youngsters these days have no idea of ever putting their heart into a job. They want their money, but as for working conscientiously for it, giving of their best, they would regard that as merely foolish. Some of them openly state that they haven't any intention of doing any work they can possibly avoid. What a dreadful attitude to take! This country's in a bad enough state as it is. We can't afford to produce lazy people, people who won't work for their money. In any case, is there any satisfaction in the world to equal that of knowing that a job's been well done? Of knowing that one has done one's utmost? So *teach* your toddler now to do a job well. Don't let him grow up with a "couldn't-care-less" outlook on life. Apart from anything else, such an attitude never makes for happiness. A really happy man or woman is a busy person, a person who is carrying out his job to the very best of ability, and is conscious of so doing. So don't let your child be *lazy*.

How far have we got? Honesty, independence, courage, generosity, conscientiousness—it's not a bad list, is it?

Lastly, what about that reverence for God and His Word which produces a robust integrity and a readiness to serve and sacrifice. Let him see you drawing your own strength and direction from God, pray with him and for him, open the treasures of Bible stories to him, and you will have set his feet in the way of goodness and true greatness.

If you really set to work consciously to teach your toddler those characteristics, can you imagine the kind of man or woman your child will grow up to be? I can, and I like what I see. I think you'd have the kind of son or daughter you could be proud of, don't you?

Continued from page 115.

I would have liked six. Adoption is not always the answer, and does not make up to the child in any way. The only child must learn at an early age to accept the fact that there can be no more brothers or sisters, and the parents must never, never, make the mistake of treating each natural stage of development as "a Problem"!

In my opinion, only children as grown citizens compare very favourably with any child of a larger family. Most parents of only children have more time to train, to check, to rebuke—not more time to *spoil*.

Yours truly,
(signed) R. M. WHITTER (Mrs.).

Poole, Dorset.

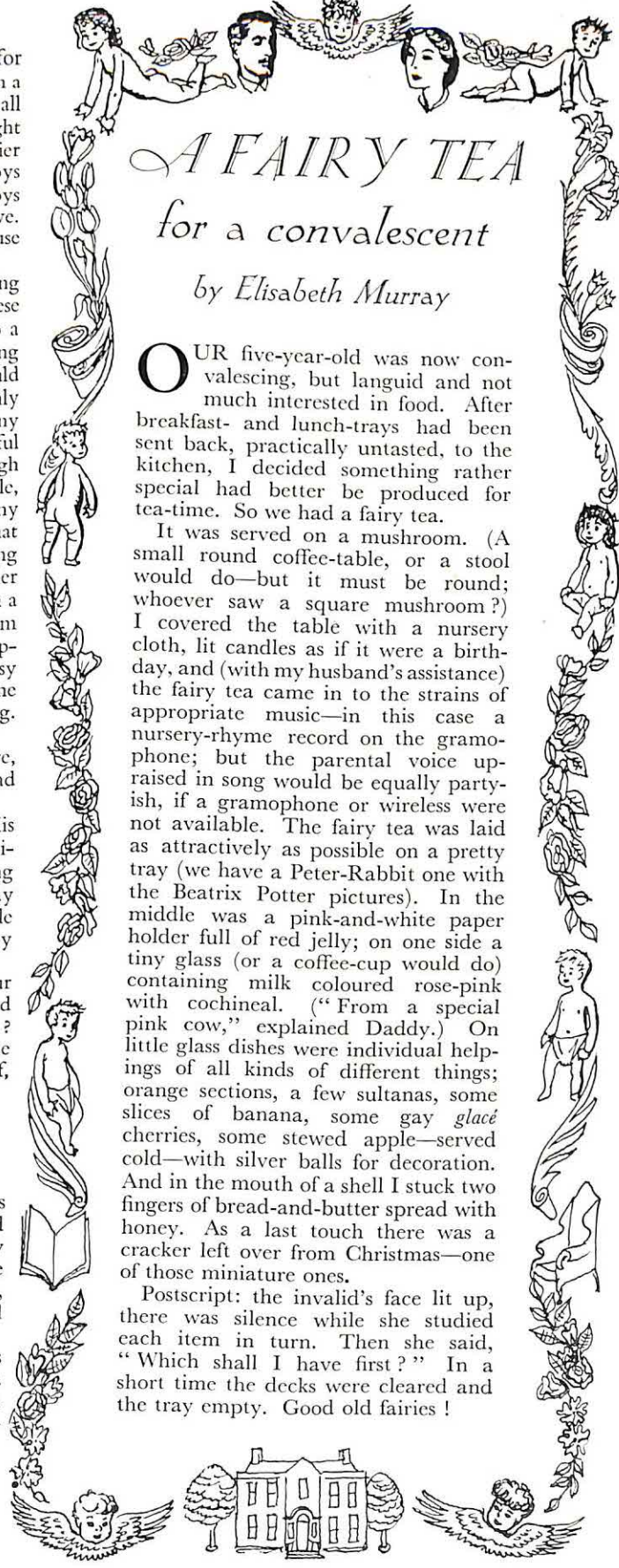
A FAIRY TEA for a convalescent

by Elisabeth Murray

OUR five-year-old was now convalescing, but languid and not much interested in food. After breakfast- and lunch-trays had been sent back, practically untasted, to the kitchen, I decided something rather special had better be produced for tea-time. So we had a fairy tea.

It was served on a mushroom. (A small round coffee-table, or a stool would do—but it must be round; whoever saw a square mushroom?) I covered the table with a nursery cloth, lit candles as if it were a birthday, and (with my husband's assistance) the fairy tea came in to the strains of appropriate music—in this case a nursery-rhyme record on the gramophone; but the parental voice upraised in song would be equally partyish, if a gramophone or wireless were not available. The fairy tea was laid as attractively as possible on a pretty tray (we have a Peter-Rabbit one with the Beatrix Potter pictures). In the middle was a pink-and-white paper holder full of red jelly; on one side a tiny glass (or a coffee-cup would do) containing milk coloured rose-pink with cochineal. ("From a special pink cow," explained Daddy.) On little glass dishes were individual helpings of all kinds of different things; orange sections, a few sultanas, some slices of banana, some gay *glacé* cherries, some stewed apple—served cold—with silver balls for decoration. And in the mouth of a shell I stuck two fingers of bread-and-butter spread with honey. As a last touch there was a cracker left over from Christmas—one of those miniature ones.

Postscript: the invalid's face lit up, there was silence while she studied each item in turn. Then she said, "Which shall I have first?" In a short time the decks were cleared and the tray empty. Good old fairies!





Let them Grow Up

by Violet Burman

MANY mothers dread the day when their children will be really grown up. This is particularly true of the "one child" family. Fathers are apt to be more sensible about this problem, for it is a problem. "After all," they argue, "the child has to grow up sometime."

But mother is given to sighing and saying that he doesn't understand a mother's love. What it really means is that mother is reluctant to part with her children's dependence on her. For years she has been their chief guide and comforter. Determined to prove a good mother, she has studied their moods, likes and dislikes, and taken payment in smiles, hugs and kisses. She has been well satisfied with this arrangement—but then comes a change. Her children are growing up.

They do not grow up all at once.

It usually begins when teenagers discover adults outside the home circle who stimulate their minds and enlarge their appetites for experience. Instead of always coming to mother or father for advice they sometimes seek it elsewhere, and, with the bluntness of youth, do not see the hurt they cause.

Teenagers in a large family grow up much quicker than an "only" child, chiefly because they have to help out with the younger members of the family. But in the one-child family mother may seek to hold back the years, often with pathetic results.

I was reminded of this when visiting an old school friend I hadn't seen for some years. I remembered her son, Philip, as a delightful little boy, and reflected that he must now be in his teens and a great help to his widowed mother.

When I met Philip I could find no trace of the happy child he had been, but there was a curious

blend in him of "the man of the family" and "mother's boy." I found it uncomfortable to watch, and questioned his mother.

"No, Philip doesn't go out with friends very often," she told me, proudly. "He doesn't like to leave me alone. Of course, he has a few school friends, but he says he would rather be with Mum."

I pointed out that this was unnatural and bad for a boy of his age, who would soon be taking his place in the competitive world in order to make a living. I was appalled at her satisfaction at keeping the boy so dependent on her, and said so.

She was quite hurt, and resented my remarks. She said I didn't understand, that Philip had been her only reason for living when her husband died suddenly. I came away distinctly worried.

What was going to happen to Philip in the rough-and-tumble of the world? What would my friend do when he fell in love and wanted to marry? Would she become one of those dreadful mothers who whined about what they had sacrificed for their children and drove themselves into neuroses?

But my chief concern was for the boy. Through his mother's blindness he was going to know much unhappiness when his natural instincts asserted themselves. It is a painful thing when a child's filial attachments are made to clash with his progress through life. Many teenagers shirk the issue, and one sees them at middle age still clinging to mother's skirts. The greater part of these sufferers are the only children of their parents, and the girl who "always stayed home with mother" is a common sight.

What can be done about parents who refuse to let their children grow up? How can it be forcibly brought home to them that they are only

caretakers, privileged to guide a child towards a happy, useful adult life?

No one would deny that filial love is a wonderful and vital thing. "Honour thy father and thy mother" is a corner stone in our civilization, and one is shocked by reports of teenagers who show no honour in their homes. But there are still many, many children who are not allowed to develop naturally.

The chief offenders are those mothers who are foolish enough to want everything to go on for ever as it is, themselves as the pivot of their children's existence. They forget that nature moves in a vast circle, and that no life is possible without change.

Nothing is more pathetic to watch than a mother's "After all I've done for you" attitude when her child makes some attempt to strike out on his own. She can have no idea of the anguish she causes him when she makes him feel he is pushing her aside.

The strongest chains that bind any personal relationship are those supplied voluntarily. If a child is made too conscious of what is his duty, he is likely to rebel, or at the other end of the scale become completely subordinate. But if he grows up with the idea that his voluntary acts of doing his duty are appreciated, then a sense of duty to his parents will remain with him all his life, made stronger by the fact that the links in the chains that bind him to home are invisible.

The most successful parents are those who live a full life. When a child is growing up, a mother who is a personality in her own right is a greater asset and source of strength than one who says she has never had time for interests outside the home.

I have known occasions when a troubled teenager will discuss with a chum's mother things he

would not discuss with his own, because "she wouldn't understand," simply because his mother had never attempted to fill any rôle except looking after him.

What parents should realize is that as their children grow up the demands they make on them will change. From being dependants who dutifully do as they are told, children become perpetual questioners, and if they don't find satisfactory answers at home they will seek them elsewhere.

The best way to deal with growing children is to remember yourself at their age. Did *your* parents shirk any issues when you presented them? Did *you* ever feel they didn't understand you and their answers were inadequate?

A mother is a busy person. It sometimes comes as a shock to her when teenagers ask questions more involved than "What's for tea, mother?" If she is not to be found wanting as a parent she must answer honestly, must be mentally alert to prevailing problems.

To those mothers who seek to keep their children young and dread their growing away from them, I would say, seek interests outside the home, something to replace your way of living when your children are standing independently on their own feet, making their own decisions and apparently able to do without you.

A child who timidly clings to his mother when he should be learning something about the world is no advertisement for a good home. Rather he is a confession of failure on his parents' part, a living memorial to their inadequacy to do the job they undertook.

His sturdy independence will *not* take him away from you, as you fear, but by treating him as his development demands you will be forging links that will last a lifetime.

FAMILY PORTRAIT continued from page 103.

Then we met a friend, who said she had seen him swinging to and fro on David's garden-gate about two-and-a-half hours earlier.

Two-and-a-half hours! And he hadn't been seen since!

My husband came home, and I gave him and Jane their lunch, and set off for the police station. Someone *might* have found Robin and brought him in. . . . But the police had not got any lost little boys, and when I said Robin hadn't been seen for two-and-a-half hours their faces became grim and they started telephoning other police stations. "If you don't find him by tea-time, get in touch with us again," they said.

I walked home, and the thoughts I had been trying to shut out were crowding in. All the stories I'd ever read in the papers about children lured away from home with promises of sweets and ice-cream, children lured away and murdered. . . . I tried to laugh at myself; Robin leads a charmed life, I told myself, don't be so silly. But the worries remained.

There was one thing that was specially important—Jane mustn't see that we were worried. She adores Robin, and had been inclined to tearfulness when we couldn't find him in the playing-fields. As I went back into the house I prayed, in faith, for Robin, and for the

ability to behave normally and cheerfully in front of Jane.

We gulped down our lunch and set off on the search again, while Jane, reassured ("I expect he's playing hiding-seek"—her name for it), went off for afternoon school. Then my husband returned, triumphant—with a very sleepy, grubby little boy in his arms.

He had been found curled up in the back seat of a parked car!

On two or three occasions lately we have been taken for car-rides, and the car in which we have travelled is always parked outside a certain door near by. Robin, seeing the car standing in a familiar place, had apparently concluded that we were all to go out in it again. In order to be all ready, he had somehow managed to open the door, had climbed in, covered himself up with a big travelling-rug and gone off to sleep in a dark corner. There my husband discovered him, still fast asleep and most mystified as to what all the fuss was about.

"I not naughty?" he asked wistfully, not quite sure what he'd done wrong this time.

"You're not naughty—just *awful*," said mother, giving him an extra helping of raspberries. And thanking God in her heart.

COMMON SENSE



ABOUT SUNDAYS

by Marjorie B. Wright

"I SAY, can't you kids be a bit quieter? What on earth will the neighbours think? Do remember it's Sunday!"

A lovely (though hideously noisy) game ceased abruptly, and two rather sulky little people slunk away—Sunday becoming more firmly linked in their minds with the forbidding of pleasant activities.

"When I'm grown up I shan't *ever* make my children go to church!" exclaims a lively little girl of eight, whose parents, keen that she shall grow up a worshipping Christian, take her to a rather dull grown-up morning service.

What is the matter? Where are we wrong?

It has been said, "If religion bores nice children there must be something wrong in *the way it is presented to them.*" I believe that is profoundly true, for generally speaking, if a child won't eat its food, then either the child isn't very well or the food is not suitable. So often we can get help about the religious training of our children by looking at the ordinary things of daily life. What do we do *then* when the "I don't want to" difficulty arises? Jack, aged 7, hates brushing his teeth. Donald won't wash his neck unless made to. Do we say, "Oh! poor little chap! I shan't make him wash—he may turn against soap for ever?" Or, "Very well, darling, we'll leave your teeth till you're old enough to choose for yourself whether you'll brush them or not?" And yet haven't we often heard parents say, "I'm so afraid that if I make them go to church or Sunday school they'll turn against it when they're older."

So the old, old question is still with us: "Shall we make them attend worship when they don't want to, and so risk the turning against it afterwards, or shall we let them stay away (and so form the habit of a non-worshipping Sunday) in the hope that they'll come to it of their own accord

later on? Betty hates sums—if we're wise parents we try to see that she is taught arithmetic in an interesting way—we play shops and give change, etc. We neither let her give up arithmetic (we know she'll need it in after life), nor do we scold or scare her about it. Jack's tooth-brush phobia can often be dealt with by a nice-tasting tooth-paste and cheerful reminders rather than nagging. There is a middle course in these things, something between driving and letting them off everything they don't like doing. Yet so often when it comes to their spiritual training we refuse to bring the same common sense to bear as we do over the care of their small bodies. Take first the question of worship-training. Many churches, thank God, do nowadays cater for children intelligently—working along the lines of the children's interest and not against it. There is either a "Children's Church" or a little bit of the service in the morning is specially arranged so that they can take a real part. Where such is the case the difficulty about getting the children to church is very largely overcome. But perhaps we live in a place where things are not so easy. There may be only a rather dull grown-up service—a service which is really rather unsuitable. What then? Is there nothing we can do about it? I believe even in these circumstances we can do something. First of all we must realize that children, even more than adults, need some *preparation* for worship. An elderly man with very many years' experience as a schoolmaster once remarked, when discussing children's worship, "*Children like to know what's coming.*" There is a truth in that. It doesn't necessarily mean that they want exactly the same thing to come for fifty-two Sundays; but they certainly do enjoy well-known happenings, they do look forward to joining in something they know. I believe we can get some help here. Worship is our way of telling God that we love





"let's be the choir"



It's boredom he hates



Nobody wanted to paint

Him, and we can help our children to prepare for that great act in some simple ways. Of course, it will mean a little trouble, but surely it is worth it if it is going to lay the foundation of worship and praise for their whole lives. Whatever kind of service is provided, there will almost certainly be (a) readings of Scripture, and (b) hymn singing. Now, even if your minister is very old and—dare we say it?—very dull, the Bible is not dull, and hymns and psalms can delight and thrill a child if taught in the proper way. I have yet to meet the Vicar, however dull, or the curate, however young, or the minister of any kind, however old, who did not welcome enquiries about a forthcoming service, so that a parent might help to prepare the children to take their part in it. As a rule he is only too glad to tell you what parts of the Bible are going to be read, and what hymns and psalms sung on the following Sunday.

Quite often one of the stories can be told to the children at home, or a picture shown to arouse a feeling of expectancy. "This is what we're going to hear about on Sunday"—or, "This is what we are going to sing on Sunday. Let's be the choir practising, shall we?"

Many of the psalms make good lesson-stories—e.g., psalms 23, 121, 122, and 137. Many hymns, too, refer to events in the Bible—"God's Book of Stories." When the children can read, even a little, they will like following the reading in their own Bibles. I think we make the mistake of tiring them with too long services sometimes. The Bible, as always, shows sound common sense when it suggests teaching gradually, "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little, there a little." A little ingenuity on the part of the parent, a small Bible picture-book brought to church and shown during a difficult part of the service, will do a great deal to help the small person through. Remember that a child doesn't so much mind being tired—he will often play till exhausted—it is boredom he hates, keeping still with nothing to do, and if we bore him with worship we are surely doing not God's work but Satan's. But, as a parent said to me, "It's the rest of the day that I find such a problem. Church and Sunday school, after all, take up but a

very few hours; children are bursting with energy, just as much on Sundays as week-days, and I don't know how to occupy them."

Of course, people vary in their ideas of suitable Sunday occupation. It often helps me to remember that they did so even in our Lord's day. The religious people of His day were shocked, really shocked when they saw Him plucking and rubbing out the ears of corn, and in healing the man with the withered hand they reckoned He was breaking the Sabbath laws. Are we quite sure that when we are shocked at Jack and Betty playing games on Sunday we are not thinking sometimes of what other people will think and not stopping to ask what He would think? Couldn't we plan Sunday occupations that the children like, and—this is important—*keep them for Sunday*? Couldn't some special toys be kept for Sunday? I know a busy farmer whose children look forward to a Sunday walk with him—it is the only time he can be with them; surely the God and Father approves and blesses the earthly father's Sunday time with his children.

It is the "noisy games problem" which worries parents so often. I don't believe it is true that children are never happy except when they're yelling—they can be perfectly happy and interested in quiet occupations, so long as Mother and Father are patient enough, ingenious enough, and above all unselfish enough, to take the trouble involved in providing and superintending such occupations. I know a mother wanting to "get rid" of the children, who said one wet Sunday, "Why on earth don't you paint? I never saw such children! I gave you each a new paint box at Christmas. . . ." but nobody wanted to paint—they were sick of painting. A few weeks later an aunt came to stay, who brought with her some new and attractive painting books—pictures of "Stories that Jesus told." After these had been looked at and a little time taken up in choosing which story they knew and would like to paint, three restless little beings were settled and happily occupied. The aunt had offered a small prize for careful painting, which added to the interest. On another occasion some of the C.S.S.M. transfers were brought and gave great joy. Outline texts to colour can be

ABOUT SUNDAYS

bought, too. Flowers picked and bunched, and taken to sick or old people give real pleasure to the recipients, and provide occupation for small restless people. I have sometimes been surprised and touched to see the gratitude of old people when a bunch of flowers has been carried to them after Sunday school by one or two children, and if a small painted text is tied on to the bunch of flowers and taken by the small painter it is still more greatly appreciated, and may be the means of helping the invalids to think again of the things of God. Collecting pictures and making scrap books for hospitals can be attractive to children, and most missionary societies are only too glad to send suggestions of "things to make" by boys and girls for children overseas. Such things as mounting and framing pictures with passe-partout can give the older children work and are invaluable in the mission field.

I have found children quite amenable to reason when I have pointed out that Sunday is the day God has given us (a) for worship, and (b) for rest, and that grown-up people are often tired, and our games mustn't spoil *their* rest. I believe, too, if we keep the idea of "Do this" rather than "Don't do that" we shall get help. If we can provide nice things to do "because it's Sunday" we shall be on the right lines. Certain small treats—a specially nice pudding—a Sunday box of sweets—all help, and although tiny things in themselves they all help to connect Sunday with something nice rather than with the idea of "a day when we mustn't do this or that."

Nearly all children love being read to by Father or Mother—that might well be kept for a Sunday treat. Reading to children often lays the foundation of a life-long love of good books—a precious thing to give to a child. If Sunday is God's Day to us grown-ups and we take trouble to make the children love it, because we love it, the children will catch our attitude to it all and that surely is the crux of the matter. A present day "educationist" may tell us that painting a text or a Bible picture without understanding the words thoroughly is unintelligent, but the effort to do our best painting because the text or picture is something belonging to God is surely not valueless. One

who did a great deal for the furthering of better religious training for our children once said that what little children *felt* towards God was almost more important than what they *knew* about Him. If we can connect happiness in their small minds with God, His House, His Book, His Day, we are doing a good deal towards creating in them what someone has called "an appetite for religion." That restless energy of childhood, that longing to do things, is planted in them by God Himself, and because that is so we must work *with* that instinct, not against it; directing that energy into useful channels—not "Get something to do" but "Come and help me do this."

Does this sound rather unfair on parents, who after all need rest more than the children? It is a cheering thought that it gets easier in many ways as the children get older—they are glad to get time for their own pursuits and their own reading on Sunday, and gradually it rights itself if we have been wise and patient.

Finally, remember that there is a good deal of nonsense talked about "being taken to church as a child and so turning against it in after life." Most of us who are middle-aged were taken to church and we continue to go—otherwise why all this talk about our churches being filled with middle-aged and old people?

As someone has said, sanctified common sense will be our stand-by. We all pride ourselves on our common sense, but unless it is sanctified it may be rather a dangerous possession. Yes, it is going to cost parents quite a lot, when the children are little, to make God's Day a holy and a happy day. It means a sacrifice of a bit of our own precious leisure, a getting ready beforehand of "plans and ploys," but it is more than worth while. "I love Sunday here," said a small restless person on a visit to an aunt. "You think of such lovely things to do! You think of the things, but *we* do them." Haven't we the answer here to a great part of the Sunday problem? And if we need further inspiration there is the thought "Neither will I offer . . . unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." That has often been a help to me when I've longed for "a little more time to myself on Sunday."



C.S.S.M. transfers were brought



Reading to children



"I LOVE Sunday!"



GARDENS without GRIND

by

W. E. Shewell-Cooper,
M.B.E., N.D.H.

(Principal, The Horticultural Training Centre, Thaxted)

A GARDEN can be a pleasure or an absolute bore. It depends to a certain extent whether you are garden-minded or not. I was born a gardener and it has never been any difficulty to me. Curiously enough my elder son has caught the same disease, and is just as keen as I am. But there are cases where the father of the home just feels that the garden is like a great stone about his neck. In fact, I've been told that the best thing to do in such a case is to concrete the whole area and leave a little hole in the centre through which a tree can grow, so as to give at any rate a little shade!

It's so difficult to sit down and legislate for gardens of all sizes and shapes, as well as for soils of all characters and types. Furthermore, there's the old, old story of one man's meat being another man's poison, and for some the garden must be a place where lots of vegetables can be grown cheaply to feed hungry mouths; while for others there must be plenty of grass on which the children can play, or even lots of flowers which mother can cut and use to decorate the house. I am not proposing therefore to be dictatorial. It wouldn't be much good if I did, but I do want to suggest one or two salient factors which can make all the difference between a burdensome thing and a plot which is a "joy for ever."

We shall hope from time to time to come back to this problem of gardening and to deal with various facets of the work individually. For the moment, however, let's do our best to stick to broad principles. Rule No. 1 is *Don't keep in the garden anything that isn't really pulling its weight*. Take, for instance, an old fruit tree that never crops and probably never will crop. It may be some old-fashioned self-sterile variety that is so tall and big that it never can be sprayed properly and that isn't worth while top grafting, and in any case nobody knows what sort of a pollinator ought to be planted to cause its blossoms to set. What is the point of leaving the tree in? It would be far better to get rid of it, even though this may mean quite a bit of hard work in sawing it down and grubbing it up.

Rule No. 2: *Keep the garden as simple as possible*. Get rid of all the unnecessary beds here and there. One of the chronic diseases of the Victorians was to carve little beds out of every lawn—star-shaped, crescent-shaped, elliptical, square, and so on. These beds are often a perfect nuisance, for they must be edged. They make it difficult to cut the grass, and very often garden owners feel they must bed them up. But bedding out is one of the most expensive forms of gardening, and one which entails a tremendous amount of labour.

There are often, curiously enough, unnecessary paths, and even paths grow weeds and have to be kept clean. It's surprising what can be done to save both time and labour if a path is thrown into the garden. For instance, with some vegetable gardens there's a big dividing path going bang down the middle, and there's no need for it to be there at all. It would be much easier to grow a row of carrots from one side of the garden to the other if the path wasn't there. A line could be put down and stretched tight from one end to the other, and the long single length of drill got out with the draw hoe in a few moments. It takes far longer to put down a line two or three times than to stretch it tight just once. Make then for simplicity in the garden and have a path only when you really need it for some purpose or other.

Rule No. 3 is *Don't go in for muddles*. It's all very well to have a muddy garden if you are an enthusiast, or if you have plenty of labour. But if the garden is to be easy to run and look after, keep it as simple as possible. Don't, for instance, have your apple, pear and plum trees planted on the edge of the vegetable garden, or else when you come to spray these trees you will find that the vegetables below will be killed. Further, if you feed the vegetables as you should, the apples or pears may easily be upset. Have a little orchard and grass, and your trees will appreciate it. They will produce better coloured fruit and they will be easier to look after. If necessary have some chickens on the grass to keep it down, providing you don't have so many that your little grass orchard is turned into a puddle.

Having dealt with the "don'ts," let's turn to some "do's." The simplest form of gardening is undoubtedly the lawn. It's only got to be cut. I want to deal with lawns as a whole in a later article, so I must be brief here. It pays again and again to have mechanical means of cutting. I had a letter only yesterday from a woman in Surrey telling me what a blessing her electrical lawn mower was. It can be plugged in just like a Hoover and with its long flex any woman can go over the lawn in an afternoon and keep it nice and short. We are very anxious to have labour-saving gadgets in the house, why don't we have them in the garden, I wonder?

Next to the lawn I should put the flowering shrub border as giving the minimum of trouble. Please remember that I am not referring to the old-fashioned shrubbery which consisted just of a mass of laurels and privets and aucubas. I am thinking of the modern shrub garden which can be planted up with specimens that don't grow any taller than say four feet or so, and which flower beautifully and perhaps

go on to produce the most lovely little coloured berries. I want to deal with the details of planning and planting such a shrub garden in a further number, but at the moment I would say that the whole point is that you mulch the ground with Sedge Peat to the depth of at least an inch, and then there's nothing more to do. No weeding, no hoeing, no digging among the shrubs in the winter. Next year another layer of Sedge Peat and all is well for yet another twelve months. This indeed is the gardener's dream, a riot of colour all through the summer and autumn, and little or nothing to do !

Something could have been said about the perennial border planted up with the dwarf plants that need no staking, but more of this anon. Don't go in for rock gardens: these are expensive in labour. Don't try flamboyant annual borders, for these take a lot of thinning out, transplanting, and staking. Stick to the little fruit plot, the small vegetable garden, the lawn, the shrub border, and the easy-to-look-after herbaceous border, plus, if you wish, a mulched rose garden, and you will find that your garden isn't the headache you thought it to be.



ORANGE and APPLE RECIPES

by Mildred Gordon, B.Sc.

SEVILLE oranges should be in the shops now, so do try to spare some sugar for making some marmalade. Marmalade costs about 1s. 6d. for one pound, but can be made for one-third that price.

Many varieties can be made using Seville oranges, sweet oranges, lemons or grapefruit. Seville orange marmalade sets best, and sweet oranges poorly, so mix them if possible. If only sweet oranges are available use some apple juice to help the set.

A basic recipe can be altered according to the fruit available.

Ingredients: 1lb. fruit
2 pints water
Approx. 3 lb. sugar.

Method: Wash fruit and simmer whole in the water until soft ($\frac{1}{2}$ -1 hr.).

In the pressure cooker use $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the water and 10 mins. cooking time.

When soft cut the fruit up into shreds very finely. This is done more easily when cooked instead of the old way of cutting when raw. Remove pips. Measure again the pulp and water. To every pint add 1 lb. sugar. Dissolve sugar and then bring to boil, and boil quickly until a little marmalade will set on a cool plate or saucer. Push it along with your little finger to see if a skin has formed and will wrinkle.

Allow marmalade to cool slightly and stir before putting into jars to prevent the shreds from rising to the top.

Last year I found that all my home-made marmalade had gone by the end of September. There were no Seville oranges about. Grapefruit and lemons were expensive, so I used windfall apples bought at the roadside for 2d. per lb.

Method: Simmer 1 lb. oranges with 1 pint water. Remove pips, and shred. Wash and core apples (do

not peel), removing bruises, etc., and just cover with water. Simmer for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. and strain.

Measure orange pulp and water and add 2 pints apple juice.

To every pint add 1 lb. sugar and proceed as for previous recipe.

The apple pulp left behind can be sieved and used in pies or with custard or for making chutney.

Apple Amber Pie

Ingredients: 4 oz. short pastry
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint apple pulp
2 oz. sugar
1 egg yolk
1 egg white
1 dessertspoon castor sugar.

Method: Line a flan or sandwich tin with pastry. Bake blind—i.e., with greased paper and beans or crusts to hold pastry down. When golden brown remove from oven and take out beans or crusts. Fill with apple pulp sweetened and mix with egg yolk.

Beat white of egg until stiff (turn plate upside down and white of egg should not slip off), add pinch of salt and 1 dessertspoon castor sugar. Pile on top of apple. Decorate with *glacé* cherry and angelica and brown in slow oven about 15 minutes.

Apple and Orange Flan

Ingredients: 4 oz. short pastry
2 apples peeled and chopped small
Juice of 1 orange
2 oz. sugar
1 egg.

Method: Line flan or sandwich tin with short pastry and fill with all other ingredients well mixed. Cook altogether for $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in moderate oven until golden brown and apple is soft.

How's Your Husband?

by DOROTHY C. HASKIN

QUESTIONS

- 1 Do you like your husband?
- 2 Is your marriage so satisfying that it excludes having a close girl friend?
- 3 Are the physical aspects of your marriage as satisfying as the spiritual?
- 4 Is he nice enough to get his own breakfast and let you sleep late?
- 5 Do you try to help him by telling him his faults?
- 6 Do you keep your home neat?
- 7 Do you wish he would make more of an effort to please you?
- 8 Do you want him to be his best?

ANSWERS

- 1 It is more important to like, or respect, your husband than it is to love him. A beautiful passage in Ephesians says only that the woman should *revere* her husband.
- 2 Although husbands don't take the place of girl friends, you should use tact even in this relationship. A man can, without realizing it, be as jealous of a close girl friend as he is of another man.
- 3 God created the body as well as the mind and spirit. Each phase of marriage should be a satisfying partnership.
- 4 If he does, stop him. A warm breakfast will give him a warm memory of home during the day. Try to keep the same hours as he does.
- 5 If you do, stop. Leave that to his employer. He needs your appreciation to bolster his self-confidence.
- 6 Do, by all means, but don't forget that sometimes it is better to offend the Goddess Neatness than to keep your home so tidy that your husband is uncomfortable.
- 7 If you do, it's probably a good sign that you should be doing more to please him.
- 8 You can help him by being *your* best. Like attracts like. Nagging won't help, but self-improvement will.

How's Your Wife?

QUESTIONS

- 1 Do you realize the modern-day expense of raising children?
- 2 Is the fact that you married her proof that you love her?
- 3 Does she keep house as well as your mother did?
- 4 Is she extravagant?
- 5 Do her friends bore you?
- 6 Does she enjoy living with your mother?
- 7 Are you the strong, silent type?
- 8 Do you show off your cooking ability?

ANSWERS

- 1 Think twice before you demand impossible economies. The Lord has promised to provide for the children as well as for you.
- 2 Not to her. A woman needs to be reminded that you love her.
- 3 If you preferred your mother's house-keeping, you should have stayed single.
- 4 Perhaps you think so. But remember, no one can understand how another person can spend so much money!
- 5 So what? Your friends may bore her, but she is polite to them. And you should be polite to hers.
- 6 If you imagine she does, you may be fooling yourself. Check up on it.
- 7 I suppose there's no cure for that! But you did talk enough to ask her to marry you, so why not try to continue talking to her?
- 8 If so stop. She needs to feel that you depend upon her, and as she must spend most of her life in the kitchen, let her think it is worthwhile to spend it there.—From "Christian Life."

READERS



WRITE

HOME OR CAREER?

The Editor, *HOMES AND PARENTS*

DEAR SIR,

I read with interest Mrs. Randell's article, in which she puts forward a tentative defence of a career for the wife and mother.

Many of the advantages she cites exist only because the career of writing, unlike almost any other job or profession, need not take the mother outside her home, and can be arranged to fit in with her routine. When most mothers consider taking up work again, it entails set hours at a set place away from home! In such circumstances the children, I am sure, suffer far more than they benefit.

When I was teaching I came across many cases where a mother at work caused real hardship to the children. The extra household chores may do little harm, but the undue sense of responsibility does. The eldest of a family had younger brothers and sisters to look after; only children had the loneliness of an empty house, where the mother often left home before the child, and returned later than she did.

The child who has too little of her mother's time and full attention lacks, too, a sense of security. She has added fears to contend with. The children at school used to dread illness, and would come when they should have been in bed, rather than face hours of loneliness in an empty house. In an overcrowded school we had no

sick-room; yet we had to care for children who could not go home because the house would be locked up, or no one would be there to look after them. Childhood is not always the carefree time that grown-ups assume it to be, and in their mental and spiritual problems, as well as their physical needs, children need the whole-time love, help, and understanding which it is the mother's to give.

Many of us remember the happiness of coming home to a mother who had both the time and interest to listen to our woes or triumphs, whose world was centred in the well-being of her family. We can remember, too, the sense of loss, of being deprived of a right, on those rare occasions when the usual first cry of "Mum" met with no reply. Surely we want to give to our children that same sense of security and trust, that knowledge that mother will always be at hand, whatever the need, and that her whole-hearted interest is in the physical, mental, and spiritual well-being of the little world of her family. Too often the plea for the need of a wider horizon, a link with a bigger world, is no more than a selfish excuse on the mother's part to escape from what is perhaps the hardest, but certainly the greatest career—that of being a good wife and mother.

Yours faithfully,

(signed) MARY BATCHELOR.

Runcorn, Cheshire.

MUST "ONLY" CHILDREN BE SPOILT?

DEAR EDITOR,

I always enjoy your magazine *HOMES AND PARENTS*, but I wish to write to you on the subject of the only child. The article "A Brother For Jennifer," by J. R. Batten, B.A., was an exaggeration from beginning to end. Frances-Mary, our three-year-old daughter, goes to a nursery class—and she is not the only "only" child in that class; she is not, and never has been, a *lonely, shy little girl*! For a very short time, a matter of weeks only, she had an imaginary playmate—a little cat named Janet; and one or two days we had to include three other cats into the family circle—Fluffy, Smoky, and Timmy. Just a phase, and, like all stages of development of a normal child, it passed. Frances-Mary was not a naughty girl; neither was there any "deep-felt need" which had to be met by the creation of an imaginary

companion; I maintain it was a normal part of her development and did not "present a problem."

Our only child *is not spoilt*: it requires no effort to teach her other people's point of view. She does not have "sole claim to attention"—real love and security she has, it is her right; the right of every child, whether an "only" or one of a family. Frances-Mary is not lazy and does not accept "slavish service." Like most small children, she adores playing with water, and so she has been trained to wash her own "shorts." (I am merely the big grown-up Mummy who can reach the line to hang them out!)

An awful lot of rot is talked and written about the only child. I am an only child; my husband is an only child. My mother thought four children an ideal family; my husband and

Please turn to page 105

A DOCTOR'S DIARY

by a Lady Doctor in General
Practice



"GOOD morning, Miss Wilson. It's depressing sort of weather this morning, isn't it? Who's waiting to see us today?"

"There are only three at the moment, Doctor, I've put their cards on the desk for you."

"Thank you. So the first is Mrs. Young. She's nearly as depressing as the weather! She doesn't seem to be recovering from her operation at all, but I can't discover the reason. There may be some physical disease which I haven't diagnosed—yet, on the other hand, all her symptoms may be caused by worry. I wish I could find out what it is that is worrying her. Send her in, Miss Wilson, and I'll see if I can help."

"Now, Mrs. Young, how are you this morning? A little better, I hope."

"No, I'm afraid I'm not, Doctor. I seem to get worse instead of better. Do you think I shall ever be fit again?"

"Well, it's early days yet. We'll do our best for you. What is it that you are so worried about?"

"The trouble is that I can't sleep. The irritation is so dreadful I could scratch my skin all over and pull all my hair out! Then my eyes are so swollen and inflamed I can hardly get them open in the morning. My scar is so tender I can't bear anybody to come near me. My legs are so painful I can scarcely walk. I can't eat, and I can't work—I'm just all to pieces, Doctor."

"You certainly seem full of complaints, Mrs. Young. You know, I feel sure you must have something on your mind that's upsetting and worrying you."

"Well, yes, Doctor—I am worried, only I didn't

want to tell you. You see, I didn't want anybody to know, but my husband is going out with a young girl. If I do get better, I've nothing left to live for now."

"I'm very sorry to hear it, Mrs. Young. I'm afraid if that's the case you will have to face up to it—it's no good trying to fight against the thought of it. If you continue to look so depressed and worried, and let yourself go all to pieces, your husband is not likely to want to come back to you. It's time you pulled yourself together and made up your mind that you are going to get better. Then perhaps your husband might feel more like sticking to you."

"It's no good, I just can't make the effort."

"No, I know you can't by yourself, but there is Someone who can help you. Most of us make a bit of a mess of our lives, if we try to live them by ourselves. The trouble with sin is that it isn't only the sinner that suffers: quite often other people suffer more."

"But it all seems so unfair. I've been a good wife to him, I've never wronged him in any way."

"The same thing is happening all over the world in different ways. Think how inhumanly cruel the Communists in China have been to the foreign missionaries. That's quite unfair, you know. The missionaries were law-abiding citizens, who never did any harm to the Chinese. The missionaries, however, are not wasting their time moping and grumbling. They realize that their lives are in God's hand, and that He will not allow the suffering to be more than they can bear. They have come through all their trials triumphant and victorious, and many of them are now working in fresh fields. I can lend you a book all about it if you are interested."

"Before we can expect God to help us and take care of us as He has done for those missionaries, we must realize that we ourselves are also sinners. Maybe we are not such big sinners as some other people, but in God's sight there is no difference. 'For there is no distinction to be made anywhere: everyone has sinned, everyone has fallen short of the beauty of God's plan' (Rom. 3. 22, 23). We must understand not only that God is our Creator, but also that the Lord Jesus Christ died and rose again to become our Saviour. When we confess to Him that we are sinners and that only He can save us, He will forgive us, and we shall find that we have quite a new power in our lives."

"If you will only ask Him, I'm sure that God will show you a way out of all your difficulties. He will give you a purpose in life, and the energy which you need to carry out this purpose."

"Thank you, Doctor. I've never thought much about such things before. I will think over what you have said, and I will try to follow your advice."

I saw Mrs. Young at frequent intervals for some months, but I couldn't seem to help her very much. She remained self-righteous and embittered against her husband. Like so many other people, she would not humble herself to confess that she also was a sinner. She could see sin only in other people, and she could not forgive her husband. So she continued to be miserable and knew nothing of the joy of forgiveness for herself. How sad I feel for her and all the others like her!

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

TRAVESTY OR TRUTH?

"I AM amazed that you have so quickly transferred your allegiance from Him who called you in the grace of Christ to another 'Gospel'! Not, of course, that it is or ever could be another gospel, but there are obviously men who are upsetting your faith with a travesty of the Gospel of Christ." So Paul wrote to the Churches in Galatia, and it is the why and wherefore of his letter. If possible, read the whole letter at a sitting. It is profoundly important. Every parent owes it to his child to be able to give, in a few simple words, what the Gospel really is. Neither we nor they will gain anything by following a spurious invitation.

The Gospel rests on a sure foundation. Man played no part in its conception, and it is not true to say that "the Church" gave us the Gospel. It was given to the Churches directly from God, and committed as a sacred trust to believers (Gal. 1. 1, 2; Jude 3). It is not man's ideas about God (Gal. 1. 11 and 12), but God's answer to man's need (Gal. 4. 4-7).

As to the Good News itself, it is not the keeping of God's law. If salvation came that way we should all long since have been without hope. Yet the law must be satisfied before anyone can be justified. God cannot alter His requirements to suit our sinful nature. But we can be justified by

what Christ has done. By faith we accept His voluntary death as vicarious and effectual (1. 3-4), and we are free from the condemnation of a law we were continually breaking. Salvation is by trusting, not trying. No wonder we speak of it as the Good News.

Has the Gospel no ethical value then? It most certainly has, and Paul has set aside one-third of the letter (chapters 5 and 6) to a very practical consideration of its outworking. The life-force of the Holy Spirit within will, as we yield to Him, produce the true fruits of love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, generosity, fidelity, adaptability, and self-control—and no law exists against any of these (5. 22-23, J. B. Phillips' translation).

It may be that on the air or in books we have, at times, found only a travesty of the Gospel, and like Augustine we have to say, "They served up beautiful works, but not Thyself. . . . Thou wast not these emptinesses, nor was I nourished by them, but exhausted rather. Those were not even any way like to Thee, as Thou hast now spoken to me."

PRAYER. Wake us up, O Lord, from spiritual sleep and from a dreamy assent to the smooth words of a man-made theory, and teach us, we pray Thee, to stake our claim in this Gospel of salvation by grace, through faith. Amen.

FATE—OR FAITH?

The tragic accident at Wealdstone, and the application for a job, set us talking about many things. How, asked my friend, do you reconcile this disaster, with its indiscriminate toll of human life, with the love of God? And why did a mutual friend of ours say that whether her husband obtained the post he was applying for or not, it would be God's will? It all seems so chancy. Wasn't it all Fate, anyway? At first the reasoning sounds plausible enough. Bound up with it, of course, is the thought, variously expressed, that we might as well not pray, because God will always do what He wants, regardless of our requests.

I feel that my friend and I were talking with two completely different conceptions at the back

of our minds. She was perhaps thinking of human beings as pawns in the hand of their Creator, with the good things of life by ways of rewards, and the bad as punishments; or (as some would have us believe) we are all brothers and sisters in one large spiritual family, and the ups and downs of life are the rather arbitrary decrees of our Father for our ultimate good. I believed that God had explained things quite otherwise in His Book. The first Psalm (which we are to read this month) seems to be an epitome of God's explanation, and it throws light on the problems we discussed by the fireside.

Two Portraits is an excellent title for this Psalm. Three verses give us the first, and three the second,

and in these few skilful strokes the inspired writer has divided the world into two. The New Testament often draws the same clear line. "The ultimate is black and white."

A man is often distinguished by what he abstains from as much as by what he practises (v. 1.) Notice the progress implied by walking, standing, sitting. To abstain from "walking in the counsel of the ungodly" makes it easier not to settle down with them. And an increase of guilt seems implied by being ungodly (purely negative), a sinner (positive), and scornful (openly opposed). The devil keeps his servants on the go!

Now the contrasts continue under the imagery of the Tree and The Chaff. A tree defies the storm—chaff is driven before it: a contrast which is exemplified over and over again in the storms and stresses of life, and which God says will be finally apparent in the life to come (v. 5). The last

word of each section aptly sums up the whole position—prosper (v. 3); perish (v. 6).

We still meet men and women who, like the chaff, have no security, no assurance of a plan for their lives, no secret source of life and power; and those others who, having come into the family (John 1. 10-12), now know that their life is in a Heavenly Father's care, that when they ask for guidance (as our friend did about her husband's job) He is sure to give what is best, and that "all things work together for good" (Rom. 8. 28).

Tragic, crazy and unjust things *will* happen in a world which, by and large, still rejects Christ, and has its own prince (Eph. 2. 2). But in the heart of the man of faith is the quiet assurance that out of the strange medley of joys and sorrows which he shares equally with the man of the world, God is fashioning a lovely and permanent pattern.

THE PERFECT SERVANT

*How call Him Servant Who is Lord of All?
How sing His Service Whom to serve is bliss?
The Servant Who is Master to all Time.*

WE begin to read this month the earliest and shortest Gospel, St. Mark. Each writer of the four records gives in his narrative some different aspect of the Lord Jesus Christ, and there seems little doubt that Mark had particularly in mind that He was in all things God's Servant fulfilling the Prophet's words in Is. 42. 1-7 and 52. 13-53. 12. Forty-one times he uses the servant word variously rendered straight-way, immediately, forthwith, and the life he portrays is crowded with action and unwearying energy in the pathway appointed by God.

John Mark knew only too well the failure and fitfulness of much of our service for God. Had he not set out with all the enthusiasm of a young disciple on a hazardous missionary journey in company with Paul and Barnabas (Act 12. 25 and 13. 5 v. 13), only to return home before the work was completed? And when, in late years, restored

to the confidence and esteem of the great Apostle (Col. 4. 10; 2 Tim. 4. 11), he set to work upon his Gospel, perhaps with Peter's help, Mark wants it to be known for all time that he has found the perfect Servant, selfless, devoted, Who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister (Mark 10. 45).

*Resentment never stayed His courteous hand
Nor checked the healing flow of gracious words.
A Jonah might complain of service spoilt;
A Moses strike the rock in hasty wrath;
A Peter use the sword in peril's hour;
A Paul give stinging word for lawless blow;
And these were honoured servants, great with God,
By whom the great ones of the earth show small,
But there was One exceeded . . ."*

And it may be as we read through again the loving record of a life so full from end to end with lowly service, we shall learn a little better how "to wear with ease His easy yoke, and serve Him gladly Who so gladly served."

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR FEBRUARY*

Galatians		7	...	5. 16-26	14	...	6. 1-10	21	...	1. 29-45
1	...	8	...	6. 1-18	15	...	7. 1-17	22	...	2. 1-12
2	...	Psalms			16	...	8. 1-9	23	...	2. 13-28
3	...	9	...	1. 1-6	17	...	9. 1-20	24	...	3. 1-19
4	...	10	...	2. 1-12	18	...	10. 1-18	25	...	3. 20-35
5	...	11	...	3. 1-8	St. Mark			26	...	4. 1-12
6	...	12	...	4. 1-8	19	...	1. 1-13	27	...	4. 13-29
		13	...	5. 1-12	20	...	1. 14-28	28	...	4. 30-41

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

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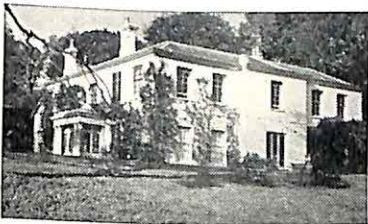
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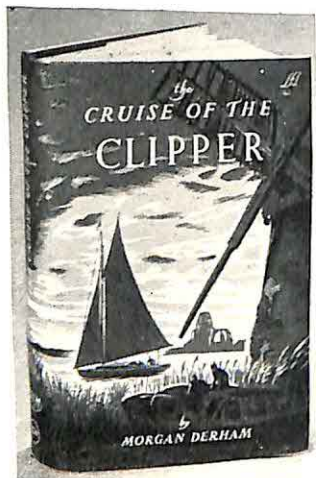
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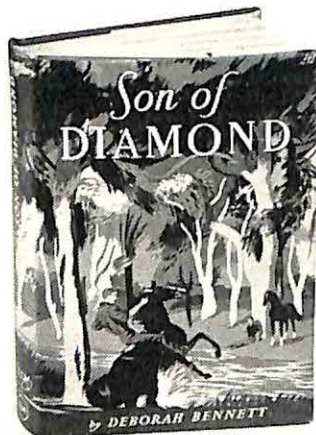
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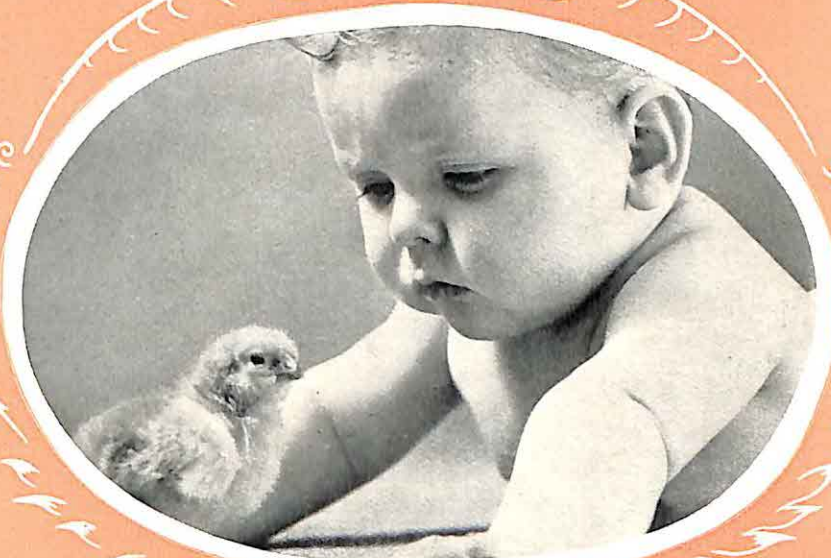
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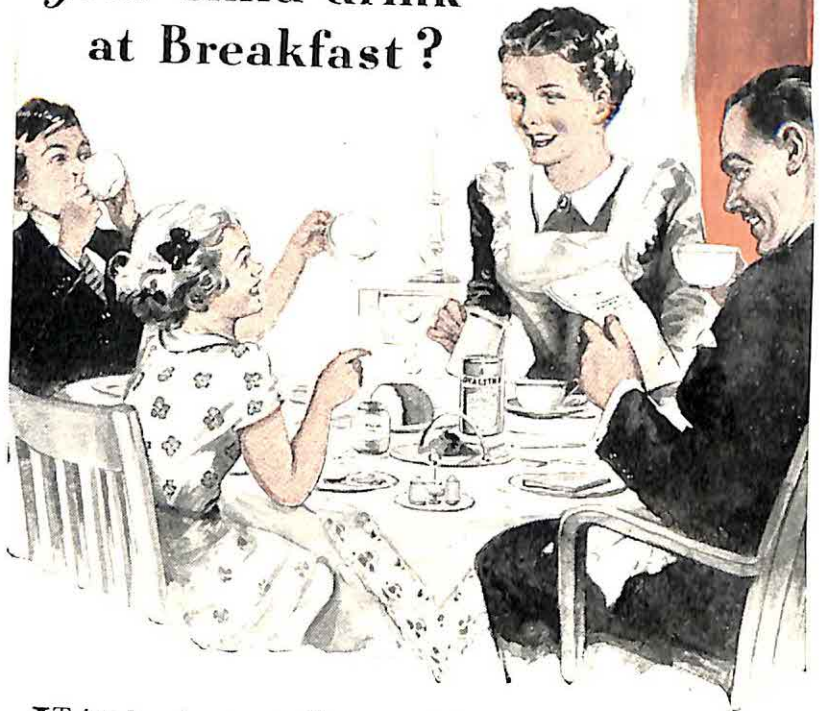


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What does
your child drink
at Breakfast?



IT has long been generally accepted that breakfast is a particularly important meal for children. This is confirmed by food authorities who say that children should get a fourth to a third of their daily food requirements at breakfast-time.

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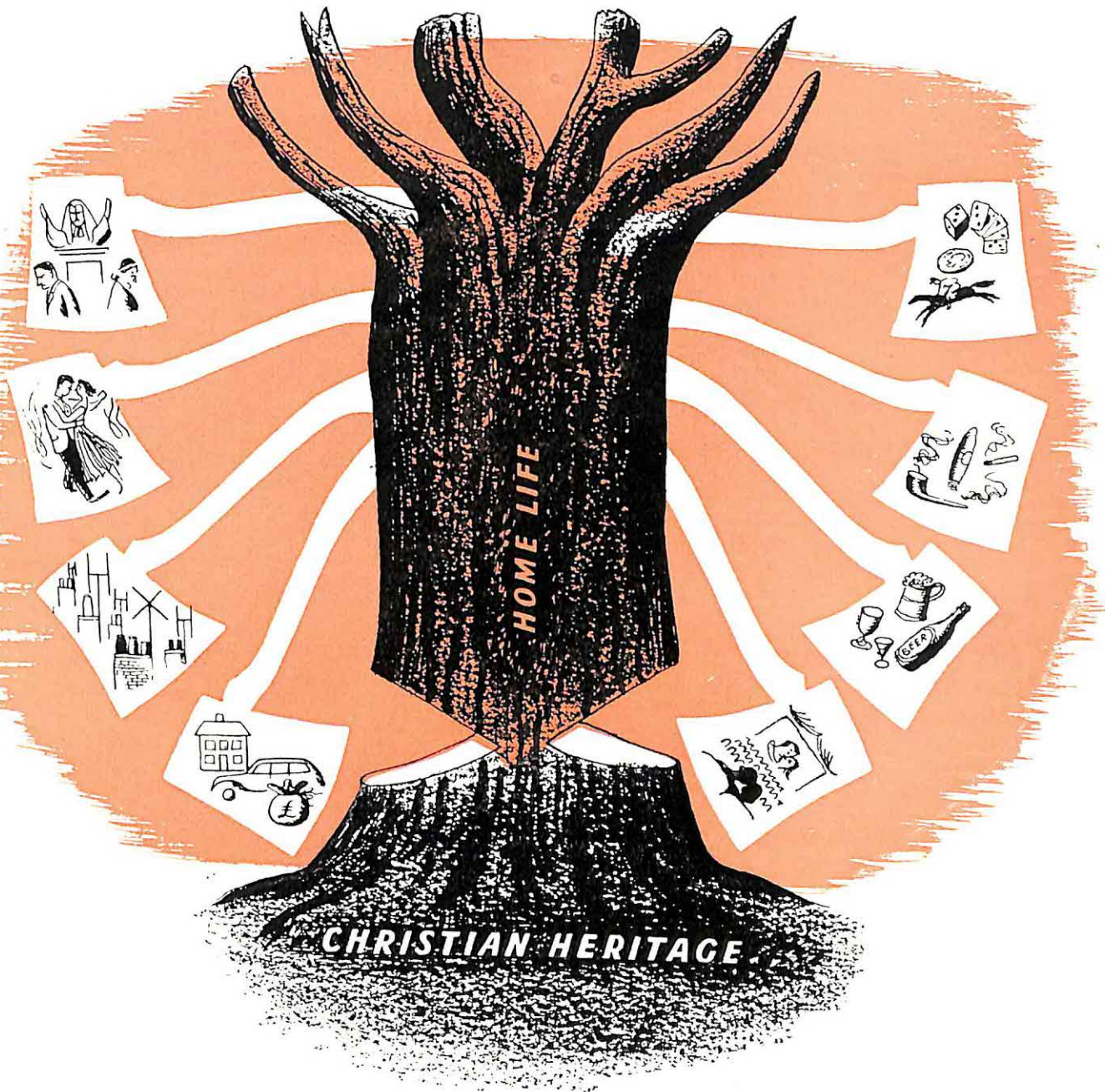
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HOMES & PARENTS



the magazine for parents who care



ROTTEN AT

from a symposium compiled by the

The Drift from Home

IT IS often the obvious that escapes our attention. The drift from home and family life in this country takes place at an ever-increasing rate. Yet it happens so slowly that it is only when we look back and consider how things used to be, and what this natural institution ought to be, that we realize how great the change has been. A boat without sail set or without anchor cast overboard will surely drift with the tide. The movement is unnoticed. It is only when familiar landmarks are re-examined that, with astonishment, the altered position and perhaps the mortal danger is realized. So it is with family life.

We Christians hold strongly to tradition. To a large extent we are guided by the same rules as our fathers were, we follow in the steps of the great men of the past who fought the fight of faith. Christianity has its roots in an historic event. But the majority of our countrymen are no longer Christian even in outlook. They have let go the things of the past and are even being taught to despise them. Home, a way of life so natural and so obvious that it would seem insulting to define it and superfluous to defend it, is seriously threatened. Attacks come upon it from all sides. The purpose of its existence is doubted and new human associations grow up which deprive it of its sustaining loyalties.

If any doubt that this is so, the comparative figures for divorce in the years of this century give some indication of what is happening. In 1910 there were 596 Decrees Absolute and in 1920 3,041. The number then rose slowly until 1937, when the Herbert Act, widening the grounds for divorce, was passed. In 1938 there were 6,092. After 1941 the divorce courts were overloaded and delay occurred, but the number seeking divorce increased rapidly; the number of Decrees Nisi in 1951 was almost 50,000. But cases which reach the courts represent only a proportion of the broken families of the nation. No figures can be obtained for

such eventualities as the father and mother voluntarily living apart. No one can fully assess the discord and disorder which are so widespread in all types of home; the amount of juvenile crime is one reflection of it.



External Threats

The material forces opposing family life are at present numerous. The aftermath of war, shortage of houses, overcrowding in houses, and the call of women into industry all play their part. War, like a beast of prey, tears a man from his home circle, plays with him for a while, and then returns him—but sometimes he is maimed in body, sometimes callous in spirit, and sometimes he is taken for ever. Overcrowding, with more than one family in a house, can be borne as a temporary expedient, but it inevitably stifles natural expression and at worst leads to estrangement and hostility of its members. The recruitment of women for industry may mean that young children are sent to a day-nursery to be cared for, with the consequent loss of a home environment at a time when they most need it. For the older children at school, home should be the natural centre of their affections; but with the mother away they come to think of it only in terms of board and lodging, and some indefinable security is lost.

These external influences, strong though they can be, are not of decisive importance. Family life has its roots too deeply embedded in the past, it is protected too firmly by custom and law, and it is, in the final event, too clearly in the pattern of life designed by God, to be easily destroyed. Yet, though the blasts of a tempest fail to bring to the ground a tree in the strength of its maturity, if its trunk be diseased or its roots insecure it will fall before a moderate wind. The institution of family life is in danger of collapsing today just because our people are losing their hold

THE ROOTS?

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on the established values of the past, and more still because belief in God and His ordering of life has been abandoned.



Internal Decay

Wrong ideas beget wrong actions. That this applies to the subject under consideration can be shown by three examples. Firstly, the cry for liberty and self-expression is frequently heard today. Both words are loosely used, but for many they are taken to mean that parents should lay only the lightest discipline on their children, or none at all; that the child has no obligations towards his parents and is free to cut adrift when and how he likes; and that parents should not be tied by their children, but are entitled to hand them over to the care of any authority or none.

Secondly, views on the meaning of marriage are radically different from what they used to be; the increase of divorce is clear evidence of this. For many, marriage is in the nature of a temporary alliance which can be tried, and which, if not satisfactory, can be discarded; it is no longer a life-long union sealed and sanctified by God Almighty. The one view is essentially self-centred, the other, as with all great accomplishments of life, self-denying.

Thirdly, life as toil, as a struggle for existence, as a pilgrimage through an alien country, has given place to an easy-going philosophy. It is now generally proclaimed that happiness is the greatest good; that there is plenty in the world for all, provided it is rightly distributed; that science will do our work and steadily raise our standard of living. This altogether superficial and unreal outlook has been fostered by our national wealth in past decades. It has its counterpart in the lust for pleasure, for cheap entertainment and for easy money which obsesses our people. This unrealism pervades all our life. There is a consequent ignorance of the

elementary qualities of human nature. The true relationship between the sexes has become perverted—and this not least by the influence of the cinema. A cult of youth has arisen which glorifies muscular achievement and physical beauty, and these have become virtues to be acquired at any price. Meanwhile wisdom, humility and even honesty are at a discount. In such a world the home as a place of self-sacrifice and loyalty, of discipline and refuge, of hospitality and creative activity, finds itself strangely isolated and slightly ridiculous.



Right at the Roots

To recognize these perversions is to realize the need to give to right principles a deliberate emphasis and a personal and conscientious loyalty. We must feel and express horror at known cases of divorce, because they sabotage the Creator's plan of life as well as hurting individuals. We must measure our obligations as parents—both to love and to train, with all that involves of patience and self-discipline, as well as of joy and satisfaction. And we must get our attitude to life right. Sooner or later, we must respond to the inspired words, "I appeal to you, my brothers: bring your lives, and set them by the altar, as a sacrifice, a living one, a hallowed one, acceptable to God. The necessity of this rite of consecration follows from all the argument. Do not conform to the externalities of this world; nay, let your characters be transformed by the birth of a new life-purpose, so that you may put God's design to the test of your own experience, and so prove how kind, how gladdening, how flawless it is." (Rom. 12. 1. A. S. Way.)

These words go right to the roots, and set us right at the roots of every department of life. Translated into daily practice, they are the secret and the guarantee of healthy and happy family life.

"Picked her up firmly"



DISCIPLINE

by A Mother

NINE out of ten people will agree that a certain amount of discipline is necessary in bringing up a child, but it is remarkable how hazy those same people can be when it comes to putting it into actual practice with their own child. One is forced to the conclusion that a lot of mothers these days don't really know the meaning of the word! Well, what *do* we mean by discipline?

The dictionary defines it as "mental and moral training." All very well and good, but we need to put it into more concrete terms if we are really to apply it in our own homes.

To begin with, discipline is seeing that gradually our children acquire good habits and not bad. We are all creatures of habit, habits laid down by our parents in childhood, and it is up to us as mothers to see that the *right* ones are instilled into our children. Good habits are as easily learnt as bad.

All children should learn to do as they're told. It is amazing what a lot of children seem to be allowed to do as they like, regardless of parents' wishes. Children can make or mar a home. Brought up properly they become a source of great joy, but a badly trained child can be a little tyrant, knowing no will other than his own and ruining the happiness of an entire household. In time such a child can become a bone of contention between formerly loving parents, instead of a bond holding them together. So teach your child to do as he's told without being bribed to do so, and without standing arguing with you for five minutes as to why he shouldn't!

Begin the way you mean to go on when he's just beginning to be mobile. He can't talk. No, but he can understand you all right: that little brain's working, so see that it works in the right way. You've got to teach him there are certain things he mustn't touch, haven't you?—things like fires and electric switches and books. Don't expect too much of him at first. He can only learn gradually, so don't begin a continual chorus of "no's" at everything he lays his poking little fingers on. It's a nuisance when he pokes about in your cupboards, but he won't do it for ever, so let him learn step by step.

I began with books, as we have a lot of precious books about lying handy for little fingers. When

toddler John began to take them out of their shelves I said quite firmly to him, "If you touch the books, John, you'll go in your play-pen!" Naturally, at first he took no notice, but went on pulling at them, so I picked him up forthwith and dumped him in his playpen. One is not obliged to leave a child there for long—ten minutes can seem quite a time to a toddler. The main thing is you must be consistent. John had to learn that touching books was followed *automatically* by a period in his play-pen. And John soon learnt! Gradually, too, John had to learn that any disobedience meant "play-pen" and so he learnt to do as he was told.

When a child first goes in the garden you've got to teach him not to pick the flowers or go on the beds, haven't you? The easiest way is simply to bring him indoors if he does. He'll soon stop it!

Remember that in any case a child has to learn to do as he's told when he goes to school. How much harder it will be for him if he's always had his own way at home! It's never *really* kind to let a child have his own way. The really happy child is the disciplined child. Such a child is usually sunny and sweet-tempered and a joy to have with one, but the spoilt child is the child who is everlastingly whining, a misery to himself and all with whom he comes into contact.

To give way to a child is often the line of least resistance. Maybe we all do it at times, when we're tired and things get "on top" of us, but to do it as a general rule is to store up an awful lot of trouble for yourself later on. Sooner or later you'll have to cope with that child—and the later it's left, the worse it is. So begin as you mean to go on. Once you've got the habit of obedience instilled into a child it's amazing how everything else seems to fall into place. Discipline and routine should go hand in hand. If you get into the habit of always giving a child his cod-liver oil at the same time each day he'll soon regard it as a fixed and inevitable law of the universe. I always give it to my children immediately after breakfast, and follow it by a sweet, because, after all, it is a horrid taste! With regard to sweets, if you have a firm rule as to when they are allowed (say, after dinner), and never allow them in between meals, it will save you being endlessly pestered for them at all times of the day. Of course, there are always the odd grannies and aunts who pop in, but that doesn't matter; as long as *you* have your rules (and stick to them!) your child will soon know that it's no good bothering you. Be firm about your "no's," too, otherwise your child will spend ten minutes trying to wheedle your every *no* into *yes*!

Does such a line of treatment sound harsh to you? It isn't. One doesn't have to be a tyrant just because

P L I N E

one's firm. One can still love and laugh with them. And remember, the spoilt child is *never* happy. So if you want to do the best you can for your child discipline him wisely, and he will bring joy into your heart and home.

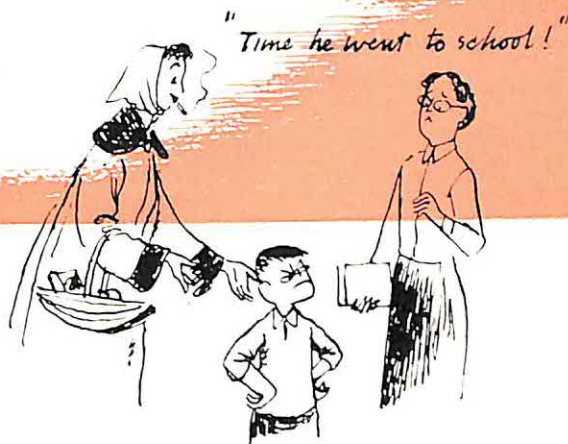


by *A Headmistress*

NOTHING makes me feel more sad than to be greeted, as I often am, by a harassed mother who, looking down at her small child milling round her skirts, adds with an agonizing look at me, "It's time he came to you. I can't do anything with him at home. And the way he cheeks his father! . . . But there, his brother was the same, and *you* made him mind." Sad I am for the mother, who, however much she may strive to cover it, is conscious, deep down, that she has failed somewhere—exactly where, she is not sure; but she knows only too well that others, especially his future teachers, will be able to succeed where she has not. Sad too for the child, because it is he who is really the casualty in the case, for he has been let down badly, and is lost in a perplexing world. He has lost his sense of security, so vital to all children, and he knows no authority to whom he may turn with confidence.

Many mothers do not realize how much children like to have rules about what they can do and what they cannot do, how far they can go and just where the safety line of such decisions ends. This is where the teachers have such a draw. They must form rules for their "forties," they have to have things cut and dried to get anything done at all, and because they know from experience the results of slackness, they see that these rules are kept, and the children benefit. Young children have not the power to reason and they have very little common sense, and to let them make decisions without guidance on issues which affect other people is unfair.

Watch any group of children at play, and you will hear them decide upon the rules of the game first—and again sometimes halfway through if they feel the need of them! They decide where and where not to go—where to place "poison rings" (and how they love these!), how far the witch can come out of her den, and what powers she has. Allied to these they want to know the consequences if they ignore them. Can the witch catch them? Is there a second chance in the poison ring? And so on. So, too, do



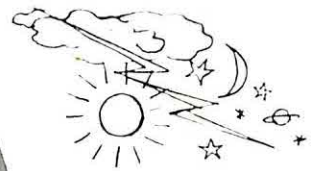
our children want to know the rules in the game of life and the consequences of non-observance. Let them find out once that mother's rules were "phoney" and that she didn't mean what she said, and the game is lost. Mothers! give them a foundation of rock on which to build and mean what you say.

If you say, "I shall smack you if you don't stop banging that door," then carry out the threat if the door is banged again. In his childish way your son may bang it again to see if you really meant what you said! If he finds that you didn't, then the battle royal has begun. But let him find that your words were indeed meant, and yours is the victory. Next time, probably at a much more embarrassing moment, a look in his direction will be enough, and both time and temper, not to mention "face," will be saved.

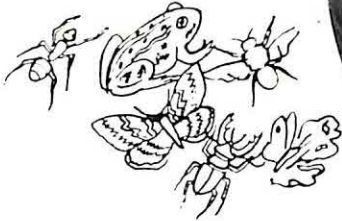
If all parents were firm in the beginning we should not so often be witnesses of such distressing scenes in the streets, in bus queues, and indeed inside the buses, as we are today. Often the mother, weary as she is, is too self-conscious at such times, with all eyes upon her, to show her authority, but she may be assured that the parent who in face of such odds shows herself the master of the child wins the whole-hearted approval of the community and, in the long run, the gratitude of the child.

We in the schools, in our turn, with co-operation of school and home can continue the good work, and the child will develop into a free, uninhibited citizen of the world. Without this help from the home, the child, not from his own choice, will live in two worlds: the one civilized, where he knows the rules, and the other wild—and it is in the wild world the "cosh-types" develop.

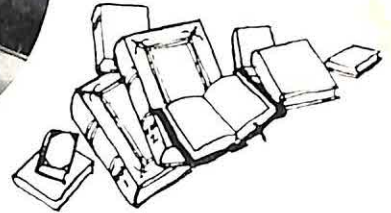
I am reminded of an old lady's reproach to a friend of mine who had confessed to her child being a trouble at home. "But, my dear," she said quietly, "he was such a little thing when you had him, and weighed only a few pounds. You have made him what he is." How wise she was! So, mothers, make your child what you intend he shall be, not by cuffs and smacks, but by firmness and kindness—and don't leave it all to us!



POSITIVE



TRAINING



by T. H. Hook

THERE was an even more vivid flash of lightning, followed immediately by one of those crackling crashes of thunder which can make the stoutest of hearts uneasy.

"What makes the thunder and lightning, Daddy?"

Daddy glanced up from his book towards the small form sitting upright and unusually quiet on the chair. The face was a little paler, the eyes turned apprehensively towards the window.

He had pretended to be engrossed in his book and apparently unperturbed by the storm. For fear, no less than courage and humour, is contagious where children are concerned.

"Well, supposing we go and see what we can find out," replied Daddy, closing his book and leading the way into the sitting-room.

He opened the door of the book-case, and took down a volume from the shelf, one out of a set which had been a mine of information since his own young days.

"Yes, here we are," he said enthusiastically. "Now let's sit down and see what it says, and have a look at the pictures."

And so together they gathered some elementary information about thunder-storms and their course, and looked at the pictures of the different types of lightning. Getting down to some facts made the storms appear less mysterious and frightening to a young mind.

"Oh, look, Daddy! There's a rainbow! Just like the one in the Bible picture!"

So interested had they been in their study, that the storm had spent itself almost unnoticed by them. Now the grey skies were showing bright blue patches. The sun, peeping from behind the clouds, made the raindrops glisten on the leaves. And the Divine bow of promise stretched itself over all.

"What does the book say about the rainbow, Daddy?"

"All right! All right!" says Daddy, smiling at the eager face. "Just see if you can tell me how many colours you can discover in the rainbow, while I have a look."

All the questions can, of course, be dismissed easily and superficially. But although it does at times mean a great deal of parental patience, steps taken to give the right answers will be rewarded by watching the growth of knowledge in the young mind during those formative years when it is so natural to be continually asking, "Why?" Strengthen rather than stifle this natural desire.

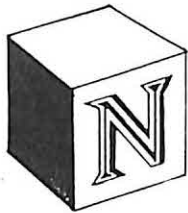
A chance gift of a child's book of wild flowers helped to make country walks of even greater interest, as we searched for the flowers illustrated in the book, and took home samples for pressing and recording.

"But *yours* isn't the same, Daddy! The leaves in the picture are near the bottom of the stem!" So age bowed good-naturedly to the keen and exuberant observations of infancy.

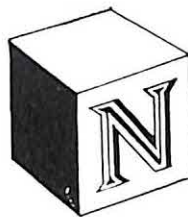
Then there are those other searching questions which should make us turn for explanation to that Divine Book of Knowledge, the Bible—supplemented by other suitable books and pictures. True education aims at making the individual healthy in mind and spirit. And it is from the home that must come the greatest influence towards the Christian way of life.

The nation is suffering increasingly from the indifference which has developed, especially in the home, to matters of spiritual values. The result is seen in the children growing up without any set standards, the continually creeping tide of juvenile delinquency, and the large numbers passing through the divorce courts. It is so easy, surrounded by these lowering standards, to enter into compromises ourselves.

As parents, however, let us make quite sure that we do not lightly esteem the heritage passed on to many of us by our own Christian parents, a heritage which has so often stood us in good stead. Let us ensure that our children shall be encouraged by word and example to be "men of God . . . complete . . . thoroughly equipped for every good work." That they as children may also know "the holy Scriptures which are able to make wise unto salvation."



Nature in the Nursery



by Ruth Hillyer

HOW we are cheered at the sight of flowers in a room! Yet it is probably true that most of us parents are hardly aware of the extent of the impressions made on the toddler by his surroundings. We scarcely credit him with any real sense of the good and beautiful. How blind we are! Our little ones are constantly influenced by the pictures, flowers and other details that we take so much for granted.

In these modern times pictures have largely disappeared from our homes. One or two for each room is usually the limit. But in the nursery, pictures can come into their own in place of the usual decorations. Frequently the nursery wall is brightened with nursery-rhyme friezes or motifs depicting characters from Fairyland. Amusing and charming as these touches may be, they have little constructive influence upon the toddler.

We have tried an experiment which so far is proving successful in several ways. The nursery is spacious, having one unbroken wall of twenty feet, with distemper and paintwork in cream to give a suitable background. This long wall boasts a gallery of hand-painted birds, not perhaps first-class from the critic's point of view, but at least pleasing to the eye. Each bird is quite distinctive. This set of studies was picked up cheaply at an auction sale. A birthday or Christmas present gives helpful aunts and uncles a chance to add to any collection.

On two other walls are solitary prints by Margaret Tarrant. One shows Jesus amidst the beauties of nature and surrounded by animals, some of which are becoming familiar to the toddler. The other picture over the cot is that of a small boy kneeling on the hillside with hands clasped in prayer.

Our toddler takes a regular interest in all the pictures for himself. He mentions birds quite often, and even indoors refers to the songs outside. In addition, a regular visit to each picture affords an opportunity for talking about Nature. The habits of birds and animals can be described in simple language. The picture of Jesus amongst recognizable animals makes it easy to talk about God. His love for creation can soon be narrowed down to His love for the toddler. And then the boy kneeling down lends itself to suggestions of saying "Thank You." Pointing to the picture is now sufficient to bring our boy's hands together for prayer.

In the dreary months of the winter flowers are expensive, and there are rarely any to spare for the nursery. Forethought during August can help to overcome the lack by potting bulbs. A chance remark made by our toddler several days ago showed how he missed his flowers. He pointed as we passed an empty vase, and said, "No flowers." When flowers are plentiful, place some in the nursery safely out of reach. The time taken to show and explain about smell and colour teaches the toddler to admire flowers, and soon he will touch them just lovingly as you hold him up to get a better view. When out for walks he will quickly notice flowers in other gardens and shops. A simple pointing out of detail helps to make even a two-year-old observant.

Beautiful things can be shared through pictures. The delicacy of flowers can fill a child with joy and wonder. Surely these are two of the God-given ways for training in appreciation, so let us have more Nature in the Nursery.





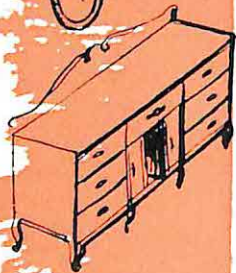
Furnishing the

Margaret Forster continues

SINCE you tell me that there is a possibility of your going abroad some time after your marriage, I would suggest that either you make a definite attempt to buy the kind of furniture which would be useful to you in your new environment or that you buy, as cheaply as possible, some second-hand furniture which you will not mind leaving behind when you go.

If you decide on the former course of action, remember that, generally speaking, upholstered furniture is hardly used at all in Eastern countries. The cane or deck-chairs are cooler, and also one has to reckon with such scourges as ants and a particularly unpleasant type of flea (here I speak more especially of East Africa). Naturally, the easily-cleaned type of furniture is more practical. I wonder whether you would consider buying a set of four or six deck-chairs—the upright variety with wooden arms. These can be made quite attractive by covering arms, back and seat in velvet or some such hard-wearing material. These covers should be made with tapes for tying on to the chair, so that they are easily detachable for cleaning. As you intend to set up your first home in either one or two rooms, these chairs will also be useful because they can be folded flat and stacked when not in use. A table covering of the same material as the covers might mean that you could disguise an ordinary hardwood table or ancient dining table, and thus save the expense of buying a new one. These deck-chairs cost 39s. 6d. each, and you could probably pick up material at a sale to make the covers. The arm covers may be padded for extra comfort. Incidentally, remember that these chairs would serve the dual purpose of dining and easy chairs—they are really very comfortable—and by the way, deck-chairs, as with all manufactured imported goods, are usually expensive in Eastern countries, so that even if they are eventually used as such, they would still remain a good buy.

Another dual-purpose item could be a pair of divan beds, costing anything from about £5 upwards, with plenty of cushions for daytime use. A reliable dining suite today costs anything from about £35 upwards, but if you decide to cut costs by using either the deck-chairs or a few odd chairs, at, say, 35s. 9d. each, and your disguised kitchen table, you will then only need a sideboard of some kind. I would suggest looking out for one of those old-fashioned kitchen dressers, low and long, with plenty of drawers and a convenient cubbyhole underneath for storage space. There must be heaps of them about at auction sales or second-hand shops. You could then make use of some of the ample drawer space for clothes, etc., and the top could serve as sideboard—and even as a cookery table at one end, if you had a porcelain enamel square which you could hide away behind the dresser when not needed. I am not suggesting that a dresser like this could often be used just as you buy it, but it is always possible to carry out minor alterations and paint it yourself. A large wall mirror above it would add importance to its homely lines. You could, of course, buy a sideboard or Welsh dresser, but neither would give you the same drawer space, and I should prefer the old-type dresser to a common or garden chest of drawers in a bed-sitting room. Alternatively, if you wish to buy something new and modern in design, I have seen a very practical two-unit sideboard, priced at £19, which is ideal for the single room or small flat. Add a bookcase, or ask permission to put a couple of shelves beside the fireplace, and you have the most important items of furniture. As it is probably to be a combined bed-sitting room, I should try to dispense with a





First Home

her advice to a bride

wardrobe, and have instead for hanging space either a corner cupboard with curtain to match your window curtains, or make use of any alcoves in the room to run curtain rails out from the picture rail with a matching curtain in front. In this way, you could perhaps each have separate clothes-hanging space, perhaps on either side of the divan bed.

If you decide you must have a comfortable lounge suite, have a look at second-hand shops first, and don't be put off by the shabby appearance of a suite which is moderately priced. As long as the springs are good, you can always buy material and make or have made some loose covers. There is a large variety of suitable materials to choose from, from shadow cretonne, priced very reasonably at 5s. 11d. a yard, and printed linen at about 8s. 11d., to the more expensive brocades. Folkweave is a good buy for this purpose, and has the advantage of being warm and coming mostly in fairly neutral colours. I bought some which is very strong for 12s. 11d. a yard recently, and I feel sure it will wear for ever!

Don't forget the humble orange boxes when it comes to storage space for pans and other kitchen equipment. These boxes also make handy vegetable racks. If the plain wood is smoothed over with glasspaper and varnished, and a plastic curtain placed across the front, it is not too offensive to the eye. Talking of kitchen equipment, I strongly advise you to become a pressure cooker fan. This will save you much time and be especially valuable in this respect if you are keeping on your job after marriage, and incidentally it will cut your fuel consumption. You will also need far fewer other pans, as the pressure pan can be used for several items at a time. If you prefer the old method of cooking, then do buy pans which are going to be large enough when you have a family to cook for. Square pans are a good idea, as two or more may be placed over one burner on the stove. Remember if you are cooking by electricity to buy the extra strong aluminium pans.

Carpet prices dropped considerably in 1952, and a nice quality Axminster could be purchased from about £18. With your plans so uncertain, however, and again as carpets are little used abroad, you might care to consider the new haircord carpeting, which can be had in squares from as little as £16, or by the yard at about 17s. This makes an attractive plain floor covering and is extremely hard-wearing. It could always be used up in a kitchen or nursery if you made up your minds to settle in this country, or would be suitable as a floor covering on the cement floors abroad.

Linen prices have also fallen considerably. Sheets can now be bought for under £2 a pair, and pillow cases from about 2s. 11d. each. Turkish towels cost about 5s. 11d., and bath towels are from about 12s. 11d. Do try to buy as good a stock of linen as you can afford, since this is always an asset wherever you are.

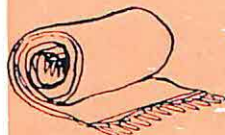
If your room seems rather dark, and you can get your landlady's permission, you could colour-wash over the existing paper in a light cream. This is quite a satisfactory form of decoration and can be repeated almost indefinitely. The light walls will make your room look bigger as well as much brighter.

I hope some of these suggestions may help you with your furnishing.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET FORSTER.



Expectant Brother



by A Mother

JOHN was nearly three years old when I knew, for certain, that I was expecting another baby. My husband and I decided that no fairy tales, such as buying a baby brother or finding baby under the gooseberry bush, should be told to him. We would answer truly any awkward questions that were put to us by him, although information would be given in a suitable way for his small brain to grasp.

John was a happy child, overflowing with fun and high spirits. He was fortunate in having a playmate, a boy nine months his senior, and the two played well together. They each had a pedal motor-car, and raced each other round the house at a breakneck speed, generally ending with a head-on crash, but rarely were any tears shed. Toys were pooled and played with together.

Donald's mummy had a baby girl, born when our John was nearly two years. He thought she was the most wonderful thing on earth. Sometimes we borrowed her while Donald and his Mummy and Daddy went out. This was a great occasion. Lynne was laid carefully in John's pram and he sat up in the other end, looking as proud as a young prince.

I knew John was fond of other people's babies, so one evening, when he was sitting on my lap for his evening cuddle, I asked him, "John, would you like a baby brother or sister?"

His face seemed to light up as he eagerly exclaimed, "Ooh! Please! Do let's have two, Mummy; a girl one and a boy one."

This rather took the wind out of my sails, so I explained that I didn't think we could have two but promised him that we should have one, although we must wait to see whether it would be a boy or a girl.

His next question was, "If it's a girl baby, will it be a sister, like Donald's Lynne?" When I said it would, he was delighted, and pulling himself

up to his full height, he proudly announced, "I shall have a girl sister like Donald"—and in the same breath, "Put me to bed, Mummy, I'm tired." The news had apparently knocked him out!

For a few days nothing was mentioned about babies. One wet afternoon I decided to re-trim the treasure cot: new bows on the hood, new pillow slips to be made for the wee pillow, blankets and covers to be looked over. I spent a very pleasant afternoon, and John looked on with great interest. When I had finished, he went to the toy cupboard and found a squashed rattle, a dilapidated doll, and a much loved duck with one eye missing. These he laid reverently on the cot for our new baby.

The days passed quickly and my figure began to alter. I couldn't throw John into the air as I had done in fun ever since he had been small. My lap wasn't such a comfortable resting place for a small boy, and I knew that John noticed. Some young children are not very observant, but our small son was used to watching pigs and goats before they gave birth to their young.

One dinner-time he sprang on to my lap, and wriggling about to make himself comfortable, remarked, patting my tummy, "What's that?" I answered at once, "The baby. It isn't big enough yet to go in the cot, so mummy is keeping it warm and comfy in her tummy." He accepted the truth as an undisputed fact, and asked no more questions. In his small way he was very attentive, bringing me a stool to rest my feet on when I had my after-dinner sleep in the arm-chair.

Everything that was made or bought for the baby was shown to John, before being put away in the special drawer. He was interested in everything. A coloured "pottie" was discovered in the local chemist's, and he carried it home very carefully and put it with the new nappies in the spare bedroom.

I had made arrangements to go into the local maternity hospital to have baby, and this meant that John would have to go away to an auntie who lived about eighty miles distant. He had never been away before, so I decided to get him used to the idea before it would be time to go.

One morning I remarked casually that, when baby was ready to be born, I should go into the small hospital that we had often passed on our daily walks, so that I could have a nice rest until the baby was ready to come back with me to live in our house.

"I'll come too, Mummy; I can help," he said rather wistfully.

"But you are going to have a nice holiday with Auntie at Grandma and Grand-dad's house until I come home," I answered cheerfully.

He wasn't very pleased with the idea of going away, but each day I talked to him about the things he would see and do on holiday. We talked of the train journey he would have, and especially of the thrill of the underground train that would take him from King's Cross to Waterloo Station. When the time came for him to leave, he was



MY DADDY!

When Sgt. P. Barron of Hounslow had received the British Empire Medal at a Tower of London ceremony, five-year-old daughter Jane proudly transferred it to her dolly!

quite prepared to go, and had packed a few of his special treasures in a small haversack.

We had decided that Auntie should come one morning to fetch John, sleep the night at our house, and return with him the next morning. She arrived in the pouring rain, and a small boy, with an anxious face pressed against the window-pane, waited for her. She was shown all the things that we had prepared for the newcomer and was suitably impressed.

When the morning came, I thought we might have a few tears, but John ate a good breakfast, and was hurried into his outdoor clothes directly afterwards. Goodbyes were quickly over, and as I waved from the gate, John turned and asked solemnly, "Will you go to hospital this morning, Mummy?" "As soon as I'm ready," I replied, and he went off, chattering quite happily, one hand in Auntie's and swinging his "Sammy-boy" by the legs in the other.

A week later my baby boy was born, and when my husband sent out the announcement cards, one was sent to John. He was very proud of this, and carried it about everywhere he went. Letters were sent to him regularly by us both, mostly drawings of our pigs and chickens, tractors and horse and carts that he had been used to riding in. The new baby was drawn, complete with cot. In this way he was kept in touch with us and had no cause to feel pushed out.

One of the things that John most wanted was a tricycle. The mother in the next bed to me at the hospital had a small brother who had outgrown his and wanted to sell it. We bought it for John, and

with our next letter went a large drawing of the trike.

After I had been home from the hospital a week, my husband went up to London to meet his big son and bring him home again. Baby Martin was three weeks old, and lay in his pram outside in the garden, while I waited anxiously for the arrival of my two "men."

A small boy can alter in a month, and he seemed very grown-up as he came hurrying along the road. Greetings over, we inspected the new tricycle, which had to be tried out with Daddy's help. This excitement over, John was lifted up to look into Martin's pram. He didn't seem particularly thrilled, and we were rather amused as he remarked, "Is he my boy-brother, Mummy?"

When feeding time came round, John sat on a stool and watched me give Martin the bottle, top and tail him, and then "helped" to put him in his cot.

After the first few days were over, I found I had a real helper in John. He fetched the "pottie," he carried the soiled nappies and put them in the pail. He felt very important and, as a great treat, Martin was put on his lap and he held his feeding-bottle for him. He really loved the new arrival, and when we moved the wee cot into his bedroom, he was delighted.

Martin is nearly two years old now, and John is a five-year-old schoolboy. The question we are asked very often now is—"Mummy, when can we have the girl-sister?" We hope it won't be too long before they get their wish!



**MY
PARENTS**
*a special series
of
anonymous articles*

“**W**ELL, you can think that way if you like, but my Dad always said so and so.” And when you meet that sort of a fellow you know you will have a hard job to make him change his opinion.

So the younger generation grow up, so they form their standards of behaviour and their opinions, not so much by the questions they have asked through childhood as by the watch they keep all through their young lives on their elders.

For myself, I can trace many little quiet habits to the fact that I watched my elders in just such a way. Few Saturdays pass now without the remembrance coming to me of a sense of preparedness—the preparation of food and clothing, preparation of home, and of heart and mind in readiness so that Sunday might dawn with an air of unhurried calm, and be a day of leisure to enjoy the supremely precious things that have to be given only a share of a busy working day. To this day I find myself taking time and thought to do little extras on a Saturday so that Sunday may be a day characterized by its very difference.

Then there is the matter of letter-writing. A desire to answer letters promptly and adequately has its roots well in the past. Business letters called for attention by return, and the more personal ones were dealt with the same day, or at the very most the same week, with a responsive interest that kept many bonds of friendship alive through long periods of geographical distance. That example appealed strongly to me, and a pile of unanswered letters, long overdue, is quite capable of making me more than a little conscience-stricken!

Then there were other things which came into and out from those formative days. One was the idea

that service was a privilege. The doing of a job was something to look forward to eagerly not with one eye on Friday night and a wage-pocket but as a rightful response of every individual to the community as a whole. That idea worked out very practically; it robbed work of a good deal of drudgery, and even gave it quite a tinge of adventure—certainly of challenge.

What a joy it would be to paint the portrait in words of two beloved parents who had implanted such things in my life; but truth will not permit of that. These worth while examples were set me by other parents, the mothers and fathers of other children, and but for their lives I would have been poor indeed. And why should this be so? Why should a child watch those nearest, and then turn away and look for and find the right lessons to learn elsewhere than in its own home circle? In these days of progress and the advance of civilization, of Welfare State and so much that the older generations never knew, there is still breakdown, there are still evils of war and selfishness, there is still much unlove.

It is heart-searching and heart-breaking to have to say that within the walls of my own human home there was no worthy example that left any impress on me. There was plenty to see and hear, but God seems to give little children an unconscious desire to seek good, happy ways and places, to love and to be loved, to laugh and play and sing, and the heart of little children seems to be open, quite without effort sometimes, to His leading.

Looking back, I am aware of the very real need we have of holding our earthly loves loosely, and always having them secondary to our love for God. A lack of such a security in God was the only reason why my home was shipwrecked. One touch of death, and a happy, loving situation changed overnight to a very dark one, just because there was no foundation of an experimental trust and love Godwards. I would make sure of this myself. Disaster, as we term it in our human dialect, can come to us in a moment of time and knock us off our balance if we are not firmly rooted in the love of God. And I would pray daily that I might be delivered from the seeds of self-pity, for it is in that realm that trouble, if it comes, will be able to get us down.

There is surely a challenge to us all in these days that in our homes the best shall be put before the little eyes and ears that could not choose which home they should come to, but there is also a wide-open door of opportunity and responsibility for us to share our homes and our family ways with children and young people in less happy circumstances. What a need the rising generation has of examples of lives, more than lips, that will prove to them that the safest, happiest and most wholesome way to set about the business of living themselves is the sure foundation of true Christian life!

A DOCTOR'S DIARY

by a Lady Doctor in General Practice



I AM writing up the records of the last patient when there is a knock at the door of my surgery, and in walks a mother and her married daughter. They stand about awkwardly, waiting for me to finish writing. I look up and say, "Won't you sit down? What's the trouble?" They look at one another, and eventually the mother says, "My daughter has not been at all well recently, she so easily becomes tired." While the mother is talking I glance at the daughter's face. I think to myself "Expectant mother"—but I know I mustn't say what I think straight out, or she will retire into her shell. It is a strange thing that young mothers-to-be never like telling me why they have come to see me!

"Easily tired, are you? Do you sleep all right?"

"She could fall asleep any time of the day, Doctor," mother answers for her.

"Have you a good appetite?"

"I am hungry enough, but I get such indigestion and I'm so sick, especially in the morning."

"How are your bowels?"

"Well, I am rather constipated, and it's not like me—I'm usually quite regular."

"How about your waterworks?"

"I seem to have to pass water far more frequently than is usual for me."

"Are your periods quite normal?"

"No Doctor, it is really about that that I have come to see you. I haven't had a period for two and a half months."

"You think you are having a baby?"

"I hope I am."

"I expect you are, but I had better examine you to make sure. . . . Yes, Mrs. Robinson, I think we can

safely say that you are going to have a baby. Have you thought where you want to have it?"

"I don't quite know, Doctor. What do you advise?"

"I think it is preferable to have a baby in your own home, if you can make the necessary arrangements. You will have to decide one way or the other fairly soon, because you must book early if you want to get into a maternity home or hospital."

"Now you will want your extra rations, of course. Do eat them yourself—it's not selfish, they are for baby. Then I will give you some medicine for the indigestion and sickness, to take before your meals and at night. I will also give you some emulsion for your bowels, some iron pills, and some calcium tablets. Do take these regularly, for you will need to be fit and strong for the great day when baby is to be born. The mothers who develop bad teeth, or whose babies develop them, are usually the ones who haven't taken their calcium. When a mother bleeds severely, and nearly collapses after baby is born because she cannot stand the loss of blood, we nearly always find that she has not been taking her iron pills."

"Try to use your common sense about eating and exercise. Don't over-eat or under-eat. If you feel hungry, try to take the extra in protein and not in carbohydrate. There is no need to sit about as if you were convalescent, neither is there any need to overwork. Do try to rest as soon as you feel tired."

"When your tummy begins to grow larger, don't give up all idea of dressing smartly. You will need different clothes, of course, but there is no reason why they should not look smart. Clothes have a great effect on your mental outlook. Good clothes give you the courage to go out and about a bit. Otherwise you may spend most of your time sitting at home feeling depressed. The way you dress is bound to have some effect on your husband, too. When wives lose some of their attractiveness, most husbands lose some of their natural affection for them. Remember that even 'expectant fathers' go through some mental changes. Most men are somewhat unnerved at the thought of their first offspring, and of what their wives must go through to produce that much-wanted baby."

"Don't get too upset if you find yourself reacting to circumstances in a way that is quite strange to you. Maybe your placid, stolid nature will become all irritable and weepy; maybe things you used to take in your stride will get you all 'het up'; maybe you will find that you have lost your nerve for all sorts of little things. Don't get alarmed—it is all part of the process of having a baby, but it need not get out of control. This is the time to put yourself and your baby calmly and happily into God's hands—in quietness and confidence shall be your strength—that's a good text for expectant mothers."

"Above all, don't worry about all the odd aches and pains that come your way, nor about the safety and development of your baby. God formed you, and your mother before you, and He is well able to look after your little one. All you have to do is to trust Him, and admire all the wonderful wisdom that planned the intricate processes that have now commenced and will move on until you have your baby in your arms."

Family Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

THIS has been an exciting month for our family.

The Bundle, a slow starter who at thirteen months could barely sit up by herself and entirely refused to crawl, has learned within four weeks to crawl, then to stand, and now to walk.

Jane has lost three of her first teeth—an expensive item this is going to be, for it seems that the fairies are expected to leave sixpence under Jane's pillow for every lost tooth! She feels very adult and advanced, and spends much time in front of the mirror admiring her gaps.

And we have *Moved House*.

Just three days ago the five of us, our furniture and our ginger cat, Charles (I think I have introduced Charles before), moved into a new and larger house. We are going to love it, I know, when once we are really settled and sorted out, with everything in place. At present we are still in the process of sorting and tidying, and the doorbell doesn't work, and the boiler keeps going out, and according to Jane there is a ghost in the bathroom (it's really the tank gurgling, but she refuses to believe that). The chimney-sweep called on the morning after our arrival. Having swept the chimneys he deposited the soot on a flower-bed in the garden. There, twenty minutes later, I found a small black boy whose only remaining whiteness showed in a broad grin of happiness. He had in his hand a spade and pail, with which for a long time he had been happily digging. It took three bathfuls of water to wash Robin and his clothes properly.

All through these last few days of upheaval I have been enormously impressed by the kindness of neighbours. We have been breakfasted, lunched and suppered by friends all over the place; and the telephone rings continually as mothers offer to "have

the children for the afternoon" (no light undertaking when one of the children is our Robin). Since baby number four is expected within a matter of weeks, and I must admit I am beginning to feel very lumpish and slow-moving, these kindnesses are especially welcome.

Do other mothers, I wonder, feel at times as I have done lately, that they are becoming altogether too much of a "Martha" mother? One is apt to become so cumbered with much serving that one has little time to play with the children, listen to the things they want to tell one, be a companion and sharer as well as just the dispenser of food and drink. It's so easy to let housekeeping and child-minding get on top of one, so that all one's energies are given to caring for the children's bodies, and one forgets—or is too tired—to care for their minds and personalities. I was brought up sharply the other day when, at the end of what had seemed a very burdensome day, Jane said sadly, "Mummy, you never *used* to be so cross about little things." After that I had to take stock, and I know now that even if a room that needs dusting doesn't get dusted, even if the baby-clothes don't get washed every single day, so long as I can concentrate on making this a *happy* family I am doing a better job than if I put all my thought and time into housework and have no energy left for the people who live in that house.

Meanwhile we are corresponding with a German girl, Ingrid, who wants—she says—to "perfection her English," which she hopes to do by living with an English family, part-earning her keep by helping with children and in the house. We do hope she will decide that this particular English family is the one which will best "perfection her English!"

Colourful Homes

by Mildred Gordon

RECENTLY a friend of ours returned from America. We were all very interested in his comparisons of the English and American homes. One thing struck me very much, and that was his emphasis on the colour in the American homes. Over here browns seem to predominate—natural wood furniture, stained surrounds, creams and fawns for paintwork and walls and curtains. We play for safety, choosing colours which will go with anything and of which we will not tire. In many cases these are so drab that we don't notice them after a time, whereas the bright colours used across the Atlantic seem to have a positive influence on the people who live with them.

Perhaps we cannot have the refrigerators, washing machines and other labour-saving gadgets which are part of every American home, but I feel we could branch out a little over these colour schemes.

Perhaps you cannot afford to have the house redecorated, but have you tried doing it yourself? Join up with your husband, and each do the part which appeals most to you. Paints must be good, brushes of high quality, and if cleaned after use and cared for properly they will last a long time.

If you feel papering is too ambitious or expensive, try using a waterpaint or distemper, and put it straight on top of your present wallpaper. It can be washed, and if necessary one wall can be done over again.

You can avoid all splashing by using one of the new rollers, and roll the paint on instead of brushing it. These are excellent for ceilings and walls.

There is also a good enamel on the market which needs no undercoat even on wood, and will dry in two to four hours—a helpful thing where there are young children. It will also withstand heat.

Doors which have been grained can be rejuvenated by washing carefully to remove grease and then giving one coat of white hard varnish. This also dries rapidly.

When doing the work, wear a patterned overall which will not show splashes, but if any paint should go where it is not wanted remove at once with turpentine or substitute. This dries and roughens the skin, so wear rubber gloves or use a barrier cream.

There is some lovely china on the market now, but for every day many people will be using the utility cream and white. Use this on a coloured and not a white cloth. Pastel shades embroidered in white are most attractive with a white tea service.

Please remember the homeless, sick and destitute children of Europe, Africa and Asia. Help them, with a special gift, through the Save the Children Fund. Over £500 a day is spent on this vital work in 12 countries and 3 continents.

Your donation gratefully received by Countess Mountbatten of Burma, C.I., G.B.E., D.C.V.O.,
THE SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND, 20(H), Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

Patron:
H.M. THE QUEEN



The Children's Competition

ONE of the most interesting features of the children's Painting Competition set in our October issue was the wide range of places from which the entries came: Malaya, India, and Japan being represented, as well as the British Isles.

But it is never easy to choose prize-winners among children who have all obviously put their hearts into the work. One is very reluctant to turn down really creditable efforts, and it is disappointing to be unable to give satisfactory reproduction in the magazine of some of the vivid pictures submitted.

In the under-eleven age group the first prize goes to TAN MENG ENG, age 10, of Malacca, for an attractive, well-designed and well-drawn picture of the meeting of Adam and Eve.

Two children qualify for second prizes—PAUL WEBB, aged 10, and ANGELA MARY GLEDHILL, age 6½. Paul, who lives at Kildgrove, gives a boldly drawn impression of Paul's voyage. Angela, of Reading, sent a large picture full of vivid feeling about Noah and the Flood.

In the over-eleven group the first prize is won by BRYAN K. STEELE, age 14, of Spalding, for a carefully executed drawing of the Prodigal's Return. MARGARET BLACK wins the second prize. She is 12 and lives at Ardrishaig, and her painting is a study of Ruth gleaning.

Congratulations to the prize-winners, and may their prizes bring them further enjoyment and stimulate them to produce new masterpieces!

COMPETITION RESULTS

HITTING BACK

IN our November issue (page 44) readers were asked to answer the question—To what extent should a child be taught to stand up for himself? The competition produced an interesting variety of views, and it is evident that there is a widespread lack of certainty about how this problem should be approached. Some feel that the principle of “turning the other cheek” ought to be the ruling one, but admit that it leads to unsatisfactory results with children, as is well illustrated by the experience quoted by Mrs. H. Sawyer, of Southampton :

When I was a child I well remember my mother telling me if anyone hit me to turn the other cheek as Christ did. My father disagreed, saying I would grow up a “cissy,” but mother insisted. When I went to school I don’t think a day passed but what some child didn’t “set about me,” and only because it was a known thing that I wouldn’t retaliate.

I do not want my little girl to suffer as I did, and shall expect her to fight her own battles with children of her size if she is in the right. If, however, she is in the wrong I shall teach her that it is courageous to admit it and to apologize.

Others would avoid the difficulty raised by such a result by arguing that, after all, the principle applies only to adult Christians and should not be pressed on children. This view was put by an anonymous competitor as follows :

Might not a possible answer be that until the child has a personal experience of Christ as his Saviour he should be brought up as “under the law”—i.e., to be allowed, or even encouraged, to defend himself against those of his own size or bigger on the strength of the Old Testament principle of “an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth”? To try to impose the New Testament standard of “offering the other cheek” on a child before this stage savours of “putting new wine into old bottles”! A child (or an adult either for that matter!) could never stand the strain!

When he reaches a personal decision and yields his life to the control of Christ, all things become new, and he will seek to obey the new and higher law of the Sermon on the Mount, which will require far more courage than his old instinctive way of standing up for himself.

But others point out that there is more involved. Miss Hooton of Bridlington puts the case as follows :

Bible teaching, while peaceful, is never of the “peace at any price” order. In Old Testament days God’s people were led into war for righteous causes. In the New Testament we have Christ cleansing the temple. Throughout the Scriptures, from such verses as “Rebuke the oppressed” (Isaiah 1. 17), “Quit you like

men, be strong” (1 Corinthians 16. 13), “If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men” (Romans 12. 18), we gather that on the right occasions we are to stand up for ourselves and others.

Children trained from infancy by parents who are sincere and whole-hearted followers of the Lord Jesus, and surrounded by prayer, will early understand such teaching simply explained, and will be grateful for the knowledge that enables them to carry it out.

Evidently one must distinguish in principle between retaliation for personal affront and the maintenance of right. It is as important to teach children to stand up for what is right, if necessary with force, as it is to show them that mere retaliation for a purely personal injury is unchristian. And “what is right” may include standing up to a bully, just as in adult life it is a recognized duty of the citizen to help in the arrest of “cosherers” and other criminals.

The first prize, therefore, goes to Miss Hooton, part of whose entry has already been quoted. Readers will be interested in her two introductory paragraphs:

Every boy should be taught how to defend himself by sensible and scientific methods, at the same time impressing upon him that they must never be used for unnecessary attack, but only in self-defence, and for protecting the weak, the very young, the very old, and all helpless dumb creatures who may be subjected to wanton or thoughtless cruelty.

Since the modern girl is equal in most things (if not yet in pay!) to her brother, it is well for her to be similarly prepared to stand up for herself and for others, especially as in these unsettled times it is impossible to foresee what situations may arise for her.

Mr. G. Fraser of Edinburgh wins the second prize for the following:

The child belongs to Christ, so let us consider the mind of Christ Himself on this subject. I think Jesus would say something to this effect: “I want this child to grow up into a fully-developed person.” Therefore he must be taught to stand up for himself against everything that would damage him physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually; against being bullied, against being “closed up” when asking legitimate questions, against being forced to do anything wrong, and against anything that hinders him from realizing God as his loving Heavenly Father.

On the other hand, he must be taught that others are God’s children also. Further, that he is not self-sufficient, but dependent on others—God, parents, teachers, etc.—and that he has duties towards these of gratitude, trust, obedience, respect, submission of self-will to wiser wills. This will save him from all false aggressiveness and quarrelsomeness, from pride and selfish, ruthless want of consideration for others. He will stand on his own feet, but he will take the hand of those who love him and will ask and welcome their help and guidance.

ABOUT



BOOKS

SEX EDUCATION

As Christian parents, we welcome the publication of this useful series of little books, dealing with questions of sex knowledge and behaviour from childhood to parenthood. Each booklet is short, attractively printed, and very readable, and a parent who has read them will feel prepared, to some extent at least, for the inevitable questions—questions which we ourselves hope *will* come, as we pray we may so answer them as to render unnecessary a later “instructional talk” given on our own initiative; we would far rather the children felt confident and free to ask us for the facts step by step.

On some points we should differ from the author, both in matter of choice of expressions and of sequence. An example is found in *Where Did I Come From?* where a description of the particular part played by the father in conception is immediately followed by reference to the babyhood of Jesus—this seems to us to be almost inviting wrong impressions about the birth of our Lord, in spite of the fact that His Mother is referred to as the “Blessed Virgin Mary.” Another instance is in *Sorting Things Out*, where reference to the pain caused by the need for restraint in love-making is followed by these words:

“Accepting the pain proves that your affection is love. Christ suffered on a criminal’s cross because He loved.” We agree that both these statements are true, but feel they should not even appear on the same page, let alone in the same breath as it were—surely no comparison between the two is intended?

We accept that differences are bound to arise in books of this type, and would commend them as making a most valuable contribution to one of the many problems faced by parents. G. F.

Sex Education Booklets by H. C. Warner, S.C.M.: Puzzled Parents, 1s.; Where Did I Come From? (for young children), 6d.; How A Family Begins (for girls), 9d.; The Start Of A Family (for boys), 9d.; Science And You (a more detailed account of human reproduction), 1s.; Sorting Things Out (courtship, love and marriage), 9d.; The Christian View of Sex (a more advanced study), 1s.

RITA SNOWDEN ON THE PSALMS

The Epworth Press has introduced us on more than one occasion to men of deep and wide experience in the things of God, who in their turn have given generously to us of that experience for our encouragement. Because of this, one eagerly

approached Rita Snowden’s new book, *Sung In Our Hearts* (Epworth Press, 7s. 6d.). Here is a devotional book, illustrated with beautiful photographs and dealing with some of the best-loved Psalms. But as one turns the pages one has somehow lost sight and sound of the Good Shepherd, God’s Messiah suffering for sin, the King upon His Throne—in short, the One who alone gives life and meaning to the whole Psalter. Miss Snowden calls us to courage, and purity, and quietness of spirit, but without the Saviour Himself we are bereft indeed, and most of all when the author turns our thoughts to death and the Hereafter.

E. G. M.

“PILGRIM’S PROGRESS” IN PICTURES

Last October we reviewed *The Bible in Pictures*. Now we are glad to draw attention to a companion book in which *Pilgrim’s Progress* has been treated in the same way—that is, there is a black-and-white picture for each sentence, making nearly five hundred in all, together with nine colour plates.

The editor tells us that “The language of the captions is as far as possible Bunyan’s own. Nothing of importance has been omitted.” This is the book which was a favourite of our late King, and of which Dr. Johnson once said, “This is the great merit of the book, that the most cultivated man cannot find anything to praise more highly, and the child knows nothing more amusing.”

Here is a book any child would be glad not only to have but to read, and he could not fail to profit by it. (*The Pilgrim’s Progress in Pictures*. Odhams. 10s. 9d.)

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

We are constantly telling ourselves that all that we value most in our way of life springs from the Christian faith. But are we always quite clear what we mean by the “faith” in this sense? For those who wish to inquire a little more closely, but feel unwilling to tackle a typical learned work on theology, a new book from Pickering and Inglis will be useful. It is called “The Faith,” and consists of a series of chapters on such topics as “The Fatherhood of God,” “The Atonement,” “The Holy Spirit,” “Sin,” and “The Second Advent.” The chapter on “The New Life” is by the Editor of *Homes and Parents*. (350 pp., 18s. 6d.)

* * *

(All the above books can be supplied by return post by C.S.S.M. Please add sufficient to the prices to cover postage.)

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

IS HE HIDING FROM YOU?

THE Bible does not waste words, and in our hasty reading we are likely to miss a good deal which is important. At a first hearing the story of the Lord Jesus and the Syrophenician woman is difficult to appreciate, and some have wondered at our Lord's apparent harshness. Reading it again from Mark's Gospel (chapter 7), I have been surprised at the significance of verse 24.

It was a journey of at least fifty miles over mountainous country and rough, difficult roads that the Saviour took in a deliberate attempt to find rest and quiet. Crowds had thronged Him everywhere (6. 31-34 and 54-56), and in spite of His loving words and acts of kindness, hostility was growing, and so He sought retirement beyond the boundaries of Israel. (There are times when quiet is imperative if we are to work efficiently and effectively for God.) Now, in this Gentile province "He entered into a house, and would have no man know it; but He could not be hid." In John 8. 59 we read: "Jesus hid Himself . . . going through the midst of them, and so

passed by." Why could He not do the same on this occasion when He stood so much in need of rest? Surely it was because He can never hide Himself from the need of a human heart. Our Lord had been sent first to the Jews (Matthew 15. 24), but He could not send the Gentile woman away unblest. From intellectual pride and self-willed blindness He always hides Himself (John 8. 12-59); from acknowledged need, never.

So from the very commencement of this story we are let into the secret of the loving intention of Christ, and we are sure that His words were so graciously spoken that they did not wound. "Dog" sounds a hard word, but it could not have sounded harsh to the woman. Indeed, our Lord used the diminutive, meaning the little household dogs—the children's pets. She would understand both the truth and the grace in this name. And so, taking the place of one in great need of the Saviour's help, she obtained not crumbs but bread, even all she desired.

BRING HIM TO ME

Many nurseries have a picture of the Lord Jesus with children gathered about His knee. Such pictures make an easy introduction to Go-to-Bed stories about the children's Friend for even the tiniest member of the family. Perhaps those parents who know the value and privilege of those last few minutes with the children each evening will have noticed several references to children in our Scripture Union readings this month. I have been trying to find some of the things God wants us to learn through these.

There was the poor boy in Mark 9. 14-29. The Saviour asked the father, "How long is it ago since this came unto him?" And he said, "Of a child." Sin appears early, and our own homes, and not infrequently our newspapers, bear witness to the power of sin even "from a child." It not only ruined the charm and sweetness of this boy and brought him suffering, it affected

his father too—"If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." Every parent worthy of the name suffers with the child in its disobedience, or wilfulness, or impurity. But the father was on the way to sure and certain healing. In a faith, however faltering, he brought the child to Christ (v. 17). Religious leaders and even disciples may fail when we are up against the problem of sin (14-16). The Saviour says: "Bring him to Me" (v. 10).

Lower down in this chapter the Lord lifts a little child on to His lap and teaches a lesson on humility and service. Of these verses Harding Wood says, "The really important people are those who serve. The most important people to serve are the children." Not only should we teach children; we should let children teach us. And even "little ones" may believe in Christ (v. 42). The Saviour was indignant that anyone should turn the

children away from Him. A child need not become a man before he comes to Christ, but a man must become a child if he would come (10. 14 and 15).

There is no doubt that our nursery picture conveys the right thought: Christ is the children's Saviour; and we need have no fear in pointing

them forward to a day when they shall see Him—as really as the little folk who stood about His knee in Palestine, when His city shall be called the “city of truth,” and “the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof” (Zechariah 3. 3 and 5).

DO YOU REMEMBER ?

I once heard of a lady, a maiden aunt, who took full charge of two little nieces and a nephew while their parents were engaged in missionary work in India. The aunt was devoted to these children, and they to her. “Are you not afraid,” she was asked, “that the children will forget their parents, and when they come back the children will feel they are meeting strangers?”

“I did realize the danger of that,” said the aunt, “and I’ll tell you what we do. Of course we often talk about their parents. If there is a success in school work, or if we have a picnic, we remind each other of how pleased they will be: everything is related to them. We talk, too, of India, and try to learn all we can about their work. Then, we write regularly, even if the letters are rather untidy and mis-spelt! And there are photos in the children’s rooms so that Father and Mother are always fresh in their minds.”

How wise! And sure enough, when the absent ones returned, there was no embarrassment, but the easiest and closest intimacy from the first.

All this came to mind as I read Mark 13 and 14. The Lord Jesus was going away, and in answer to His disciples’ questions (from Matthew 24. 3 they appear to have asked three), He made a survey of the course of this age from the destruction of the temple (A.D. 70) to His return in power. The whole ends with a tiny parable: “For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey who left his house, and gave authority to His servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh . . . lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.”

The word “watch” means literally “Be wide awake,” and Dr. Campbell Morgan tells us it

has at the heart of it the thought of the marketplace: a merchant eager and alert, his heart set on his business. That is to be our attitude while we wait for Christ’s return. But how to keep up this alert watchfulness? Very much as the children maintained theirs until the parents’ return.

We shall often talk about our absent Master—as in Malachi 3. 16 and 17. Everything will be related to Him, in the spirit of Psalm 37. 23 or Proverbs 3. 5 and 6. “Of course,” the aunt had said, “we write regularly, even if the letters are rather untidy and mis-spelt”—and that may well be a fair description of our praying! But at all costs, let us keep the correspondence going (Mark 13. 33).

And those photos? If a friend at the office says, “Would you like to see my son?” and proceeds to take a wallet from his pocket, we know exactly what he means, and we are content to look at a likeness of his son. We turn on into Mark 14 and find these words, “And as they did eat, Jesus took bread . . . and said: Take eat, this is My body. And He took the cup . . . and said unto them, This is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many.”

*Only bread and only wine,
Yet to faith the solemn sign
Of the heavenly and divine;
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.*

There is no place on earth where we can keep fresh the memory of our absent Lord so easily as at the Communion Table. “For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord’s death till He come” (1 Corinthians 11. 26).

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR MARCH*

BIBLE READINGS FOR MARCH*											
St. Mark											
1 st	...	5. 1-20	9	...	7. 17-37	16	...	10. 1-12	24	...	12. 28-44
2	...	5. 21-34	10	...	8. 1-13	17	...	10. 13-31	25	...	13. 1-13
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6	...	6. 30-44	14	...	9. 2-13	21	...	11. 19-33	29 th	...	14. 17-31
7	...	6. 45-56	15 th	...	9. 14-32	22 nd	...	12. 1-12	30	...	14. 32-45
8 th	...	7. 1-16			9. 33-50	23	...	12. 13-27	31	...	14. 46-59

* Helpful notes on daily readings

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

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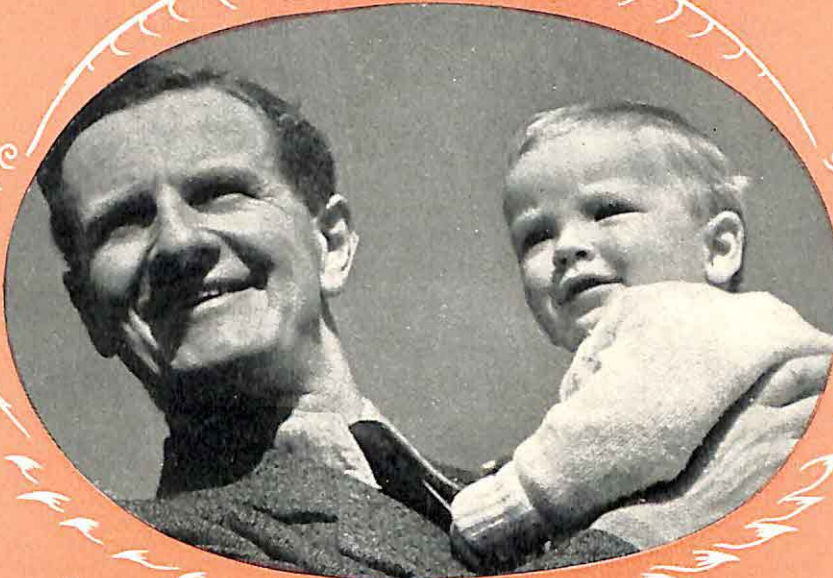
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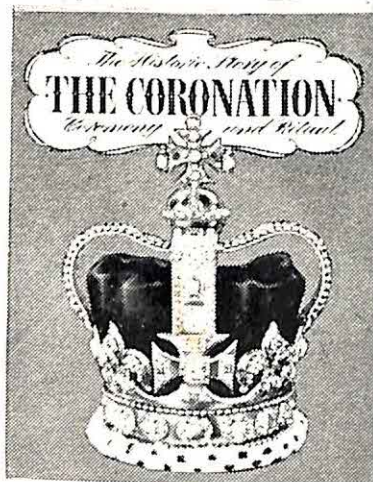
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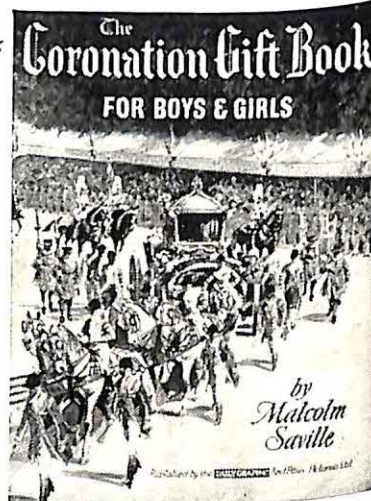
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BRING OUT THE BEST IN THEM

“WHAT I need is someone to make me do what I can.” (Emerson)

Few of us are doing what we might do. We are not reaching up to our best in anything. What we need is someone who will make us do what we can. It ought to be a parent's constant effort with a child. It ought to be a teacher's work with a pupil. It should be the aim of our friend. Some people seem to think that friendship does its best when it pampers, shelters, and protects. But the really best that any friend can do for you is to inspire and quicken you, to put visions of highest beauty into your brain, to start gleams of nobleness in your heart, and to make you do what you can.

God has given us these wonderful lives of ours, but we do not know how to use them. We touch them with our hands. We try education. We submit them to our friends. Wonderful indeed are these brains. But we never find or bring out the best that is in us until we let the divine Spirit breathe on us. When we are filled with the Spirit, our young men shall see visions, and our old men shall dream dreams. Then our lives shall reach their best.

“The Wider Life,” Miller.

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A CIVILIZATION

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JUST LIKE THE FILMS

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"Craig replied in a whisper, 'Just like the films.'"

FOR many people in the court—and for numberless readers—the whole confused complex of emotions created by the trial of these two youths, Craig and Bentley, must have been caught up in that moment of cross-examination.

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TRIAL IS CONCERN OF EVERYONE

*"What sort of films used you to see?"—
'Gangster films.'*

"Did you like that sort?"—'Yes, sir.'"

The trial of Craig and Bentley should be a subject of concern to all the fathers, mothers, teachers and politicians and religious leaders in the country. Those who feel disposed to discourse on the glories of social progress might pause to reflect particularly on the case of the sixteen-year-old Cristopher Craig.

THE BREAKDOWN OF FAMILY INFLUENCE

Thanks to the Welfare State, of which we are justly proud, this boy was brought up in a far happier world than he might have been fifty years ago. Whatever else happened to him in life he could always be sure of food, clothing and shelter. But reading the evidence one is forced to ask, what provision had a benevolent State made for his mind? And who had cared for his soul?

This generation is proud of the social problems it has solved in its lifetime. It is now faced with a hideous new kind of social problem calling for all the weapons in its moral armoury.

True, the Craig case is by no means a typical one. But juvenile crime as a whole is increasing and it is necessary to examine all the factors which may be responsible for this dangerous drift among the young. There is no doubt that there are a great number of boys and girls today for whom the traditional influences of the family have broken down.

Influenced, no doubt, by the brutality of war and the upheaval of evacuation, many are rebels against the code of their fathers and mothers. The most devoted teachers often struggle helplessly with overcrowded classes and inadequate equipment.

The message of the churches, although it comes today from voices more liberal and understanding than any in the past, too often seems to pass over the heads of the young. In our politics, too, there is little left of the old ethical glow, the exciting call to adventure and to strife. A mental and spiritual vacuum is left.

What fills it for too many youths and girls today? What provides the fantasies on which their starved egos build?

COMIC STRIPS AND PULP MAGAZINES

There is a type of comic strip, for example, which deliberately arouses the perverse instinct to derive pleasure from human pain. A myth world of thugs with guns, of scenes of torture, of violent crime, is built up for young minds to inhabit. There are certain "pulp magazines" which are extensions of the same amoral fantasia. There are the gangster films in which the enemy of society, with a smoking gun in his hand, is subtly glorified.

Censorship is a hateful thing. But if other means fail we may have to resort to it. Every civilized society, no matter how free its adult code, has recognized that it has a prime duty to protect its young from corruption.

We would like best of all to look beyond bans and prohibitions to a more positive



WITHOUT A SOUL

Christopher Craig Case

approach to this social problem of the 'fifties. When all is said and done the problem can never really be solved until it is taken up at its source—the family and the home. Most people would agree today that the inevitable reaction against the harsh Victorian concept of parental discipline has gone too far.

Quite apart from the all too common tragedy of divorce, with all that this implies for the children who are involved, the tendency in many homes and schools to encourage freedom of expression in the young can sometimes have disastrous results unless it is handled with quite exceptional patience and skill.

To grow up as responsible citizens children need affection, security and certainty. Affection they need first. But in an insecure and uncertain world, security and certainty in the home are almost as important; and only their own mothers and fathers can give it to them in the years which matter most. Here, we believe, is a practical contribution which every parent can make towards solving the problem of juvenile crime.

CHALLENGE TO THE NATION'S LEADERS

Above all, in this society of ours where so much has been done to meet man's material wants, we need some fresh dynamic of moral force. We are in danger of building a civilization without a soul. The outer façade is handsome and impressive, but within there is only a void. A human being needs something more to live for than the flicks, the dogs, the pools and the comic strips.

To furnish the positive ethic for this generation is the challenge to our national leaders, to our religious bodies, to our writers and artists. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

* * * * *

WHAT A REPORTER SAW

"What a handsome youth!" I thought. And then he grinned. The grin broke the spell.

As I saw the left lip curl and the impudent flicker creep into his eyes I knew I was watching just another of those brass-faced

little hooligans of which this post-war world is so bitterly ashamed—a lazy, cowardly, selfish young lout. . . .

In the mental make-up of this sixteen-year-old murderer there is not one spark of courage to be revealed, no skill or cleverness to be copied or admired, nothing that anyone could envy him for possessing.

WHAT THE FATHER WROTE

In what way am I to blame for the murder of Police-Constable Miles? Where have I failed as a father? . . .

Yes, condemn Christopher for the terrible crime, but condemn also parents like myself and his mother who, by lavishing love upon this youngster, by sparing the rod and by believing all the rot preached about full freedom for young children, are more responsible for the state of affairs than the young thugs themselves. . . .

Chris was a regular film fan. After the horror of this week's trial I would never allow a child of mine to see an American gangster film of any kind. "A" and "U" certificates are not enough.

Parents, let me warn you. Every time you allow your child to go and watch a gun battle on the screen you take a grave risk. . . .

I was not strict enough with Christopher—I can't have been.

I should have supervised his leisure. Fathers must realize that theirs is the responsibility of seeing to it that their children do something useful with their time. . . .

I am proud to acknowledge my belief in God. Almost as terrible as the murder is to learn that since the crime Christopher has said he does not believe in God. But how many millions of parents these days do not insist on their children attending church or Sunday school!

We should have seen to it that Christopher had proper religious instruction, and also understood it.

The thought-provoking quotations in this column are from *The Sunday Pictorial*, and we reproduce them here as our readers are not likely to have seen them.

YOUTH'S PROBLEMS

by Montague Goodman, F.R.G.S.

THE trouble with the senior boy is himself. He just can't make himself out. He knows he is passing through a transition stage, and he feels completely lost in the course of it. As time passes his problems increase progressively and become more pressing.

THE BEGINNING OF DOUBT

Let us consider them more or less in the order in which they arise. They are mainly four in number, and the first we may call The Problem of His Brain. In other words, he has begun to think. His brain has begun to work along new lines, and he is reaching conclusions and forming opinions of his own. This is very disquieting to him, particularly if he has paid attention as a youngster to his teacher's lessons, and accepted what he has heard as generally true and right for him to believe. For the inevitable has happened: he has begun to doubt. A big question mark has begun to develop in his mind. He feels some compunction in reflecting upon the truth of what has been taught him by his teacher, who so plainly believes what he teaches. Yet he is encouraged in his doubting by his observation of the adult people about him at home and at work. It is not necessarily what they say—though he does meet some who scoff. But it is what they are that proclaims them unbelievers. Why do his parents and their friends never go to church? Why do they never speak of God (except when they swear)? It is obvious that religion means nothing to them. Are they all wrong and his teacher right? How does he know that the Bible is true? Did the miracles recorded in it really happen? Miracles don't happen now! Are there not mistakes in the Bible? Suppose after all it's not true: where are we then? What's the good of going to Bible Class in such a case? And then, God—how do we know that He is? No one has ever seen Him or heard His voice. Suppose it's all a mistake?

These and other questions surge upon him, whether he will or not. They are certainly not always prompted by a rebellious or antagonistic spirit, but are sometimes a source of real mental concern to him. The troubled boy feels he is entitled to an answer to these vital questions from someone, and not unnaturally looks to his Bible Class teacher as the one (and often the only one known to him) who shall supply his need in this direction.

I vividly recall one instance of such concern. I was addressing an open-air meeting in London one night many years ago. At the conclusion of my talk I resumed my place in the circle of workers, when I was accosted from behind by a youth desiring to speak to me. I had just stepped aside with him in the darkness when the lad, bursting into tears, said with deep emotion—"Tell me, sir, *is there a God?*" Here was no academic question for debate, but the urgent inquiry of an anxious soul. Such is the condition of many a troubled youth beset by honest doubt and longing for some anchorage for his faith.

These doubts are real, natural and inevitable, and must neither be frowned upon nor ignored. They require wise and careful handling, with a view, if not to a full and final answer, at least to their removal as obstructions to faith.

Sometimes the cause may be found in some occurrence which has given a sudden shock to a faith hitherto undisturbed, and the cure may be effected by an explanation of the occurrence sufficient to remove the doubt. "Why did God take away my baby brother before he was old enough to be saved?" asked a youth with tears in his eyes recently. Another had prayed as never before for his sick mother, and she had died. What was the good of praying? Perhaps there wasn't a God to pray to! A kind and sympathetic reply in the one case that Jesus' death availed for the baby brother and God had kindly taken him *before he was old enough to sin* might suffice to dry his tears. In the other case—God must be allowed to choose when mother was to die, as die we all must; and His choice of the time must be best, for He knows better than we.

But often the doubts are more deeply seated, and call for fuller answers.

The following considerations are put forward by way of assisting the teacher in his difficult task.

DON'T INTRODUCE DOUBTS

1. Beware of introducing doubts before they arise. This is often done involuntarily by debating such subjects in open class. It is wise to assume the fact of God rather than argue for His existence. This indeed is the method of Scripture, which nowhere defends or demonstrates the existence of God as a debatable

Written for Bible Class Leaders, this article will help parents to guide their older children through a difficult stage.



proposition, but rather takes the fact as axiomatic and beyond dispute. The opening words of the Bible are "In the beginning God . . ." and thenceforward God becomes the prime Fact of the Record, around Whom the whole story revolves, and without Whom the Book would be devoid of meaning.

DON'T BE TOO DOGMATIC

2. Do not be too dogmatic in answering doubts where you find them. While bearing ever in mind that truth is unassailably sure and unshakable, and not affected by human unbelief, remember also that it is not always finally demonstrable as true. Many questions do not admit of a conclusive answer such as to silence criticism for ever. The doubts that assail your inquirer are by no means novel; they have disturbed the thoughts of millions all down time, and will continue to do so till time shall be no more. And this applies to all the main facts that form the basis of the Christian faith. They are all beyond the range of natural comprehension or the conclusions of human reason.

The very existence of God; the Creation of the Universe by the Word of God; the Virgin Birth of Christ; the Death of the Son of God; His Resurrection; His Ascension and, not least, the promised Rapture of the Saints at His return: all these eternal facts are nevertheless naturally incredible. They teem with problems to which there can be no final and conclusive answer. This is clearly the mind and purpose of God, and the reason that this should be so is not far to seek. For while God presents these things for men's reception and belief, they are so stated that *no man need believe them* unless he so wills. They are all capable of reasoned rejection, and are so rejected by the majority of men. Otherwise God would be faced with a race of unwilling believers forced by relentless logic to believe facts which they would gladly deny if they could. In consequence, their acceptance of the truth would have no beneficial effect, and they would be barren believers instead of equally barren unbelievers.

So it is *with the heart* man believeth unto righteousness, and things beyond the comprehension of the wise and prudent are revealed to babes.

Under these circumstances what shall be said to help the boy whose doubts you cannot hope to solve finally by logical argument?

SHOW THAT BELIEF IS NOT UNREASONABLE

3. It may and should be shewn him that *it is not unreasonable to believe the things he doubts*. That God does not ask men to believe what no reasonable man can honestly believe. That what God says *may after all be true*, however unlikely it may seem. That it is not *impossible* that God is; that the Bible is His Word; that prayer is answered; that Christ did rise from the dead. Point out to him that in fact many men of great intellect all down the ages have been able to believe these things, and they have been among the best and noblest men who ever lived; that it is not therefore necessary to be a fool or a fanatic to be a believer, but that, on the contrary, to believe may be the truest and sanest demonstration of wisdom.

Of course, this is not all. If it were, Christians would be men who were at best building on a peradventure, whereas they are known everywhere as the most confident and assured people in the world. Like Paul, they know Whom they have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which they have committed unto Him against that day.

SHOW THAT KNOWLEDGE DEPENDS ON OBEDIENCE

4. If the boy is sincerely concerned he will ask you how such knowledge may come to him, and you will then be able to let him know the secret. Here it is, as stated by Jesus Christ Himself. "If any man willeth to do God's will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." And again, "If ye continue in my Word . . . ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free." You will point out that knowledge depends directly on obedience, that God is not prepared to tell His secrets to people who are not willing to do His will when they know it. God never satisfies mere curiosity. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." You will then lovingly invite him to come to Christ even in the dark and surrounded by doubts, with the promise that God will not allow him to remain so, but by His Spirit will guide him into all the truth.

(The above is one of a series of articles in *The Senior Teacher's Magazine*. They are to be reproduced in book form shortly.)

ARE YOU A JELLYFISH?

by Marion Walker

WHERE does gentleness end and weakness begin?

The wife who gives way for the sake of peace and quietness—is she a Christian or a coward?

People who say “I never argue, it’s not worth it”—are they sweetly reasonable or mentally lazy?

“Think what you like, I say. There are good and bad in all denominations.” Is that tolerance or indifference?

The motive decides. The *real* motive, not the one your mind instinctively puts forward in justification (for “motive” then, read “excuse”!). Only the trouble is that motives never come singly. There is a tangled mass of them at the root of every action and attitude, which even that expert jobbing gardener, the Psychiatrist, is hard put to it to sort out. It is not a bad idea to pull them up yourself now and again to see how they are doing—not too often, for morbid introspection is fatal to healthy growth.

You may find, if you are honest, that the tap-root is that menace among motives in civilized society, the Desire to Please. It arises from the more primitive Desire to be Loved. For in order to be loved we must please. Most of us are not content with the love and approval of merely our nearest and dearest. We like Society—next door, round the corner, up the street—to approve of us, too. This desire helps to breed heroes, leaders, and “top-liners” generally. For Society cannot approve very heartily people it has never heard of. It is part-parent also of the law-abiding citizen, the dutiful child, the sympathetic friend.

But—this useful Jekyll can be a most disintegrating Hyde. A good servant but a bad master, as usual. In other words, it must be a subsidiary, not a dominating motive. If gentleness is not to be weakness, the Desire to Please must be dominated by the constructive desire to overcome childish ill-temper with mature forbearance. “Have it your own way” is merely peevish defeatism. “I respect your right to hold that opinion, but I claim mine to disagree with it” is courageous, just, constructive and sensible.

Debased to zero, the Desire to Please

becomes the necessity to placate. Then the equilibrium of any relationship is dangerously upset. One partner has become a tyrant, the other a slave. The parent-child relationship can exhibit this distressing state of affairs, though less often than in the Victorian era. (It may, of course, work either way.) More often and more tragically, it occurs in marriage, which then ceases to be a Holy Estate and becomes a totalitarian state. Fear has cast out love.

Placating is a fatally negative attitude; it is a form of mental cringing that swings the bully’s boot, whichever foot it may be on, and swells his (or her) ego more disastrously than anything else. Suspect the wife (or husband), who dances attendance too assiduously; who laughs too easily at the other’s jokes; who says invariably “We like—or dislike—such and such.” Two minds cannot like—or dislike—jointly. “We *both* like . . .” is a different, and healthier, matter. A little bicker is far better than too much butter. That is just one of the ways of choking a more valuable thing than a pig—a sound human relationship.

“Love others as you would they should love you” is perhaps a true interpretation of the Second Great Commandment. When you say, “Oh, let it go—it will only upset him (or her),” you are not applying it. You are reducing him (or her) to the status of a revoltingly spoilt child, a psychological “infant, invalid or aged” party, unequal to tackling the solid fare of adult life. Soon your partner will accept the rôle, and you will have only yourself to blame. When debate has degenerated into overbearing argument, and mental companionship become an impossibility, you will wish—too late—that you had fought back gamely all along the line.

A perfect fifty-fifty relationship, like every other delicate balance, needs constant adjustment. Neither must *begin* to upset it, unchallenged, by selfishness, rudeness or unreasonableness. *Both* ends must be kept up equally. Harmony is impossible if one partner is skied and the other grounded.

Besides, that’s the way character grows—yours and his (or hers)—and mutual respect—and intelligent, forbearing love.



Wait now!

by Margaret Forster

IN a recently published book whose title I have borrowed here, Rachel Knappett describes her experiences in the "Emerald Isle." (*Wait Now*, M. Joseph.) One of her most vivid recollections of the happy time she spent in that lovely country is the frequency with which she heard the phrase "Wait now."

"Wait now" may be used in all sorts of different circumstances by the easy-going Irishman. It may be the prelude to a story he is going to tell you—"Wait while I tell you," or it may be a plea for some erring sheep who is about to be chastised for his sins. Any of us who is familiar with an Irishman will know the extreme tenderness of his heart. Quick-tempered, and in so much of a hurry that he often lets his tongue run away with him, he still cannot bear to stand by and hear anybody else being severely upbraided. Wait now—till we see *why* he did it; wait now, it doesn't really matter; wait now, tomorrow will do; all these are familiar phrases on the lips of the Irish.

How many angry scenes could be saved if only parents the world over would say to themselves quietly, "Wait now, he's only a child," when confronted by some major household breakage or damage. To a child there is nothing more hurtful than an unjust punishment or "wiggling." So often we parents put our own adult interpretation on childish actions and deal with them accordingly, instead of allowing the youngsters time to explain that after all they *meant* well.

Whilst the Irishman's easy habit of procrastination may fill the more methodical of us with horror, the happy-go-lucky attitude to life which goes with it is something most of us could do with borrowing for keeps. Let tomorrow take care of itself—don't worry—the Lord will provide—are all creeds which make for peace and harmony in the home.

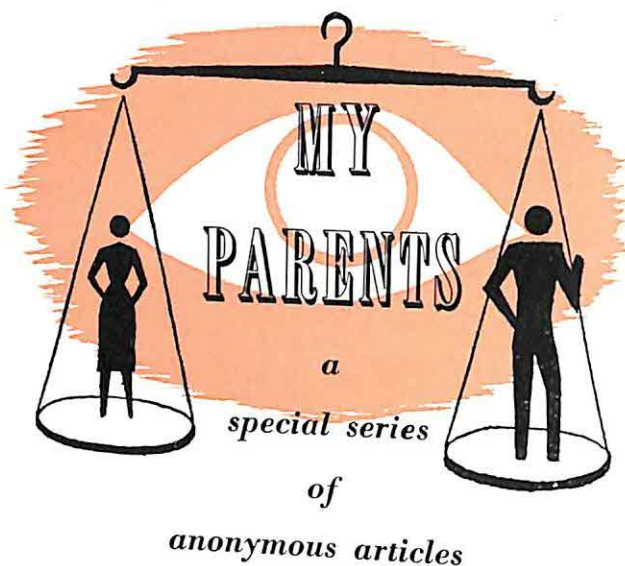
If more parents—and particularly mothers—were content to take life at an even tempo there would be fewer so-called "nervy" children. To a child anxious because he thinks he is going to be late for school or bottom of the class, there is nothing so reassuring as a parent who remains completely calm and unflurried. Mother can do up shoes and find caps and satchels (if it is really growing late) perfectly easily without adding to the confusion by getting in a flap herself. A calm, sensible attitude to pre- or post-exam nerves, founded on a true faith in God's will for us, is the most wonderful help any child can receive from his parents.

Practically all mothers lead useful, extremely active lives, and generally speaking, there is never any need for them to reproach themselves or bewail their wretched fates, as so many harassed housewives are inclined to do, at the end of the day, if all the jobs scheduled for that day have not been accomplished. There is another day tomorrow, and every mother should recall that whilst she may not have done all that she set out to do, at least what she has done *is* done—marked off the list. I always find it helps tremendously when the day seems to be racing by too quickly and the list of chores still to be done seems so formidable, to think very calmly and deliberately of all that I have done since rising that morning. And even to go back and spend a few satisfying moments surveying the rows of bottled fruit and the gleaming white shelves, or the newly washed curtains enhancing the charm of the spare bedroom. Those few moments not only restore one's "ego," they also allow breathing space to collect new vigour of body and mind. So it will be seen that the Irish "Wait now," whilst it may be highly amusing, or exasperating, according to one's temperament, when related to pigs in the kitchen, is really not such a bad idea at all.

Robert Louis Stevenson was rather harder on women-kind than on his own sex when he discussed the rate at which his fellow-creatures lived. . . . "If you saw a company of pilgrims walking as if for a wager, each with his teeth set; and if you happened to ask them one after another: whither they were going? And from each you were to receive the same answer that positively they were all in such a hurry, that they had never found leisure to inquire into the nature of their errand: confess, my dear sir, you would be startled at the indifference they exhibited. Am I going too far if I say that this is the condition of the large majority of our fellow-men and almost all our fellow-women?"

It is every parent's duty to be as totally unlike those pilgrims as possible, to know where we are going, to put first things first and to be sure in our own minds what things our Lord would have us put first, that we may not clutter up our children's pathway through life with a motley collection of useless errands.

More planning, more waiting, more remembrance that there is always tomorrow and the world will not collapse if we down tools to enjoy our families. More of all this and the result will be fewer harassed, frowning faces, and far more happy homes.



kind and wise was their advice, and yet, in our misdemeanours, how true and just they were always hearing both sides of the story before taking action!

My mother and father have always been noted for their consideration of others; and another "custom" they introduced to our home was that of the Christmas dinner collection, which remains with us even now. One of father's old hats is passed to each member of the family, as we are seated round the dinner table. Each in turn, remembering his or her many blessings and joys, is able to give something towards a gift for one of God's "poor ones," deprived of the joys of Christmastide. So we were reminded that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Schooldays soon passed and we were on the verge of manhood and womanhood. But, even as we faced the future, perplexed and confused by many problems, we were conscious of our parents' prayers, and of the live and intelligent interest in all our affairs. How splendidly they shared our burdens and sought to lighten the load! Many a sleepless night and perhaps a whole week of prayer would pass before an important decision was made; so that only the thing which was absolutely right should be done. Thus we had firm confidence in our parents, who, in their turn, had implicit faith in God. By their very consistency we were encouraged to stick at our work and reach the desired goal. We realized that both our parents, by their self-discipline and thoroughness, were examples to us of how to "redeem the time" and fill our days with usefulness.

Some years lie between us and our childhood now; though we are much more separate from our parents, home is ever the same, with its peaceful atmosphere and warm welcome to those who seek hospitality within its walls. Affection is there, too, sympathetic and receptive, but never inquisitive. Through it, our parents have come to such a deep appreciation of each other and so wisely understand themselves and their children, that each may move freely along his or her course.

Mine has been the joy of being much in our home during these past few years, and I thank God for such a home and such parents. True it is that "example is better than precept," and the Christ-like example and gracious influence of my mother and father has accomplished more than words can say. What a great privilege has been mine to have some little share with my parents in both the sorrows and the joys of our family life!

In conclusion I would say that though this article may seem to some to portray only one side of the picture and be almost "too good to be true," I have written of things as they have been and still are in our family. Naturally, there have been times when all has not gone as smoothly as desired. But the difficulties have been overcome, and on looking back we realize the wisdom and thoughtfulness of our parents, of whom it may well be said their "children arise up and call [them] blessed."

LET us give everybody a right to live his own life, as far as possible, and avoid imposing our own peculiarities on another"—such, I would say, is the basis on which my parents work. Consequently, our home is a place of peace and comfort, a veritable haven, where many a weary soul has found rest, and many a young person has been helped along the Christian pathway.

My parents "honoured the Lord with their substance," and in like manner were honoured by Him, for "them that honour Me, I will honour." God's word is their criterion in all things and their Christian life is not a code of negatives but a positive, practical way of living.

As young children, we were encouraged to be unselfish and to "share and share alike." So it was that, as we grew up, we were very united though of individual and marked character, our parents setting us such a worthy example, as they themselves were always so united and understanding in every whim and fancy of our childhood. In every department of our lives and, indeed, in every department of the household, it was "God first," everything else falling naturally into its place.

From the earliest age we were admitted to family prayer, when the whole household was present; and we were encouraged to take everything to God in prayer. The two youngest members of the family set us a good example of this when they escaped into the next-door garden and were chased by an angry and fearsome cockerel! The youngsters fled to a corner of the garden and there asked God to remove the feathered tyrant and take them home safely! This He did, and the little ones' faith was strengthened. How wonderfully our many other prayers have been answered!

As we developed in this happy atmosphere, with such loving parents, we naturally took all our childhood problems and burdens to them. How

WHY CHILDREN TELL LIES

by Meredith Huntley

BY the age of four a child should know right from wrong. Before that age no mother need worry about the untruths or half-truths her toddlers may tell, however outrageous these may seem to be. Persistent lying after a child has begun school is a different thing. There is always a reason for this, and it is best to run this to earth, and so check what might develop into a life-long fault.

The untruths of a toddler are mostly fantasy. The keener the child's imagination the larger the lie. "I had tea with the Man in the Moon last night" can take equal place with, "Mr. Brown's cows told me a story." Imitation is responsible for many so-called lies. My own little daughter has reached the stage where she translates things I do for her into things she did for me when I was a little girl, since she wants to imitate me! "I am the Postman" or "I am an elephant" fall into this group of "fantasy lies" also. Make-believe games, too, are responsible for many departures from strict truth in childish speeches.

All these untruths are quite harmless in themselves and lend colour and joy to a child's way of life as long as they are recognized for what they are and treated as such. Angry expostulation, hurt surprise—these are wrong. Our attitude should be a kindly and amused interest, a half-laughing surprise, and, for the wilder fabrications, "My! That's a fairy tale indeed," or, "That's a clever 'let's pretend.' However did you think of all that?" If the case warrants, a gentle "Don't you mean So-and-So, darling?" is most effective.

The direct lie, that heart-bruise of loving parents, is a more serious matter altogether. The stubborn words, "I didn't," when you know all too sorrowfully that he *did*; the passing of blame wrongly to a schoolfellow, and other even darker departures from "bright truth"—these mean there is something wrong somewhere. And not always does the fault lie in the child! All too often the parent, though unwittingly, may be responsible!

Barefaced lies of this type point to insecurity in the child. He is unsure of the affection which should be his. He is afraid of possible punishment. He feels unsafe in his environment whether at home in the family unit or at school. Any one, or more than one, of these may bring a spell of lying.

Over-anxious parents often drive their children to subterfuge. We all secretly long for perfection in our children, I do believe. To this end we watch vigilantly, sometimes curtailing what should be healthy freedom or development. The least fault is heartily paid for. What will be the dreadful toll when it is known that an unlawful ball broke the choleric Colonel's window? Or how wretched will you make your child feel in that he has gravely displeased you after all your goodness to him? True tolerance is hard to achieve, but it brings its own reward in fearless honesty where our children are concerned. They can be helped to this honesty by loving understanding, but never dragooned into it with any lasting success.

Even today the "children-should-be-seen-and-not-heard" type of parent exists! These misguided folks may drive their children to untruthful boasting by suppressing their natural instinct to show off a little, to be noticed, admired, praised. Children thrive on praise. A wise parent never stints this where it can be given honestly. Children denied it may seek admiration in fabrication.

Jealousy is responsible for a great deal of lying which has perhaps been bitterly punished as wrong. Affection, not correction, is the solution here. It is easy to ascertain whether your child is jealous of a younger sister, an older brother, his father . . . even of the household dog so affectionately petted! A child's need for love in its early years is unlimited. He absorbs love like sunlight. Give him all you



BROTHER AND SISTER

What she thought of him

You've heard about my brother ? He's the naughtiest of boys,
He's always late for breakfast, and he smashes all his toys;
I think he's really happy only when he makes a noise.
Whatever Daddy says to him he's always just the same.
I wouldn't be like him for all the money you could name!

What he thought of her

You've heard about my sister ? Now she is a dreadful child !
If you said that she was naughty, your language would be mild;
And when she plays the tomboy, then she's positively wild.
Daddy calls her in the morning, but she simply doesn't stir.
How often I have said, " I'm jolly glad I'm not like her ! "

What the parents thought of both

Is there anything we can do to train those children, dear ?
When they grow up they will disgrace the family, I fear.
How two such children can be ours I think is very queer.
They never brush, they never wash, they never wipe their shoes.
You ask me which is worse ? I say, there's not a pin to choose !

HARDING WOOD.

WHY CHILDREN TELL LIES *(Continued from previous page)*

have—and a bit more ! Then he will not have to lie in a pitiful attempt to be first with you. Give him his especial place, words, loving gestures, and his firm security will soon end his pathetic untruths.

If lying suddenly develops after school age is reached, do go to the school and seek the heart of the matter. A quiet talk with the teacher may show that the child has difficulty with this or that subject, is inferior in it and ashamed of the fact, feeling insecure because of it. The whole new world of school may have frightened him into aggressive lying to maintain the importance he felt at home. A little practical help, a gentle boosting, will do far more good here than anger.

Good food, the right amount of sleep, happiness, a feeling of complete security, encouraging words—these seem to have no connection with the cure of untruthfulness ! They are sure foundations, though, for strong character and fearless honesty.

The fundamental cause of every lie is, of course, a sinful heart, and when we have done all that is in our power to remove those circumstances which provoke a child to tell a direct lie, we must not imagine our work is over. The final step, and the only truly effective one, is to introduce the child to the One Who came " to bless you in turning everyone of you from his iniquities " (Acts 3. 26).





A DOCTOR'S DIARY

by a Lady Doctor in General Practice

"GOOD morning, Doctor. You don't look very well today."

"No, Miss Wilson, I don't feel at all good. I have such a heavy cold."

"Dear me: even a doctor can catch a cold, then?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. If any doctor could prevent his patients from catching colds he would soon become famous! I'm not too sure, though, that it isn't a good thing to have a cold in the autumn. One of our professors used to say that he got quite worried if he hadn't had a cold by Christmas. He thought a cold in the autumn helped to raise his resistance to worse winter ills."

"That's a comforting way to think about it! It sounds as if there are several people in the waiting room with coughs and colds. They must think that you can help to cure them."

"Yes, I suppose I had better make a start on the surgery queue, or I shall never get through it by lunch time."

My first patient is a young mother with a handkerchief held to her dripping nose. She has nearly lost her voice, but she talks to me as best she can between her bouts of coughing.

"Doctor, I have had this cold for a fortnight. I just can't throw it off."

"Oh dear, I think your cold is even worse than mine! The trouble is we are both too busy to treat a cold properly. The best cure for a cold is to go to bed for twenty-four hours when it first starts. You could go to bed as soon as you have settled the children. Have a hot bath, and a hot-water bottle, and take a hot lemon drink and a couple of *Disprin*. Try to take most of your work to the fireside, and slip on your

dressing gown when you go upstairs to make the beds. I'll give you some medicine for your cough, and some inhalation for the laryngitis and catarrh."

"Thank you very much, Doctor. Is there any way I can avoid having a succession of colds as I had last winter?"

"I think you would find it a help to take some good vitamin preparation regularly, and an iron tonic, too. So often mothers see to it that their children get their cod-liver oil and orange juice and the best food available, without realizing that mothers, too, need extra vitamins and good nourishing food."

"Yes, I will try, Doctor, because frequent colds make me so tired and irritable."

"Oh yes, one needs a lot of patience to carry on cheerfully with a heavy cold. Sometimes, too, the rest of the household feel that they need a great deal of patience to live peaceably with mother, when she has a cough and cold. We do well to remember the words of Romans chapter five: 'We triumph even in our troubles, knowing that trouble produces endurance, endurance produces character, and character produces hope—a hope which never disappoints us, since God's love floods our hearts through the Holy Spirit which He has given to us' (Moffatt's translation). Yes, it isn't easy to live cheerfully and peacefully with colds running through the household, but it is not impossible. For 'anything can be done for one who believes' (Mark 9. 23, Moffatt)."

THIS SPACE IS YOURS!

You never meet the Editor to talk personally about things you like and things you don't like in "Homes and Parents." So why not use the spaces below to say a few things you've had on your mind?

What do you like best in "Homes and Parents"?

What do you like least in "Homes and Parents"?

What do you think is lacking in "Homes and Parents"?

Don't sign your name unless you want to. Simply put these notes into an envelope, or expand them into a letter, and post to The Editor, "Homes and Parents," 5, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

Family Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

I'M writing this in a hospital ward. Our youngest made her very belated appearance, more than three weeks late, just seven days ago. Yesterday I made my first cautious promenade from bed to bath, feeling distinctly shaky, but with the elation that always accompanies that first promotion from the bedridden state of the first few days. Today I have begun really to get back my "sea-legs" and feel like a two-year-old. My longing now is to get home, back to the family, whom I miss horribly.

The children have all had measles. First Jane, then Robin, then poor Bundle, who was already suffering miseries from teething when the measles caught up with her to increase her troubles. (I wish someone would tell me of a really sound way to help a baby of eighteen months whose back molars are coming through slowly and torturingly.) The two older ones had nearly achieved coming-out-of quarantine, and Bundle was getting over the worst of it, when at long last I knew that the new baby was on its way, and set off for hospital, leaving my husband, a woman friend, and our Ingrid to run the house in my absence. In the last instalment of this "Portrait" I told you about Ingrid, who wanted to come to England to learn English. She duly came to us, nineteen-years-old, fair-haired and charming. She is the greatest help in the house, and a favourite with Jane and Robin; but Bundle, used only to dark-haired people, is for some reason terrified of this Nordic bloneness and won't let Ingrid touch her.

Robin was asked a few weeks ago which he would prefer—a baby brother or a baby sister. He thought about it for a while, then said, "I'd rather have a gee-gee." Well, when the infant delayed her arrival so long, I began to think it was a gee-gee I must be having! However, it wasn't—it was Sue, all 7 lb. 8 oz. of her, looking exactly as Bundle looked when first she joined us. So presumably she will always look rather like Bundle? The two older children are thrilled at the thought of having another member of the family, though Jane would like to have had another brother—two boys and two girls, she feels, would have been a tidier arrangement. Jane was told some time ago that a new baby was on the way. Her face shone

with pleasure; then she inquired, "Does Daddy know?"

Here in the midst of hospital life I marvel at the diversity of experience among my fellow-Mums. There's A, a charming little Irishwoman with a child of Jane's age, whose husband, unwilling to face further responsibilities, abandoned her some months ago, when she knew another baby was coming. She has no means, nothing except what she earns as a waitress, and the husband has not been traced.

"What will you do?" I asked. "Well, first I didn't know what I would do, and I was after getting the baby adopted. But then I felt, 'tis me own child, and I can't be lettin' him go to strangers. Whatever happens I'll keep him somehow, I said. But I have to go back to work, or there would be no money for any of us. So I've arranged for him to be boarded out with a foster-mother during the day, and I will be having him the rest of the time; and maybe, later, I'll be able to give up doing more than part-time work—that is, if they can find my husband and make him come back to us, or anyway help towards the children's keep."

Her thin little face was full of courage. "Anyway, whatever happens, I'll not let my baby go. I've done nothing wrong, I loved my husband and I love my children. God will look after us."

Then there's B; sixteen years old, unmarried, with an unwanted baby that is to be adopted as soon as she can, as she puts it, "find a bidder."

And C, who after three years of marriage, during which her great longing was for a child, became pregnant at last—and has lost the baby that would have given her such deep joy.

"How fortunate I am! How good God has been to me!"—I think as I listen to these other women's stories, and try to put in "a word in season" where I can. How many of us, in our happy lives full of interest and busy-ness, stop to think of the fact that "our lines are fallen in pleasant places"? "There, but for the grace of God, go I. . . ." I might have been A, or B, or C!

I shall remember A, and her bright courage and faith—"I'll not let my baby go. . . . God will look after us."



GARDENS without GRIND

by

W. E. Shewell-Cooper,
M.B.E., N.D.H.

(Principal, The Horticultural Training Centre, Thaxted)

THE SIMPLEST BORDER OF ALL

NO really keen gardener will ever admit that gardening is a drudgery. If, however, he is really honest he'll have to agree that this oldest of crafts does demand both time and energy.

In the long run there is no cheaper form of gardening than the flowering shrub border. Shrubs don't have to be raised from seed each year like annuals, they never have to be dug up every three years for replanting like perennials, they don't need spraying and feeding like fruit trees and bushes, and under modern methods there's no digging or hoeing to be done as in the case of vegetables.

It can be argued of course that the cost of shrubs is high as compared with other plants. As against this it must be remembered that a shrub will go on flowering year after year for, say, twenty-five or thirty seasons, and so an initial outlay of perhaps 7s. 6d. really ought to be spread over this period—which means, if my mathematics are right, about 3d. or 4d. a year!

When putting down a shrub border, then, you put down a permanent border; a border which will create interest all the year round. It isn't only the actual flowers which give such pleasure; in many cases there's scent to be considered as well. Who doesn't love the fragrance of the *Philadelphus*, for instance, or one of the *Viburnums*? There's the colour, too, of the many berries that are produced. Gardens can easily look drab in the winter, but with branches spangled with golden yellow or crimson fruits, the whole area seems to light up.

There are the coloured barks, also. The Golden Willow, for instance, as it sends up its golden stems, or, in the case of the Pendulous varieties, as these cascade

down as if weeping. There's the reddish bark of the Dogwood family; the shiny polished deep brown bark of the *Prunus serrulata*. Yes, a shrub border can be beautiful for many more months of the year than any annual or perennial flower border.

The shrubs you can grow will depend to a certain extent on the soil you have. For instance, if there's any lime present you will have to put out of your mind the *Rhododendrons* or *Azaleas*, as well as other shrubs like the *Andromeda* which prefer acid ground. Fortunately, however, there are beautiful shrubs to suit all kinds of soils, and you will find that our leading shrub nurserymen will be only too pleased to help you choose aright. It isn't necessary to incorporate farmyard manure or composted vegetable refuse when digging the ground over. Just dig and leave the ground rough, and if you can get this work done in the autumn, the frosts and cold winds will act on the earth and help to break it down to a fine tilth.

While the border is being dug, and any perennial roots that are seen during the operation are being removed, it is possible to sit down with pencil and paper and an outline of the border and so make the plan. This is an absorbing occupation. You have a shrub catalogue in one hand which gives the heights of the shrubs, their time of flowering, and whether they have berries to follow or no. It's always better to have a mass of one colour, or a group of one species at one particular point, than to have what are called "dot shrubs" of any particular variety in different parts of the border. It may be possible to arrange for a quiet progression of one shade of colour to another—the golden leaves of the *Cornus* can act as a foil to the autumn-tinted copper leaves of a *Berberis*. What about the glorious *Forsythia*, with its golden bells in the spring?—and the contrast here could be just the background for some evergreen. So you see in addition to colour progression there is colour harmony.

If you are planning a border say 8 feet wide and 30 feet long, then you will plant three or four shrubs of one kind together so as to produce a really good splash, but if you've just a little border, say 10 or 12 feet long and 5 feet wide, you may have to reduce the "splashes" to two shrubs, choosing those that take less room and don't grow so tall. Remember that a shrub which grows 6 feet high will eventually need 3 feet on either side of it. There are exceptions to every rule, but this is a good ideal to bear in mind.

The reason why beginners want to plant shrubs too close is that they want the borders to look right from the beginning; they don't like to see the masses of earth in between the individual shrubs. The answer to the problem is to have what are called "fillers." They are temporary plants of varieties that have little value—Broom seedlings, for instance, and some firms offer you some specimens cheaply on this filler basis. The alternative to the filler shrub is to sow some annuals in between.

There are nurserymen who will help you plan such a border, in the hope, of course, that you will buy the shrubs from them. It's a good thing to go to nurseries and choose the shrubs yourself. Don't try to buy very big specimens: the dwarfish shrubs do far better and establish themselves quicker. Plant so as to avoid any formality at all. Try to create the illusion of depth by allowing little vistas to appear here and there.

If you have to plant in dry weather—and this particularly applies to the deciduous shrubs—adopt the puddled method. Make a thick muddy solution in an old tub or dustbin, put in with this sedge peat, and then stir the roots of the shrubs in the mud with the

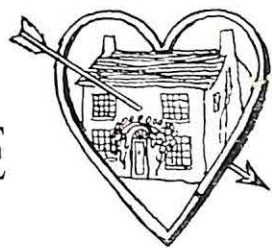
object of covering them with a thin layer. This helps to keep them going until they can throw out some new root hairs.

Once the shrubs are planted (they must be planted firmly), the taller ones will need staking, because you don't want them to die through rocking about in the soil. This next job is the mulching, that is the covering of the ground with sedge peat to the depth of 2 inches or so. This means that there's no more work to do in the border for a year. No forking, no raking, and no hoeing, and usually no watering either. You will see it's a nice form of gardening, this, and as someone has said, "It's beauty with the minimum of labour."



LOVE MAKES THE HOME

by Violet Burman



A magistrate recently let off a woman, who had been brought before him as being dirty and neglecting her home, with these words: "The children have a real affection for her and she should be given another chance."

It may seem strange to some of us that he was not harder on her, but he had learnt one fundamental truth about bringing up children. A home where love and affection exist, even though it is lacking in many of the things a home should possess, is still a better place for children to live than one where all material things are provided, but where affection is strictly rationed.

Children thrive on love. Indeed, without it they become a prey to all sorts of complexes and much unhappiness in future adult life. A hug and a kiss at the right moment are worth all the shiny toys money can buy, both in immediate reaction and formation of character.

I wonder if some of the parents who squabble openly in front of their children realize what immeasurable harm they are doing by threatening the security of those dependent on them?

The odd thing about it is that such squabbling is not confined to homes where economic difficulties sharpen the tongues of parents. Even in well-to-do homes such quarrelling exists, to the dismay of the younger generation. Thus one meets children of every layer of society who wear that watchful, frightened look, and are always on edge. One of the worst features of such a situation



is that often the children of a family are forced, by their parents, to take sides. I am thinking of a home where the mother attended to her household chores with clock-like precision, saw the children were well fed and clothed, and felt she was doing her duty. The father, too, handed over the larger portion of his earnings, and arranged expensive holidays for the two children.

But for years the parents had been estranged. Now that the children were eight and ten they forbore open quarrelling, but always preserved frigid politeness toward one another and went their separate ways.

I am not pretending to be able to solve their difficulties, but I do know that the effect on the children was frightening. They were *too* respectful towards their elders for their age, there was little spontaneous laughter in the home, and worst of all, they were learning how to play off one parent against the other.

In subtle ways, and without realizing the immense harm they were doing, each parent belittled the other in private to the children. It was a sad thing to see children, who should have felt their home was a bulwark provided for them to offset the crowded world they were growing into, becoming crafty in the ways of the world. They were starting in their own homes something they would surely carry into adult life, to the detriment of society.

Social workers are agreed that the greatest single factor in a home is love. Where love flourishes, neither sickness nor any of the troubles which may befall can prevail.

If more parents tried to see things from the child's point of view there would be less unhappiness in the home. Even though an atmosphere of hostility is something he doesn't really understand, a child is sharply aware of it. It puzzles and finally frightens him. Short-tempered parents who are not at peace with one another cannot estimate the misery they inflict on their offspring by excessive scolding.

Another stumbling block to happiness in the home is the rule of fear. The old idea that father's word was law, no matter how unjust, is dying out. Today marriage has become more of a partnership, with women taking more of a place in making decisions. But there are still too many homes where

one or other parent dominates and demands unquestioning submission.

Unless children grow up feeling that they are not mere pawns but a working part of the home, they are not likely to develop personalities that can withstand the buffeting of the outside world. They are more likely to develop inferiority complexes, servile or bombastic attitudes towards their immediate superiors, and characteristics that will earn them the dislike of more balanced beings.

Doctors and psychiatrists would find their labours easier if parents would undertake the *full* responsibility of parenthood. Statistics that can prove present generations of Britons bigger and healthier than ever before are useless unless this progress in physical advancement is allied to the capacity for greater happiness and the ability to give greater happiness to others.

Firstly then, a child must feel *wanted*. There must never be any doubt in his mind but that he is an important member of the family circle.

He must feel *loved*. He must always have the knowledge that his home is a haven, that no matter how foolish he may be there is someone in his home who will listen to his troubles and give good advice. He should not be made to feel that hugging his parents when he is pleased is "sloppy." No spontaneous feeling of his affection should be crushed.

He must feel *secure*. It should be quite settled in his mind that parents are good people to be with, that they are united in their efforts to help him, that they will always love him even if he is not brilliant or clever.

The happiest, most normal children are those who have never questioned their home background. It is a real part of them, with its fun and shared tasks. They accept it blindly because there are no irritating edges to tear at their minds and give them a distorted view. And with this background they can go forward in life and find the strength to overcome all obstacles.

It was not lightly that the Great Teacher preached Love. Without it a home is a mere shell, a place to eat and sleep. With it, it becomes a place where children, even when they have become men and women, return with affection and gratitude.



WASTE OF TIME?

by Joan Wateridge

I USED to feel at times that I was quite worthless. Do other women feel like this, I wonder? I suffered from these attacks when confronted with piles of greasy dishes and a boiler full of soiled clothes, on a wet and grey Monday, and on many similar occasions. Then the worst part of me came to the fore, and I fumed my way through the chores, thinking all the time how worth while I could be if I were using my time in some congenial occupation. Yet here I had to be, wasting all my ability with these mundane household tasks.

I feel really ashamed now, when I think of these moods. Shall I tell you how I came to recover from these attacks of "rancid mind"?

One day I read, for my daily Bible reading, the last chapter of Proverbs. You really must read this for yourselves, but first let me point out to you how vitally it applies to you and me, now in this year 1953 and every year to come.

In verse 10 I read "*Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.*" This made me think deeply, and I went on to read about the kind of woman who is virtuous. I found this in the next two verses: "*her husband trusts her—she will do him good and not evil all her life.*" If all women considered this seriously, I am sure there would not be such an appalling number of divorces today.

Verse 13 says, "*She seeketh wool and works willingly with her hands.*" This makes me feel that knitting for the family is something that counts, and I enjoy it far more than I used to do.

Verse 14 tells me that "*She bringeth her food from afar.*" This makes a heavy basket seem lighter, and shopping less irksome. Though I must confess I find it much harder than before the war, I feel that it is something worth doing since reading this passage.

Verse 15 really did wake me up! "*She rises while it is still night and giveth food to her household.*" I am not the type who loves to rise with the lark, but the thought of this verse always has me up in time to get an adequate breakfast for the family before they leave for office and school.

Verse 16 gives us to understand that we should help in the garden. Yes, I know it

makes one's nails dirty, but it must be worth doing if it is recorded here, so we had better tackle those weeds.

Verse 18 tells us to make sure that we get value for our money: "*She perceiveth that her merchandise is good.*" I think it suggests that we should be careful when we see announcements telling us "SALE. GREAT REDUCTIONS!" We are apt to rush in and waste lots of money on trashy things, which later prove to be white elephants rather than bargains.

Verse 19 refers again to needlework. I like to feel that filling the holes in Junior's socks counts for something.

Then, in verse 20, "*She helps the poor and needy.*" We can all do this. I know only too well how difficult it can be to spare large sums of money for good causes, but we can all lend a hand at least. How about minding the neighbour's baby for an afternoon? Or sparing a few of those nice little cakes you make so well for that old pensioner down the way? Oh yes, there are thousands of ways in which we can help the poor and needy, if we really have the desire.

Read on, each verse is a lesson in itself. Then, in verse 27, note particularly, "*She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.*" This gives me an added incentive when the windows need cleaning, and, believe me, I need an incentive for this job—there never was a greater smear-maker than I!

Verse 28 tells of the appreciation of the family. "*Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband praises her.*" You know, our families really do notice what we do for them, even though they leave all their muddles about for us to clear up. So we must try to remember this and not get irritated when they appear thoughtless. Think of verse 26: "*Her tongue is the law of kindness.*"

Then my favourite verse, 30, "*A woman that feareth the Lord—*" Now, this is the key to happy living. We just have to realize that making a good home is the life He intended for us; then if we do all our common tasks in His Spirit we become "women whose price is far above rubies."

Whatever made me think that I was worthless?



Feeding the Family

by Mildred Gordon, B.Sc.

DEFEATING THE RISING COST OF LIVING

WITH food in short supply and little variety it is so easy to buy anything we see without comparing costs. We need vegetables for dinner—shall we buy a cauliflower or carrots? The cauliflowers look so fresh with tight white curd, but they are 1s. 6d. for a family of four. Carrots are only fourpence per pound. Boiled plain they may be uninteresting, but they are excellent cooked in a pressure cooker, and can be done with the potatoes. Cut both into slices and cook for only four minutes pressure time.

Try them the *conservative way* with an ordinary saucepan:

Melt 1 oz. margarine in a strong pan and add sliced carrots. Add salt and three tablespoons of water. Put on tight-fitting lid and cook slowly until tender on top of stove or in oven. Pour liquor over carrots to serve and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Potatoes are cheap, so vary their method of cooking as much as possible. Cook in their skins—boiled or baked.

Creamed Potatoes

Peel and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes. Boil for 10-15 minutes until tender. Strain off water and add milk and a knob of margarine. Thicken with flour or cornflour made into a smooth paste with cold milk.

Scalloped Potatoes

Peel potatoes (always thinly, please!) and slice about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Place layers in a greased pie-dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Barely cover with milk and dot with margarine. Bake in hot oven for 1 hour.

If grated cheese is placed between the layers this will make a nourishing supper dish.

Grated cheese added to mashed potatoes and then baked in a pie-dish is very tasty.

Mashed Potatoes

These are often "squashed" potatoes! Do take a little trouble and make them creamy and light.

- (1) Boil potatoes with a *little* water (not drowned!) and salt.
- (2) Drain and dry slightly over heat (this makes floury).
- (3) Mash with potato masher or a fork.
- (4) Add pepper, knob of margarine and a little milk and beat well. Serve immediately.

Meat these days is a real headache! Those who have to cook main meals every day do not have enough, and all of us find the cost more and more prohibitive.

Mince is a good buy. It is reasonable and goes a long way.

Meat Loaf

- 1 lb. minced meat
- 1 cup breadcrumbs (*fresh*)
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or 1 teaspoon mixed herbs
- 1 minced onion
- 1 egg or 1 tablespoon flour to bind
- Salt and pepper

Mix together and shape into a large sausage or loaf shape. Sprinkle with flour or browned breadcrumbs and bake in dripping in moderate oven for 1 hour. Baste occasionally.

Cornish Pasties

- 8 oz. short pastry
- 8 oz. minced meat mixed with
- 1 grated potato
- 1 grated onion
- Salt and pepper

Divide pastry into four, and roll into rounds. Pile one quarter of the meat mixture on each, and wet edges. Close along top and flute with thumbs. Bake in hot oven for 1 hour.

Serve both these with a good brown gravy and vegetables.

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

A QUEEN IN THE WITNESS BOX

IN some ways the Queen of Sheba seems a legendary figure, for two countries claim her, and a number of stories have grown up around her. Actually, only about 1,000 years separate her from the coming of Christ.

It was a great journey that this Queen made to visit Solomon. It must have been perilous and costly, both in time and equipment—and all for the sake of a report which she did not believe (v. 7)! She could not have been sure that she would receive a welcome when she reached her journey's end, for she went without an invitation. In her sumptuous Court, apparently surrounded by everything that heart could wish, "she heard of the fame of Solomon, concerning the name of the Lord" (v. 1), perhaps from merchants and traders. She may have heard them recounting some of the king's proverbs—"Get wisdom, get understanding. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding" (Proverbs 4. 5 and 7). At any rate she was prepared to go a long way and to a lot of trouble to get at the truth of a report, and to find the answer to her difficulties.

The report proved true, although she did not believe it. I hope I shall remember that. Facts do not alter because of our unbelief, and what a lot she would have missed if she had not gone! The Queen received a royal welcome, she unburdened all her hard questions, and had to confess—"The half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard." It must have been a wonderful visit. One of these rare occasions which we treasure in retrospect.

In her gratitude the Queen gave a present of great value to Solomon (v. 10). She was in no

mood for holding back. But she received far more than she gave (v. 13).

Our Lord, faced with unbelief and hostility during His public ministry, said this: "The Queen of the South shall rise up in the judgment with the men of this generation, and condemn them: for she came from the utmost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here" (Luke 11. 31).

Can we wonder at her condemnation? Concerning the Saviour we have more than a report—we have a revelation. We have no long journey to make—He is accessible to all. And we are sure of a welcome. He has Himself issued the warmest of invitations—Matthew 11. 28; John 6. 35-37; Revelation 22. 16 and 17.

Did I say we have no long journey to make? Perhaps I was wrong there. The Prodigal Son (Luke 15) probably journeyed a very little way as we count distance in miles. But the Lord Jesus said he was in "a far country." He was remote not in mileage but in mind. "Distances in the Bible are not measured from one place to another, but from God." Some of us have even lengthened the journey unnecessarily with long, arid stretches of intellectual pride; with winding, tortuous paths of self-will and rebellion; the hesitant, faltering steps of distrust. Others may have held us back for long enough by not setting up a clear signpost, or by failing to keep a steady course themselves.

But because the revelation is sure, and the welcome still holds good, we may find after all that, one step of faith—and we are in the presence of the King, offering our gifts of love and gratitude and allegiance, and receiving from "the royal bounty" far more than we gave.

WHAT IS YOUR RULING PASSION?

Elijah comes with volcanic suddenness into the Bible story. We know practically nothing about his past, but perhaps his name, and the apostle James, tell us all we need to know. His name

means, "My God is Jehovah," or "The Lord is God," and I fancy that parents who thought of such a name for their son must have been as full of faith as their son himself afterwards became. For

if Elijah had a heavenly-minded name he was, to begin with, a boy and a youth and a man subject to like passions as we are (James 5. 17). His parents must have had some anxious and exhausting days with young Elijah—passionate in his love and in his hate, passionate in his revenge, passionate in his dejection when things went wrong, passionate in his scorn and contempt. All honour to the nameless parents who wisely, patiently, prayerfully led him to harness those passions to the will of God, till he was ready to stand before the king as God's messenger. "All the difference between Elijah and Ahab," says Dr. Whyte, "was in the subjection of their passions. Elijah was a man of immensely stronger passions than poor Ahab ever was; only Elijah's powerful passions all swept him up to heaven, whereas all Ahab's contemptible passions shouldered and shovelled and sucked him down to hell."

"In every life," says Dr. Campbell Morgan in a great chapter on idolatry, "there is a ruling passion. No human being can any more live without that, than a watch can run if the mainspring be taken out." Elijah's ruling passion was God Himself. Never was a man—save one—so completely identified with his message as was Elijah. Notice it all through that dramatic scene at the foot of Mount Carmel—chapter 18. How completely he swung the nation back to God! There is no life so challenging as that of a man or woman whose passions are all centred in God.

One could almost wish that from Mount Carmel in the moment of his greatest triumph of faith, and passionate prayer for the nation, Elijah had then been swept up to heaven in his chariot of fire. But I'm very glad we have chapter 19 after

chapter 18. It's so true to our own experience. From the mountain-top experience of Carmel (18. 42-46), Elijah, passionate in his dejection, flees to the wilderness at the threat of a woman, and asks God to take away the life he fled to preserve! This was the one prayer of this mighty man of prayer that God did not answer. What a mercy God does not always take us at our word! But we all know how Elijah felt. Yesterday had been a great day—the next day was the day after! Yet God had something better for His servant than dying under a juniper tree. He had rest and refreshment, a fresh revelation, and the quiet command to resume the path of duty and service.

The revelation was one we all need when in a passion of self-pity we are tempted to pray against those we have been sent to serve, instead of praying for them (v. 10). Elijah paraded his zeal against the background of Israel's sin. He must see himself against the glory of God's love. God was not in the earthquake or in the fire, but in "a sound of gentle stillness" (12 R.V. margin). There is a fable which says that storm and sun strove together to see which could get the coat off a traveller's back. The storm made the traveller wrap his garments still more closely about him; it was the sun which made him cast them aside!

Love will do what mere zeal will never do. May God make us, at any cost, channels through which His love can reach others.

*The effectual fervent prayer is help indeed,
And works salvation. Therefore let us pray;
And praying let us love: and loving serve:
So shall we tune our hearts to purposed good.*

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR APRIL*

BIBLE READINGS FOR APRIL*											
St. Mark											
1	...	14. 60-72	7	...	1. 22-40	15	...	8. 27-40	23	...	12. 1-15
2	...	15. 1-15	8	...	1. 41-53	16	...	8. 41-53	24	...	12. 16-33
3	...	15. 16-32	9	...	3. 1-15	17	...	8. 54-66	25	...	13. 1-10
4	...	15. 33-47	10	...	4. 20-34	18	...	9. 1-9	26	...	13. 11-22
5 th	...	16. 1-20	11	...	5. 1-18	19 th	...	10. 1-13	27	...	13. 23-34
	1 Kings		12 th	...	6. 1-14	20 th	...	10. 14-29	28	...	16. 23-34
6	...	1. 5-21	13	...	8. 1-11	21	...	11. 1-14	29	...	17. 1-16
			14	...	8. 12-26	22	...	11. 26-43	30	...	17. 17-24

* Holydays

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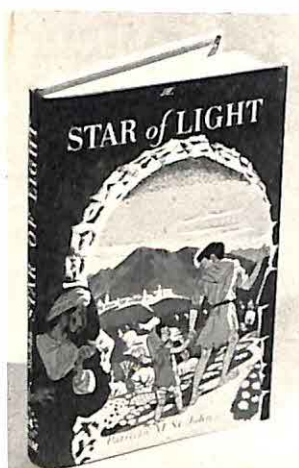
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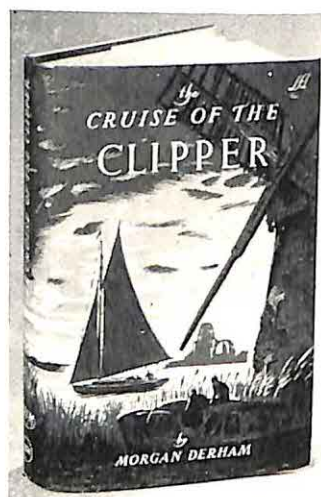
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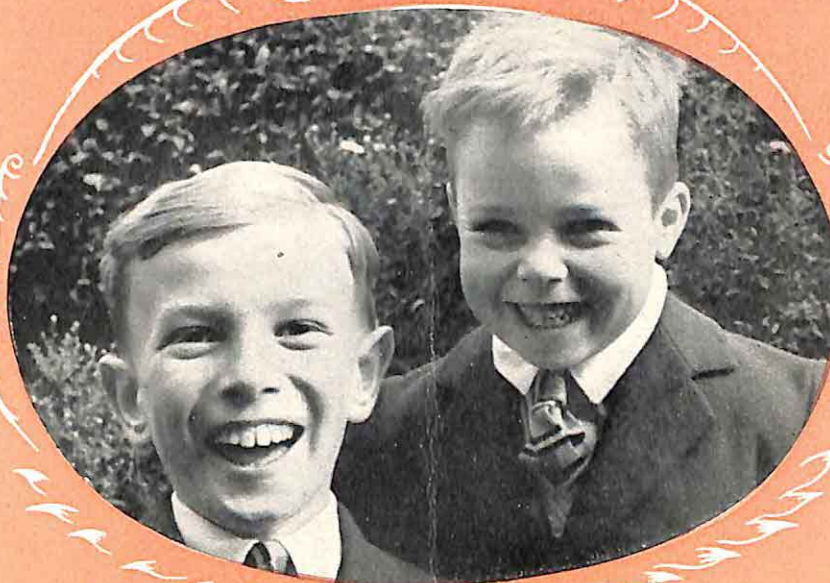
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Homes
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Parents

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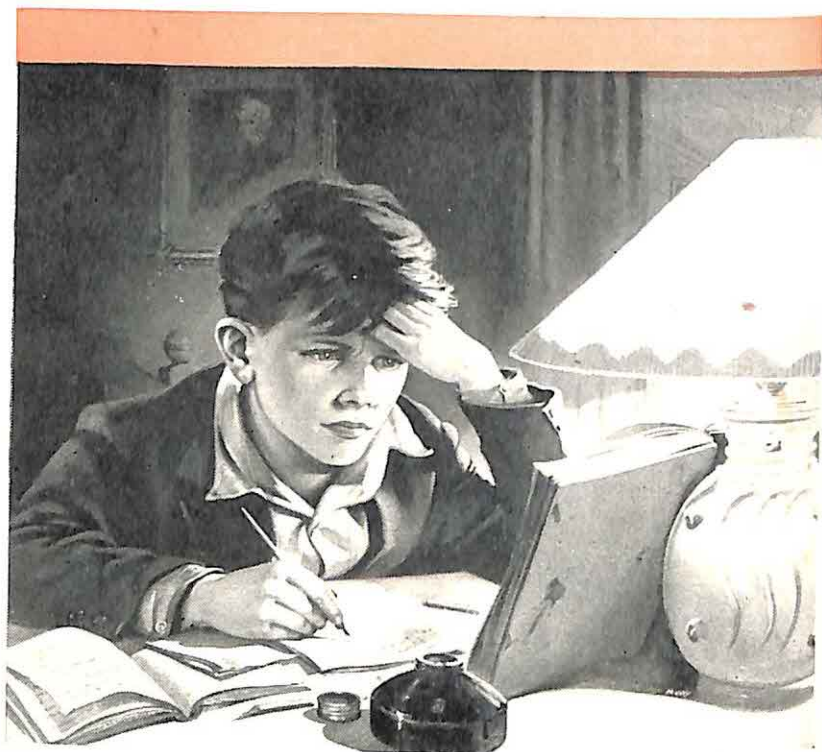
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IT is good that the aspirations of youth should be encouraged by parents. 'There is always room at the top', and where natural ability is supported by diligent study the heights may eventually be reached.

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BABIES & BATTLES



A CENTURY ago men were following with bated breath the march of Napoleon, and waiting with feverish impatience for news of the wars. And all the while, in their homes, babies were being born. But who could think about babies? Everybody was thinking about battles! Yet, in one year, midway between Trafalgar and Waterloo, there stole into the world a veritable host of heroes: Gladstone was born in Liverpool, the baby Tennyson saw the light at Somersby Rectory, Oliver Wendell Holmes came to Massachusetts. On the very same day, in the very same year, Charles Darwin made his début at Shrewsbury, and Abraham Lincoln drew his first breath in old Kentucky. Music, too, was enriched by the advent of Felix Mendelssohn. But nobody thought of babies—everybody was thinking of battles. Yet which of the battles of 1809 mattered more than the babies of 1809?

F. W. BOREHAM, *Mountains In The Mist* (Epworth Press).

FAMILY

from a symposium compiled by the

IN a day when God's ways and standards are ignored and forgotten, Christians need to consider carefully the Divine pattern for family life and see that they both conform to it and bear their testimony to the unbelieving world around.

A CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

The first step towards a Christian home is a Christian marriage. If the husband and wife are both converted it does not necessarily mean that their home is truly Christian. We are told "be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (2 Cor. 6. 14). But experience proves that regard for this command alone is not enough to produce a home with a Christian atmosphere.

In seeking to build a Christian home we remember the Master's words, "what God hath joined together." Was He merely putting His "fiat" on marriage as an irrevocable act? Surely He referred to those whom God had fitted and foreordained for one another in this partnership, and in whose hearts in due time He would give His seal of mutual love. For a Christian home, then, the life partner should be not only a Christian but the Christian of God's choosing. It is surprising how many fail to realize that this choice must rest with Christ. The love of husband and wife is in a special way the gift of God, and apart from it there can be no true Christian home.

But where such conditions are satisfied it does not follow that there will be perfect unity and agreement at all times. Differences of temperament are not immediately transcended by marriage. God may well bring together two very opposite, or, rather, complementary natures, so that in the union balance and fullness may be found. And deepest agreement and fullest understanding often follow radical differences of opinion.

The progress of growing together will be strengthened by praying together. Both Scripture and experience seem to show that united prayer is more availing than individual intercession, though perhaps it is more important to maintain the latter. Husbands and wives who search the Word

of God will find set before them as their ambition, privilege, and duty, the ideal of a joint prayer-life that is far more effective than anything to which either partner could attain alone. Christ has given us a definite promise in Matt. 18. 19 for two people praying together. Some of the early Church fathers regarded this as applying particularly to husband and wife. St. Peter ends his advice to husbands and wives with the words, "that your prayers be not hindered" (1 Pet. 3. 7). Praying together is the surest road to fulfillment of those vows made at marriage to serve, love, honour, and cherish one another; by such mutual help life-partners will "grow up into Him in all things which is the Head even Christ" (Eph. 4. 15).

A CHRISTIAN HOME

Nowhere will this deepening relationship between husband and wife be more evident than in the place where they live, transforming it from a house to a home. "An Englishman's home is his castle," a place essentially his own where he is free to do as he wishes. But for a Christian this home is a gift from God, as are all his possessions, to be used for His Glory and to be a place like the home at Bethany where Christ loved to abide and meet with His own.

In the early Church, Christian homes were marked by their hospitality, not only as gathering places for prayer and fellowship, but as meeting places for the local Church (Acts 2. 46; 12. 12; 1 Cor. 16. 19). Every home should be a place where God's people love to come, and coming are refreshed; where unbelievers find themselves provoked to challenging thought. As hospitality is sometimes given to non-Christian friends and relatives, the atmosphere should be such as to make an approach to spiritual issues easy and natural. Spiritual children as well as natural ones should be born into every such home.

Our Lord tells us in Luke 14. 12-14 that our hospitality should be first of all extended to those who are in need and who are unable to ask us out in return. Many men and women in the Services, and many students

L I F E

Graduates' Fellowship of the I.V.F.

at college owe much to Christian friends whose homes have been opened to them; God has greatly blessed this ministry both to visitors and hosts.

There is also the need to provide opportunities for young people to meet under Christian influences. We can hardly expect to build Christian homes upon marriages which follow friendships begun at the sports club or a dance hall. In the Christian home there are always opportunities of getting young people together, and they should be eagerly taken.

To some the call will come to open their homes for wider spheres of service, for Bible classes, drawing-room meetings and so on; but whatever sacrifices God may demand in effort, time or privacy, He is no man's debtor, and the home with open doors will find its "hundredfold reward in this life" as the Master's blessing rests upon it.

A CHRISTIAN FAMILY

Great though the opportunities are for ministering to others through the home, there is another greater ministry which must always receive top priority. The first responsibility of Christian parents is to their children.

Those married in the Church of England will remember in the opening exhortation the causes for which marriage was ordained, "First . . . for the procreation of children, to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord and to the praise of His Holy Name."

Today the State is widening its operations in the education and welfare of children. It seeks to supplement the work of parents by providing medical attention, clothing grants, meals, nursery schools, as well as free secondary and in some cases even free university education. All these are good in so far as they enable each child to reach the divine purpose for his life by the full development of God-given aptitudes and abilities. But it is necessary to deny the unqualified right of the State to make the child its own. In his Bampton Lectures on *Christian Education* Canon Spenser Leeson asks, "To whom

does the child belong? The Christian answer to this question is definite and clear. . . . The child belongs to God, who created it, using the human parents as instruments of His will, and employing by a marvellous dispensation the love for each other of husband and wife, the purest and most sacramental of human emotions, to execute His purpose in bringing new life into the world. . . . He is committed to his earthly parents to be trained for God's service. The parents have a responsibility they cannot evade; and when they seek to evade it, it is the duty of the Church and the State, acting in partnership, to commit it again to them, assisting them when necessary" (*Christian Education*, p. 181).

How may this solemn responsibility of the home be discharged by Christian parents? Predominantly in supplying an environment of love, harmony and security which is the first—and also the last—need of any growing life.

I well remember visiting a school for backward and delinquent children; out of fifty boys only one came from a good home. There is clear evidence to link the increase in juvenile delinquency with the increase in unstable and broken homes. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom": and in the education of our children it is impossible to measure the value and the influence of a home "where prayer is wont to be made," where there is the daily reading of God's Word, and where His day is observed. Long before formal school begins, or even informal parental teaching, the seeds of eternal life may be sown in this atmosphere of Christian living and worship. In the early years when they plead for stories, our children (like Timothy) may learn at their mother's knee those incomparable Bible stories, from the Old Testament as well as the New, which are able to make them "wise unto salvation."

Finally, in seeking the best results, there must surely be some particular family traditions, something unique of which our children are proud and which they will hope one day to perpetuate in their own homes.



**MY
PARENTS**
*a
special series
of
anonymous articles*

I REMEMBER that before I was made a prefect at school I used to think how very grand it must be to have such authority and responsibility, and I would dream of all the fine things I would do when promoted to such an elevated position. I would, of course, be very fair and very popular—and how I looked forward to trying out my novel methods of punishment on the “little brats”! Although deceiving myself into thinking that I really had an interest in the welfare of my schoolmates, my thoughts and motives were entirely selfish. When, at last, the great day came and I really was a prefect, I soon discovered that human behaviour was not as simple and manageable as I had imagined. My authority was not respected. Of course, I had never respected such authority myself—but then I was to be a different sort of prefect. It was most disappointing, too, when there were few opportunities for doling out my favourite impositions!

When a younger boy at school, I often had the same sort of attitude towards my father's discipline as towards that exercised by the prefects. (I might explain here that in my family my father was generally the operative half when permission was required or discipline concerned.) I suppose the attitude of intense dislike of doing what one is told is an attitude common to all boys. When it is something quite stupid and unreasonable which one is told to do, that is really hurting to one's pride; but even if something quite sensible has to be done, it still grates on one's feelings, just because one has been told to do it. I am here using the words “unreasonable,” “stupid,” “sensible,” in a purely subjective way—i.e., according to my limited knowledge and experience at the time. On this point my father and I would contradict each other. It is very difficult to define reasonableness in any other than a subjective way, as one can easily see by observing human behaviour.

There is one very practical difference between the discipline exercised by a school prefect and that applied by one's father. The regulations or impositions of a prefect, whether liked or not, never matter much, and are soon forgotten—in fact, school life would be duller without them! On the other hand, the controls and chastisements of a parent are of much greater consequence. Apart from the mere temporary discomfort and inconvenience which he can inflict, there is the innate desire to love and be loved by one's parents, and anything that might cloud this over is going to generate considerable unhappiness. This desire to keep the bond of love between myself and my parents played an important part in determining my attitude towards them.

Another factor which helped to determine this attitude came from the belief, which I had always had, that they ought to be perfect. This belief in the “Divine right of fathers,” or, “Parents can do no wrong,” which one seems naturally to possess as a child, was strongly encouraged by my father. I was frequently disillusioned, since I always wanted this principle to be subordinate to the first axiom of fallen man: “I can do no wrong!” However, I never got away from the idea that from considerations of size, age, and colour of hair, my parents *ought* to be perfect, even if, by my standard, they were not. Perhaps that is why in the old camp song, “Pop's” head is likened to a ping-pong ball: the hard, smooth, and shining outer skin only covering up an empty interior!

When I left school, and home, I soon realised that nearly everybody I got to know at all well was far worse than my parents for irrationality and stupidity (defined subjectively, of course); and the more I came to know them the worse they became! Before, my parents had been the only adults I had really taken an interest in, or known at all well; and gradually it has begun to dawn on me that perhaps others consider me just as stupid—though I still find that very difficult to swallow.

All this makes no difference to the fact that I fully intend to make a far better father than ever my father was. Yet I notice with dismay that I have found myself unconsciously possessing, and even praising, characteristics and whims which I had previously criticized very strongly when seen in my father; and just as I found that I could not live up to my own ideas of a prefect, I shall find it difficult to approach the standard set by my parents.

There was one sphere, in which I do not remember ever having any criticism for my parents, and in which their influence was the most penetrating and impressive. Both my parents are loyal followers of Jesus Christ, and I shall always have cause to thank God for the tremendous privilege of being brought up in a truly Christian atmosphere. Religion was never forced at me and I was never pressed into “deciding for Christ,” though the importance of trusting and serving Him was constantly emphasized.

Please turn to page 188.

PERSONALITY

by J. S. Habgood, M.A.

HAVE you ever wondered how it must feel to be a dwarf? Or to have a very long nose, cross-eyes, or no hair? Are you very fat or very thin? Do you stammer or blush or fall over your feet? Have you any peculiarities which make you want to hide from other people, or any features which make you stand out for miles in a crowd? Or are you perfectly normal, and perhaps even a little dull? For whatever your appearance may be, I think you will admit that it is in some way linked with your personality—with what you yourself are like. You may be fat and jolly, or lean and serious; your face may be mean, honest, animated, or vacant. You may be muscular and full of animal spirits, or weedy and scholastic. You probably tend to fit people into types, and in doing so you judge just as much by their physical make-up as by their behaviour; it is not by accident that all spivs look alike, and that small bird-like men tend to be hen-pecked by their wives.

Now all this is sufficiently obvious. You don't have to know very much about human nature to realize that there is a superficial relationship between our bodies and the way we think; but there is more to it than that, as I hope to show in what follows.

From time to time there are stories of women who turn into men, and *vice versa*. This may sound incredible, but I assure you it happens. And the significant fact is that as well as a change in their bodies there is also a complete change of personality; instead of having an interest in clothes and babies and running the house, they turn to cars and golf and *The Times* Crossword. The typical woman has an entirely different mental outlook from the typical man; she tends to rely on instincts and feelings—she *knows* when little Willie is ill—whereas the man is much more likely to reason the thing out logically. Yet this revolution in the way a person thinks may have taken place by a mere change in some of the chemical substances circulating in the blood.

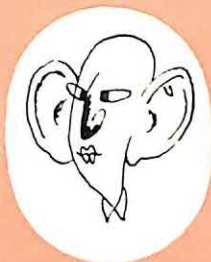
A much more familiar example has probably occurred in your own home. "How like his father!" say a crowd of admiring relations, and in saying so they don't mean that you are brown-eyed and bald; they mean that you behave like him as well as look like him. "But he's got his mother's temper," they add, and the dear child throws a brick at them

to prove it! In fact, it seems to be well known that we inherit a good deal of our personality from our parents, though the implications of this are seldom realized. It is comparatively easy to show how things like the colour of our eyes, the shape of our nose, and the length of our ears are derived from them, in just the same way as the colour of our kittens is derived from the colours of our cats. It is even possible to point to minute chemical structures, called genes, inside every cell as the means whereby these characteristics are passed on to us. But can such things as a bad temper or a sweet tooth be given to us in the same way? Scientists think that they can, although as yet there is no conclusive proof; but if sex differences, which in turn depend upon the genes, are responsible for such enormous differences in personality, then it seems reasonable to assume that the scientists are right.

A rather different kind of case can be illustrated by what happened to my next-door neighbour. Forty years ago it was discovered that she was lacking a certain large gland in the neck; she was miserable and lethargic; she always felt cold and ill and was growing fatter and stupider every day. Then her doctor started giving her tablets to replace the gland, and in a very short time she became a normal, energetic, and lively person. If she takes too few tablets, then very soon she is once again lazy and lifeless, whereas if she takes too many she becomes nervous and jumpy. So here also we have an example of personality being directly affected by the state of the body—of being ultimately reduced to chemistry.

But of course that is not the whole story; at least one other important factor is the way we were brought up and the way we live—what is sometimes called our environment.

Have you ever walked through Bermondsey or any other slum, and wondered what you would have been like if you had lived all your life there in one room in a back street? If your father had beaten your mother every night, and you had been taught to steal as a profession? If all your friends were vicious and hardened thugs, and you knew nothing of love, beauty, or holiness? It would make a difference; just as it makes a difference if your parents are divorced or separated and you know nothing of a stable and happy home.



"Have you any peculiarities?"



"Women who turn into men"



"How like his father!"



What would you have been like?



We ARE a bad temper



Riding a stationary bicycle

Thus environment, too, affects our personality, as much as our glands or our genes. Communists say that this is by far the most important factor, so that everyone would automatically be good and happy in the perfect state; an ardent Conservative, on the other hand knows the value of breeding—it's all in the blood, he says.

But where does the Christian come in? If we are to reduce our personalities to a question of chemistry and upbringing, why should we be responsible for our actions? We can change neither our genes nor our past, and if these determine what sort of person we are, then why bother? Our fate is fixed, and we are but spectators watching the play unfold. This at any rate seems a logical deduction from what I have said, and some perfectly sincere people believe it. But let us examine it a little more closely to see whether it is necessarily true.

You may have noticed how in talking about bad-temperedness we say that we *have* a bad temper, not that we *are* a bad temper. We possess it, and sometimes it possesses us, but it is not *us*. In the same way, we have blue eyes, we have feelings, we have a body, or even, we have a personality, but we ourselves are none of these things. There is always that mysterious something called "I" who has them and can stand back and criticize or use them. Now the thing which recognizes and criticizes my personality cannot itself be that personality—it must be something different, something above it and outside it. Or again, though I may have a bad temper, it doesn't necessarily follow that I must be bad-tempered; I can fight it down and choke it; when all the impulses and desires generated by my body and my upbringing come rushing into my mind, I can still say "No." My personality, then, is not I; it is the raw material I have to work with. It may be good or bad material, difficult to work with or easy, but the important thing is not what it is like, but what I do with it; it is the old story of the talents all over again.

It is well known in science, for example, how someone in a beautifully equipped laboratory glittering with chromium plate and festooned with knobs and dials may produce no useful work at all; whereas many of the important discoveries in atomic physics were made by a man who had to ride a stationary bicycle in his room because he couldn't afford an electric motor! Good apparatus is certainly a help, but it is the man behind it who really matters, and the same is true of our talents. However unpromising they may

appear to be at the moment, however bad our raw material, there is no limit to what we may become; for we should not be fatalistic about our personalities and imagine that nothing can be done to change them; just as the good scientist will use his ingenuity to equip himself better, even so can we allow God to remould us. A bad temper which is never used will eventually decay like a muscle which has no exercise.

We see then that although we may be enormously dependent upon our bodily make-up, nevertheless we are not, as some materialists claim, mere machines with no free-will of our own; all the evidence we have considered concerns what we have to choose from, not why we choose it.

Now this conclusion has a very practical application; it shows that we should be very careful before we criticize or judge other people, for we don't know what kind of personality they may have to contend with—how bad their material may be. A safe working rule is to assign all evil which we recognize in ourselves to our own free choice, and all evil which we see in others to their bad raw material. Nor is this as unfair as it sounds, for if we see evil in our own lives and recognize it as such, then we must have chosen it even though we may have disliked it; the proper thing to do under those circumstances is to repent. But what we see in others may be the result of some habit or defect whose consequences they have never realized; the evil they do recognize they tend to keep hidden, just as we do; the proper approach to them is, if necessary, to tell them their faults in love, but certainly not to condemn. "Judge not," because only God knows them fully.

But perhaps the most disturbing consequence of it all arises when we try to apply this principle too literally to ourselves. It is very likely that those of us who read this article have been surrounded by love and care all our lives. Might it not be, then, that our charming personalities, our wise and tolerant natures, result from having good raw material, rather than from anything we ourselves have done? The servant with the ten talents doubtless felt that he was rich, but the talents had been given to him—he had not earned them. He had no cause to feel proud, but rather should have been humbled because his responsibility was the greater. Even so let us humbly thank God for the privileges He has given us, remembering that "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required."

(Reprinted, by permission, from *The Pilgrim News Letter*.)

Family Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

THE home-coming from hospital was fun. The two older children were waiting with excited faces in the doorway, and advanced on me and the new baby (whom Robin calls the *You* Baby) with cries of delighted welcome. Ingrid, our charming German helper, came from the kitchen with a beaming face. I gave her the baby to hold while I went in search of Bundle. Having been away for nearly two weeks from this smallest member of my family, I didn't want to follow up this desertion by appearing at once with a tiny baby in my arms. Bundle was sitting in her high-chair and looked as if she wasn't quite sure who I was for a moment. I said, "Hullo, Bundle, it's Mummy"—and suddenly her little face shone, she put both fat hands on my arm and looked towards her father as if to say, "Look who's here!" I felt it was indeed good to be home.

For the next two or three days Bundle cried every time I went out of the room, but she soon got used to it—since I always turned up again!—and forgot all about my having been away. During those first few days I did not let her see the new baby at all, and when at last she was introduced to Sue, her first sight of this latest arrival was when Ingrid, not I, was holding the baby. Having decided that Sue was Ingrid's property, she didn't mind a bit when the next day she saw Sue in *my* arms, but watched with enormous interest—and a little apprehension—this mysterious new doll which moved, and even made funny noises. The next step was to touch the new doll, poking it gingerly with one finger and retreating hastily when it squawked. Then, one afternoon, having seen Jane kiss the funny crumpled little face, she bent down and planted a kiss somewhere in Sue's woolly-clad middle, and from then on she seems to have accepted the fact that Sue is not a doll, but a person and a permanent addition to the family circle.

It's Robin, not Bundle, who is showing signs of jealousy. He never seemed the slightest bit jealous of Bundle when *she* was the new baby, and he seems devoted to Sue now. When he hears her demanding a feed he comes to me with a troubled face—"Oh, Mummy, listen, 'You' Baby crying; *poor* 'You' Baby, Mummy." But

since my departure to hospital and return with Sue he has shown many signs of emotional upset and insecurity—bed-wetting, refusing to eat unless I feed him, perpetually climbing on to my knee and pleading, "Love me, Mummy." We all try to treat the little boy with extra understanding and patience (not always easy) and hope the phase will soon pass. Meanwhile school presents difficulties, since he cries all the time to go home and once or twice his teacher has finally sent him home in despair. It's a pity, for he was so very happy there last term. We are thinking of taking him away and trying again next term, or perhaps the term after. We'll see.

Jane continues undisturbed on her way, very much the eldest sister, and the 'You' Baby flourishes and is as content and comfy an infant as Bundle was before her (and still is). I am more than ever an advocate of what they call "Demand Feeding." If Sue is asleep when feeding-time comes, I let her sleep and feed her when she wakes naturally. If on the other hand she wakes early, I feed her as soon as I can. I let her go on as long as she wants; sometimes she quite obviously isn't very hungry, and falls contentedly asleep after only half the scheduled time; at other times she makes up for the shortness of the last meal by demanding a second helping, and then she has it. Oh, and—vexed question, this—if she wakes at night and cries for a night-feed I give it to her. I did this with Bundle until she stopped waking at night; as far as I can remember this was when she was about three months old. The intervals between the 10 p.m. feed officially allowed her by the baby-books and the time when she woke and cried for another feed grew longer and longer, till at last she ceased to need the night-feed and slept through the night of her own accord. I think this will happen with Sue.

Bundle, by the way, now walks everywhere Without Holding On. Indeed, there is no stopping her, and when the afternoon siesta is over and she is let loose from pram or cot, the house echoes with the family's shrieks—"Look out for Bundle"—"Shut the door, or she'll get out in the cold hall"—and there's no peace for anyone till she's safely stowed away again.



Family

VICTORIAN customs of child-rearing come under a lot of criticism these days. Above all, we criticize the custom among the wealthy classes of handing over the children to nurses and letting them lead a completely separate life in nursery quarters.

There was, however, one custom worth looking at: between five and six, the children were brought down to the drawing room to spend an hour with the parents. During that hour the mother devoted herself entirely to the children.

What happens nowadays? If there is a Nanny, she and the children live with the family, and mother occupies herself with housekeeping. As she sees the children most of the day, there seems to be no occasion for "bringing them down" and the custom is dropped. In most households, however, there is no nurse and the children are with their mother all day. The mother looks after them, attends to their needs and sees them all day long. This may be considered advantageous. The children know that mother is the person to whom to run when they are in trouble, and she

knows them really, not only when they are spruced up and at their best behaviour. But, though Mummy is there all day long, she seldom has time to devote herself entirely to the child, unless it is a part of her routine or something unavoidable. She will drop whatever she is doing if the child is hurt, but she will continue stirring the milk while he is talking to her, and give him only half her attention. She will rarely have time to take part in a game.

The routine of a tiny baby includes "mothering time" from five till six. This is dropped when the baby turns into a toddler who is with mother all day long anyway. But is this wise? A small American girl accused her mother of "never having time for her."

"But, darling," replied the surprised mother, "I am with you all day long!"

"Oh, you do things for me or see that I do them, but you never have time to play or listen to me."

And that is true. It is true for toddlers and for school-children who come running home eager to relate their adventures—only to find Mummy listening without attention as her mind is already on preparing tea for them. Would it not be advisable to introduce definite playtime with the children? We may call it mothering time, but how much better to make it "family time" and include the father!

For that reason—and other ones, like the fact that between five and six mother is liable to be occupied with younger children or be preparing an evening meal for her husband—a slightly later time than the traditional five to six is preferable. In our household with children aged seven and eight, it is six-thirty till seven-thirty. By this time the evening meal is over, and both parents can devote themselves to the children till their bedtime at half past seven.

There is an additional advantage of "family time." Nearly every child wants occasionally the individual attention of an adult. I know a seven-year-old boy who visits me daily after school. His school finishes an hour earlier than my son's, and the child spends this hour with me, departing when my children return. He does not go away because he dislikes them—on the contrary, he seeks their company every week-end—but because



-Time

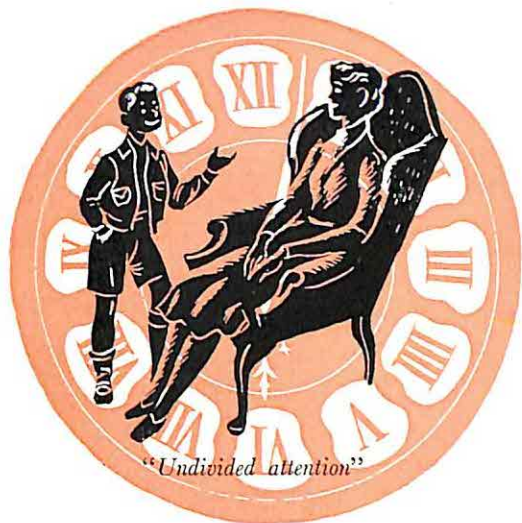
by Gina Watson

his mother insists that he goes home after school. Yet he disobeys this order in spite of punishment to spend an hour with me when *I am alone*. At home there are two smaller children and Mummy is busy. He comes to get my undivided attention. But during family time one parent can give individual attention to the child who seems to require it while the other parent plays with the rest.

For a small toddler with a younger baby in the house the time would have to be earlier, as mother is liable to be occupied by baby between five and six, and a later period may interfere with bedtime. Four to five may be the best time. But it is most important for a toddler, who is so often jealous of the baby who seems to need *all* Mummy's time. Now he has some of Mummy's time all to himself. Make the time dependent on baby's timetable, be it his afternoon sleep or any other time, but have a definite time for the toddler only.

With the toddler Mummy can tell stories (and listen to his !), help to build castles or participate in playing "house." The choice of occupation is up to the child. With young school-children games like snakes and ladders, ludo, draughts, or more mobile games like table tennis, lend themselves best to family occupation. Differences in capacity and ability to play can be easily overcome by a system of "handicaps." Thus we play table tennis with one child given 15 (out of 21 !) points handicap, the other getting only 10 and giving 5 when he plays with his smaller brother. But of course it is not always games. Sometimes Mummy is asked to enlighten them on some subject, mechanical queries like "explain what makes a jet go" being delegated to Daddy. Similarly it is Daddy who helps with woodwork. Sometimes we read, or do crosswords, or simply listen to the recital of the day.

There is a pleasant feeling of completeness in the family life during that time. The children learn parental interest in their activities, while the parents learn to appreciate their companionship, a feeling difficult to achieve if you are coping with housework at the same time as answering the child's endless queries. Mother gains much on the arrangement, as the child who knows that by the end of the day she will have a definite



time to deal with his requests will be much more reasonable about accepting her "Not just now; I will help you later, darling;" and will not pester an occupied mother. The father also learns to appreciate the child, and the child to appreciate the father. In so many homes a tired father comes home to submerge himself behind the evening paper, to answer half-heartedly constant queries, and be irritated by interruptions. He would not feel irritated if he knew he could read the paper in peace after the children are in bed, but that this hour belongs to the children. Everything has to wait. If parents intend to go out or visitors are invited, both the time of departure and arrival of friends must be scheduled after the family time. Washing up can wait, and so can the darning.

In our pre-occupation with children's well-being we do a lot for them, but forget to set aside the time to enjoy them and to let them enjoy our company. A child changes and develops day by day: let's set aside the time to capture every stage !



DISTRACTED

CAN YOU HELP?

A Competition

experience which makes such service attractive.

The Fighting Four

What Can Distracted Parents Do?

To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph
Sir—I was very interested in your recent leader about crime beginning in the home.

When we were married in the 1930's it was the fashion to have no children, or only one or two. We wanted a family, and we had four, much to the amusement of our friends.

They may be still very amused, for all we have achieved are four fighting, quarrelling children who loathe each other, despise us, and never stop fighting. We have a comfortable home, we love each other, and we want to love our children, but they make it impossible.

We have tried to steer a middle course between being too strict or too indulgent, and we have failed miserably. Our children go to church and Sunday school of their own accord. They also go to "good" schools. But they fight all the way there and all the way back. We are ashamed to take them anywhere.

Of our friends who have children, some say they are "perfect." Others admit that they lie on the floor and kick and scream if thwarted in the slightest way.

We have had such dreadful holidays with our children that we are resolved never to take them away together again. They remind one of Mr. Churchill's speech, for they fight on the beaches, they fight in the hills, and they fight in the streets.

Where have we failed? What is the remedy? How many more parents will admit that their children exist only to destroy the home mentally and physically? We only know that, had we the choice over again, our solution would be "no children."

My husband and I take the utmost care of the children and do not neglect them. But we are completely disillusioned.

Yours faithfully,

A DISTRACTED PARENT.
South-East London.

DEFENCE PSYCHOLOGY

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SOME couples get divorced, and some children become known as "juvenile delinquents." These make the headlines. But there are many others who never achieve this notoriety, who nevertheless struggle on in hopeless unhappiness feeling bound to one another by chains of painful duty rather than rewarding love.

The letter quoted from *The Daily Telegraph* in the opposite column is an extreme example of this. "The children despise us. . . ." "We want to love our children, but they make it impossible. . . ." "We have failed miserably. . . ." "We are ashamed. . . ." "How many more parents will admit that their children exist only to destroy the home mentally and physically. . . ." "We are completely disillusioned. . . ." "Had we the choice over again, our solution would be 'no children'."

Many will find this all very extreme. But many more will be conscious of a fellow-feeling when they read the concluding questions—"Where have we failed? What is the remedy?"

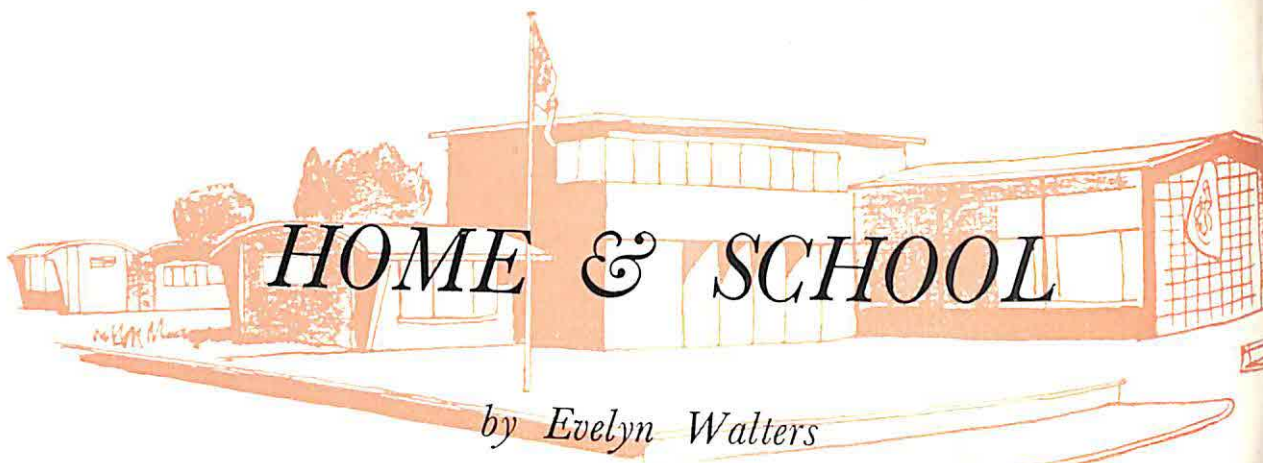
It was because we knew of the difficulties and frequent failures that we began the series of anonymous articles, "My Parents," so that we might have the opportunity of seeing parental behaviour through the eyes of sons and daughters now grown to maturity. But more definite, detailed, and practical help is necessary. What would you say to these distracted parents?

First and second prizes of books to the value of 12s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. are offered for the best letters on this matter. They should not exceed 250 words, though an entry will not necessarily be disqualified if it is slightly longer. All entries should have a postmark not later than May 10, 1953.



“STORY THERAPY”

Once a week “Uncle Story-Teller” walks into Bristol Children’s Hospital, sits down, and tells the children fairy tales and other stories. Nurses and doctors tiptoe past as the children lean forward on their pillows so as not to miss a word. A doctor says, “I think his part in making children well again is probably bigger than we care to admit.”



HOME & SCHOOL

by Evelyn Walters

IDEALLY there should be great friendliness and sympathy between home and school.

A little boy aged six was waiting at the gate of his home for his father's return from business. At last he heard the well-known tread. He ran to meet him and thrust a school exercise book into his hand.

"Daddy, Daddy, look! Something so inciting."

"Hello, old chap," answered his father. "What's so exciting, then?"

"My Sum Book! It's finished. I did it at my school."

"I say! Let's have a look at it . . . Why, John, it's splendid. All right and all tidy . . . I see you can do addition sums and take away—"

"And multiplication."

"So you can. I *am* pleased. Let's go and show Mummy." They went into the house together.

John had the inestimable advantage of parents who realized the importance of co-operation with his school. They had taken trouble before he went to find a school with which they were in sympathy.

The question is also to be looked at the other way round: the school should sympathize with the child in its home life, in its pleasures and joys as well as its troubles. Many teachers of young children have found it wise to let the children tell any "news" to each other and the teacher before lessons start; and how often, if the news is not about the child himself, it is about his home or his parents. "My tooth came out," or "I've got a new engine," or "My daddy's got a new car," or "My mummy's gone away." These are a little child's items of news.

Because going to school for the first time is an important milestone in a child's life, Susan's parents had prepared her for it by talking about it and by taking her to visit the school she was soon to enter. She saw the little blue tables and chairs, the flowers and pictures, the cupboards full of toys and bricks and other occupations. She saw the happy, active children. And so when the time came she was able to take this first step over the threshold of home willingly and confidently.

Much of this successful, happy start must be attributed not only to her parents' understanding and forethought, but to her teacher's friendly interest in the home she had left for the first time by herself.

Susan had just finished painting a picture of a house. She had made the last brush-stroke and her face was alight with pleasure.

"What a nice house, Susan!" said her teacher.

"My home," said Susan, "I live there, and my Mummy and Daddy live there, too."

"Does anyone else live there?"

"Well, yes. Jan. That's my puppy. There he is, look! And Buffin the kitten. And all my dolls."

"It is nice. I'd like to come and see it one day, and Jan and Buffin."

But Caroline was not at first as fortunate in her experience of school as were John and Susan. Her parents were dissatisfied with her school and with her progress. It was a school where activity methods were practised, but Caroline was eight and could not read; she was shaky in the multiplication tables, and her writing was illegible. Caroline's mother put little faith in their assurance that the three "Rs" had an important place in the time-table. "Then why doesn't Caroline get on?" she said to her husband.

Caroline's parents were suspicious of the methods used and her backwardness in the formal subjects seemed to them proof that they were right. They even said so before Caroline.

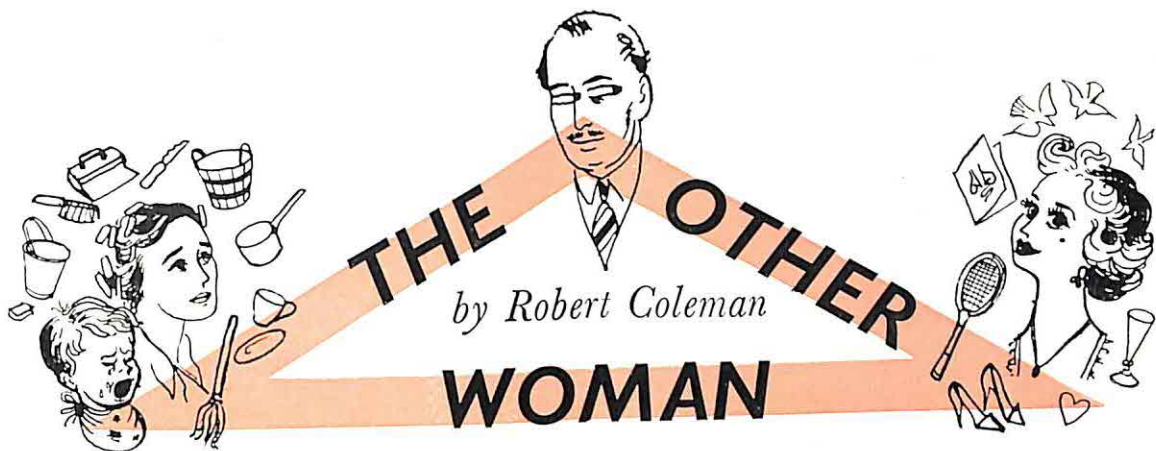
"I'm sure I don't know what they teach you at school," exclaimed her mother. "Did you do any work today or only go for a nature walk?"

Caroline had the feeling that her mother thought she was wasting her time, although she herself had at first been extremely interested in all they did at school. But now a conflict was set up in her mind. She wanted to be right in the eyes of her teacher; she wanted to share in all the life and interests of the class; but most of all she needed to win the approbation of her parents. She began to say she hated lessons, and became more and more a difficult, backward, disobedient and lazy little girl.

When she began to walk in her sleep and to wake screaming in the night, it was suggested to her parents that she would do better in a school whose methods they could support.

She was sent to an equally good but more formal school, where she soon began to show interest, to make progress, and to behave in such a way that her mother could say of her, "Caroline is a different child—so good and obedient, and getting on so well with her lessons . . . and so happy!"

It is probably more important for a child to know there is sympathy between home and school than to be taught on the latest methods.



LIKE polio, cancer, or kidnapping, the problem of the "other woman" could never come to our home, we feel.

But what if it has? As the Americans put it, "A guy is a guy wherever he may be"; and if something has gone wrong in the home then the husband begins to look about.

His secretary, the wife of a friend, that pretty little thing in shorts at the tennis club, they all seem to understand him so much better than his wife. When he is with other women he seems to expand, like a flower opening in the sun!

Let us suppose the worst. There is another woman, and the wife suspects that her husband is seeing a great deal more of her than he should. What shall she do?

There are a number of courses open to her. Which shall she take? Here they are:

1. *To ignore the whole thing*

If this method is to be a success much will depend upon the man's character.

Most men, especially at spring-time, feel a yearning not only to love but to be loved. It was this which won him his wife in the first place. Now that he is married, and consequently sees his wife day and night, the yearning may be directed towards some charming little creature who gives him a sugar smile on the Underground, and nestles, kitten-like, beneath his strap-hanging arm. (The rush hour is hardly her fault.) Her hair, so far as he is concerned, is never in curlers, and there are no screaming children to distract his thoughts.

A man of strong character and conscience, a man with a lively faith in God, will, given time, come to his senses and realize that such feelings will pass. Thus, for his wife to ignore his rather peculiar behaviour is all to the good.

If, however, he is a man of weak character, no particular spiritual faith, and more than usually susceptible to the other sex, then to ignore the whole thing is asking for trouble. It gives him a free hand to go right ahead. Very often he does.

2. *To speak out plainly*

There are those who declare that really plain speaking between husband and wife will clear the air, and can do no harm.

Much depends upon the character of the two partners. If plain speaking develops into a quarrel, then it would be better not to say anything.

It may, however, cause the husband to think, and realize that his wife is not insensible to his feelings for her. Between Christians, plain speaking is perfectly correct so long as the most tactful moment is chosen and the words salted with love.

3. *To go and see the other woman*

Does it help to go and seek out the other woman and tell her exactly what she is doing? Should any wife take this course of action, and tell her rival that she is breaking up a home and ruining more than three lives?

This would always be the most drastic action, and a desperate last resort. The other woman has nothing to lose, and is more likely to adopt a scornful, condescending attitude. The wife finds herself either begging for what is already hers by right, or hitting out with words at an enemy who remains aggressively silent.

There is a fourth and to my mind the most practical way. We will call it

4. *The Analysis and Action Method*

This way applies both to those who make no profession of Christianity and also to those who do.

It is for the wife to analyse for herself why things are working out as they are. Why does he seem so restless? Why is her husband always making excuses to be out of the house?

Could it be that the home is lacking in some way? Is it untidy or uncomfortable? Or is it, conversely, too tidy and too comfortable? Could she herself be in the wrong? What about the sex relationship? What about the children? Is she too wrapped up in them? Has she ceased to have any time for her husband? If she is a Christian, could it be that she commenced to have a Quiet Time with God each day and has now dropped the habit?

It has happened that wives by being so active in church work have forgotten that there is a duty at home to their husbands.

A course of self-analysis will reveal remarkable

Please turn to page 188.



A DOCTOR'S DIARY

by a Lady Doctor in General
Practice

EIGHTEEN, twenty, twenty-two, twenty-four . . . that's the one. I stopped the car and got out. Some children were playing in the garden of number twenty-four. They stared at me as I walked in at the gate, and as I chatted with them they told me their Mummy was poorly in bed. I told them I was the doctor and I'd come to make Mummy better. Then I went in to see Mummy.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wright. You've a couple of fine kiddies, haven't you? Now, what's the matter with you today?"

"I don't feel at all well, Doctor. I haven't been at my best for some time. But it's really these lumps in my neck that are worrying me."

"Let's have a look at them, then . . . Yes, they are nasty lumps, aren't they? How long have you had them?"

"I first noticed them a few months ago, but I didn't bother much about them. I have been losing weight, too, and I am always tired out. Now I think I'm feverish and I don't feel up to much at all."

"I think we had better let a consultant have a look at you, Mrs. Wright. I'm not very happy about those glands in your neck. You may have to have one of them cut out, so that it can be examined to find out exactly what the trouble is. I'll arrange it all for you."

"Thank you, Doctor. Is it serious?"

"I can't say yet, but I want to have a second opinion. It may not be anything much, but if it is, the sooner we get to know the better."

A few weeks later I was going through the morning's post, and amongst the hospital reports there was one on Mrs. Wright's gland. It was, as I

had feared, Hodgkin's Disease, a rare, but incurable condition. I asked the husband to come to see me.

"I'm afraid I've got bad news for you, Mr. Wright. I've just got the report back on that gland which the surgeon cut out of your wife's neck. Unfortunately, it confirms my suspicion that your wife has Hodgkin's Disease."

"Whatever is that, Doctor?"

"It's a rare disease, but the trouble is we can't cure it completely. We can cure it for the time being, but sooner or later it reappears. The patient may live for five or even ten years, but rarely any longer."

"Oh Doctor, how awful—and with the kiddies so young, too! I don't know how we shall be able to face life, knowing she is going to die like that."

"I knew a Christian doctor once who developed Hodgkin's Disease. He was always cheerful, and he was a grand witness for His Lord and Master when he was in hospital. Some of the nurses were greatly influenced by his wonderful faith. The last time I saw him he was very happy with his wife and little boy. It was a real inspiration to spend an hour or so in his company. He was not afraid of life or death, for he knew that neither could separate him from the love of Christ his Saviour."

"I wish I had a faith like that, Doctor; but this is a terrible shock to me. Thank you for being frank with me, though: I do at least know where I stand."

The next time I went to see Mrs. Wright the children were playing in the garden again. It made me feel very sad and helpless to think that their Mummy would be ill on and off for a few years, and then they would be without a Mummy at all. Mrs. Wright was feeling a bit better and much brighter in herself. Her mother was there and she asked me into the dining room afterwards.

"What's the matter with my daughter? How long will she be ill?"

"She may get better quite soon, but she is always likely to have fresh attacks, and the outlook is not at all good. We haven't a real cure for this condition yet. Some people live five years, some as much as ten, but rarely any longer."

She burst into tears and rushed upstairs to tell her daughter she was going to die. This sudden outburst greatly surprised me. Fortunately the husband came home just then.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Wright. I seem to have completely upset your mother-in-law. She asked me what was the matter with Mrs. Wright and I told her just what I told you."

"That's all right, Doctor: I'm afraid she's like that. I wish she wouldn't upset the wife. You see, the surgeon told us it wasn't very serious and that she'd soon be all right again. So this has come as rather a shock to her."

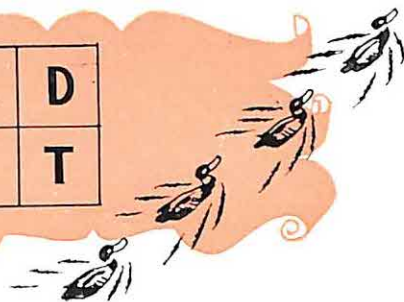
I felt the surgeon had rather let me down. Why tell her she was going to get better when he knew she wouldn't? Why raise the family's hopes like that? Surely it was better that they should know the truth?

A few days later I was informed that the family had left my list of patients. They didn't like being told the truth, they couldn't face up to it.

Please turn to page 188.



T	H	E		H	E	R	D
I	N	S	T	I	N	C	T



by Sam Bate

CHILDREN are not ruled today so much by parents or teachers, by parsons or policemen, as by themselves collectively. Most children are affectionate to their parents, like the policeman, and are respectful to the parson and the teacher. They have no great objection to obedience to anyone who is over them, so long as obedience does not bring them into conflict with an omnipresent, omniscient, collective Being known as "The Others."

They will brave punishments from parents, and threats from teachers; they will go to any extremity rather than be singled out by "The Others" as different. That is the unforgivable sin. The child's eleventh commandment is, "Thou shalt not be different."

It is amazing that any child grows up to be an individual, but it does explain why the great majority of people live by "What will the neighbours think?" It does explain why the majority of men wear dark clothes, and why women slavishly follow fashion. They dare not do anything of which "The Others" would disapprove.

In childhood it works out something like the following true story.

I had been spending the week-end with my sister and, because the school where my ten-year-old niece attended was on my way to the station, I offered to walk to school with her. We walked along, chatting quite normally, until I suddenly realized that June was talking for talking's sake; that, for some reason, she was on edge.

We reached the bottom of one street, and June pointed to her right—"That is your nearest way to the station, Uncle!" I agreed, but pointed out that gentlemen always see their ladies to their destinations. Her "Oh, thanks," rang rather insincerely in my ears.

At the school gate I bent to kiss her goodbye, and was rather perturbed by the look of sheer fear in her eyes, and the way she scooted through the gate like a bullet.

The explanation came from my sister, when I mentioned the matter to her.

"You kissed her at the school gate? Even I have never dared to do that!"

"But why not?" I asked.

"Because if any of the other girls had seen the kiss it would have been weeks before June would have lived it down."

So I was introduced to the mob rule of children. Their actions and entire lives are ruled by "The Others," and their dicta are much more important than those of parents. If a child disobeys its parents there is some sort of punishment meted out, but it is never a punishment beyond a child's strength. The punishment of the mob is always beyond a child's strength, because it is ridicule or ostracism.

If, for instance, you prefer your little girl's hair long when "The Others" wear it short, then you assert your parental authority at the expense of your child's peace of mind and happiness for many weeks to come.

If "The Others" decide to wear summer frocks on the first warm day in spring, then your little girl will risk pneumonia, thrashings, anything—so long as she is not the odd one out.

At one school "The Others" began to ridicule the idea of attending Sunday school. Attendances dropped from a three-figure total to a mere handful. The vicar went to see the parents, but they could do nothing. If they ordered their children to go to Sunday school there were tears and even hysterics and the entire peace of Sunday afternoon was shattered. Then, quite suddenly, "The Others" had a change of mind. It became fashionable to attend Sunday school, and those who played truant had to deal with "The Others" on Monday morning!

Few children even want to stand up against "The Others." To do that would mean being an individual, and few children want to be that. The less they stand out, and the more they are in the crowd, the better they like it.

One rector told me that he had been trying to persuade his small daughter to read *Peter Pan*. She refused, even in the seclusion of her own home, because "the other girls don't read that kind of story, Daddy."

The same rector asked his daughter to take some books he had promised to lend to her teacher. He had to wrap them up first "in case the other girls think I read that sort of book."

* * * * *

Perhaps other parents can furnish similar examples, and tell us how they have dealt with the situation.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN URGENT FAMILY PROBLEM

The Editor, *HOMES & PARENTS*

DEAR SIR,

We wonder if it would be possible to put this urgent family problem to your readers for their advice and help.

Our third boy was a normal baby up to the age of ten months, when he had a serious illness, the exact nature of which has never been closely determined, but which involved inflammation of the brain. For months he was desperately ill, and only devoted nursing and unremitting care pulled him through. For some years he was very sickly, and physical development was very retarded. When he started school it became very clear that mental development had also been affected by his illness. After various attempts it was found to be impossible to fit him into normal school life, and for some time now he has been having private tuition for a short period each day. He has made some progress, even being able to do simple sums, but although he is now nearly eleven it is still a great struggle to write or read even simple sentences.

He is not dull and lifeless, but rather the reverse: quick and alert, but also most excitable and restless; he is observant and has a good memory, but seriously lacks control and concentration. He makes friends easily and has a sunny personality when at his best; but it is like a bright summer's day that suddenly darkens with a thunderstorm. A slight disappointment or difficulty changes his outlook in a moment from brightness to gloom; smiles give way to tears; happiness becomes despair.

Expert medical and psychiatric advice has been sought, and the opinion is that the early illness resulted in damage to the brain that cannot be repaired. The behaviour problem, due to his lack of mental control, is becoming more acute, and as he approaches adolescence more serious difficulties are likely to arise. In view of this we are now advised to get him into a suitable insti-

tution where he can be given the special attention he will need. It will have to be a State institution, for three more children and limited means prevent any other possibility.

We have been hoping against hope that something could be done to bring our boy to the point where he could become a useful member of society, in however humble a position; but it seems now that this cannot be. Our hearts are torn on the one hand at the prospect of sending him out from the loving care of a Christian home to become one of a crowd in a mental hospital. But, on the other hand, it is suggested that he may be happier amongst others similarly handicapped. He has been the subject of very much prayer all his days, and it seems to us often that only by a miracle has he been spared to grow from a weakly baby to a sturdy lad. But how useless is bodily without mental strength! Ought we to have expected a miracle also in his mental state as in the case of those healed by our Lord? Is it lack of faith on our part that would now give up hope and let him go? Or should we continue to seek some other way of relieving that tension within him that makes him so erratic and unstable? Have we really come to the point where we must resign him into the care of those who deal with the permanently sick in mind, remembering that he is ever in the care of a loving Heavenly Father Who knows and understands all our weaknesses?

Here is a problem as acute as any which parents are called upon to face. What have others done in similar circumstances? Their experience may help us in our great quandary; and possibly our problem may help other parents to thank God, as we do, for those of our children who are healthy both in mind and body, and to have prayerful understanding and sympathy for those who are not.

Yours most sincerely,
PARENTS.

THE OTHER SIDE

DEAR EDITOR,

I have read with interest the many articles in *Homes and Parents*, and have agreed with most of them. I think I am right when I say that the articles on dealing with the behaviour of children suggest that no matter how a child misbehaves, whether it is a slight digression from the straight and narrow path or a more heinous crime, the remedy lies with the parents, who must find out why the crime was committed, and reason with the child. Then, everything would work out according to plan, and gradually a beautiful

family would emerge of whom one might be proud! But that does not always work.

Many parents treat their children as you suggest, indeed I think it is the right way, but, alas!—many of them do not respond as is suggested. My mother used to say that parents who cared less for their children were frequently the recipients of greater affection from them, and it often appears so. Sane upbringing of children calls for supernatural patience, especially on the part of the mother; and, being human, why

Please turn to page 188.



Feeding the Family

by Mildred Gordon, B.Sc.

FLESH, FOWL, AND FINE FRESH HERRINGS

CONTINUING our efforts to reduce costs a little, let us think about breakfasts again. Bacon has become very expensive, and the ration only lasts three or four days, so other foods have to be cooked if a good meal is given as a start to the day. Sausages can usually be obtained—these vary very much, so try different kinds until you find one you really like. These will cost over 2s. 6d. for a family of four.

Smoked cod or haddock will cost about 2s. Use 1s. worth of cooked fish and mashed potatoes; shape into cakes, coat with flour, and fry in shallow fat.

Fried herring roes—the soft ones are excellent food value, and not as popular as they deserve to be.

Comparing these prices with bacon, I was surprised to find that bacon still makes the cheapest meal. The price of the different cuts varies quite considerably, but it is worth trying some of the cheaper cuts—such as collar.

If possible, buy your ration twice weekly, so that it is quite fresh. This is important during hot weather.

FOWL

Butchers have been selling jointed fowls lately. These were 3s. 6d. a pound, while steak was 3s. 4d. One pound of chicken stewed with vegetables and dumplings made a very tasty dinner, which was a complete change.

Please do not overcook dumplings: 10 minutes without fat (as in Norfolk), 15 minutes with suet in them, covered by a tight-fitting lid—and no peeping!

Fish can be divided into two groups: (1) Oily, such as herrings, mackerel and salmon. (2) White fish, such as cod, haddock, plaice, etc.

The first group has much more nourishment in it, due to the high percentage of fat.

HERRINGS

Herrings are available most of the year and are cheap. The drawback is the bones. Fillet herrings as follows:

(1) Break, or cut off, head and remove guts and roes.

(2) Remove scales by rubbing the fingers from tail to head under running water.

(3) Split open the fish down the belly, and, with the thumb, ease the flesh away from the backbone. Pull backbone from other half of fish.

(4) Wash and leave open and flat.

Fried Herring: Dip filleted fish in flour or fine oatmeal.

Fry in a little shallow fat which has been heated until a faint blue smoke rises. Put coated fish in, open side down first. Turn and fry skin side until golden brown.

Stuffed Herring: Place layer of thyme stuffing along fish and roll or fold in half.

Place in pyrex dish with browned breadcrumbs sprinkled on top and dotted with dripping or other fat. Bake for 15 minutes in hot oven.

Soused Herring: Roll fillets and place in saucepan or casserole. Add a sliced onion, salt and pepper, and cover with half vinegar and half water. Cook for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and leave to cool in vinegar and water, as this will help to soften the bones.

Serve on lettuce leaves or with a mixed salad—a good supper or luncheon dish, which can be prepared in advance.

Served hot—with a parsley or mustard sauce—it can be used as a main meal course.

Filleted white fish such as cod or haddock can also be soured and is excellent during the summer with a crisp salad, or mashed with salad cream or mayonnaise, as a sandwich filling.

Stuffed Tomatoes: Scoop out the inside of tomatoes after cutting off a lid. Fill with mashed soured herring mixed with mayonnaise. Serve on a bed of watercress or lettuce.

Tomatoes can be stuffed with any oddments available, such as grated cheese, minced meat, chopped luncheon meat, etc. These will go further if the tomato pulp is mixed with the stuffing.

THE OTHER SIDE *(Continued from page 136)*

should all this be expected of her? A mother who gives of her best to her family is not immune from feeling despondent, hurt, or the hundred and one feelings which are the lot of those who do not succeed in their objective, nor is she endowed with any secret means of overcoming these feelings. Many seem to think that on attaining motherhood one receives some special extra part to their nature called "Mother Love," which acts as a sort of chloroform to deaden the feeling of any hurt which may come along, or which enables one to take everything in one's stride! While I agree with your principles, still I would like to see the other side dealt with. As far as I see it, this would be for the child, having been shown the right way, to stop and think what his duty to parents is, and to think what effect his behaviour would have on the parent.

Having gone to such lengths over that, dare I presume on your patience a little further? Yes, I feel I must, because I wonder if others share my views on the matter of "Only Children." So much has been said on the disadvantage of such, not only in *Homes and Parents*, but quite

generally, that I would be loth to allow my daughter, who is an only child, to read some of the articles, lest she should begin to pity herself as a much abused person! Are not all those who are the oldest of families in many instances just only children? Perhaps that sounds stupid to you, but, starting in higher circles the oldest falls heir to Benjamin's portion every time, and no matter what home you can think of it is impossible for a mother to treat all children alike; and since most people are agreed that there is something about a first child which is different from all others, then that one holds a distinct position in the home and affection. I myself am one of three, and cannot say I am any better fitted to live in a community than an only child, and many only children are far more sweet-tempered than children in large or medium families. My memories of childhood are not any more pleasant and perhaps, in cases, less pleasant than those of an only child.

Yours sincerely,
LOUISE M. ROBERTSON.

THE OTHER WOMAN

(Continued from page 183)

things. No one is pretending that the husband is perfect, but men are queer, unpredictable creatures and, after all, this article is about "The Other Woman." It is the wife's problem this time, not the husband's.

Having set out in some way to explore these avenues along which the husband is trying to escape, then should come action.

Many Christian wives feel embarrassed at any suggestion that they should make themselves more attractive to their husbands. No wonder that the other woman with no such inhibitions is so successful.

Action is clearly called for in personal appearance, and possibly in home conversation. Nothing is so wearing to a husband than to have a wife who is continually criticizing everyone and everything.

Possibly there are none of the fruits of true Christianity in the home, and this is what the husband has been subconsciously missing. It may be that there has been too much profession and precious little practice.

The best answer then is the positive one. The wife has everything in her favour. She is the one her husband loved in the first place, and hers is the home to which he is still coming.

Before it is too late let her see that she is really attractive, loving, sympathetic, understanding, Christ-like: in fact, all that her husband is searching for in . . . the other woman.

A DOCTOR'S DIARY

(Continued from page 184)

I thought sadly of all the people in the world today who try to escape from life and truth, because they can't face it. So many people make a habit of flocking to football matches, cinemas, pubs, and dance halls, to enjoy superficial emotions and keep themselves occupied in trivial things, because they dare not have time on their hands to think, since thinking of deeper things makes them afraid.

Then I remembered One who said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me" (John 14. 6).

Yes, it was the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, Who was the Truth and the Life, that Mrs. Wright and her mother were afraid to face. Yet if only she could realize it, He is also the Way to her heavenly Father.

ALL PARENTS *(Continued from page 124)*

though I was not allowed to do certain things which I should much have liked to do, I rarely questioned such action if it grew from their Christian conviction, even though I often failed to see the reason why. To a large extent I still accept their code of behaviour, not because of them, but because of similar convictions which have become my own. It was perfectly obvious that Christ was all-important in the lives of my parents and thus He was put first in the home. The natural consequence of life in such an atmosphere was to learn to love and to trust the same Lord Whom they served. Now, as I know they pray for me, and I, too, think of them, this spiritual fellowship between us strengthens and deepens the natural bond that unites us.

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

HAPPY AND GLORIOUS

WE are within a few weeks of the Coronation. Is it by design or accident that we are reading this month of the accession of a very young king over Judah? Josiah was only eight years old when he came to the throne, and he reigned thirty-one years. The Bible record gives considerable space to two things in that long and splendid reign. We must draw our own conclusions. "Josiah did that which was right in the sight of the Lord . . . and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." That is emphasized more than once (2 Chron. 34. 3). And in his reign the nation became once more "the people of a Book." (Read the stirring account of what happened after the recovery of the law of the Lord—2 Kings 23. 1-3.)

Following the supreme moment when the St. Edward's Crown is placed on our Sovereign's head, the Archbishop will hand to her a copy of

the Bible with these words: "Our gracious Queen: we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal law; these are the lively Oracles of God." May we not stand, as it were, with our Queen in this, as the people of Judah stood with Josiah, and resolve, with God's help, that this royal law shall govern our individual and national life?

"Here," said another Queen, as she handed a copy of the Bible to an African prince, "here is the secret of England's greatness." About the turn of the century it was said that "for three centuries this Book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history. By the study of no other book can children be so humanized."

"Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord," is the divine comment—Psalm 33. 12.

THE HOME LIFE OF CHRIST

I have been wondering when James, the Lord's brother, first came to believe in Christ. He had not always been His Servant (James 1. 1), "for neither did His brethren believe in Him" (John 7. 5). Did he begin to think more seriously of our Lord's claims when he heard people say: "From whence hath this man these things?" and, "What wisdom is this which is given unto Him?" (Mark 6. 2). Then perhaps it was through the testimony of his mother to the Resurrection that his unbelief finally gave way. James had a special interview with the risen Lord, and it does seem that He appeared to believers to confirm faith, not to unbelievers to create faith. However that may be, it is interesting to find that one writer asks this question: Was James describing his divine Brother's home life when he wrote verse 17 of chapter 3?

"The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

Wisdom was a great word among the Jews. Their wisdom literature dealt with the observa-

tion of human nature and the problems which it presents. And so when James speaks of wisdom, "he means a true understanding of human life—a living insight into Christian duty: it is the art of Christian conduct." There was a time when James was blind to all these things—He could company with Jesus of Nazareth yet fail to see, through the veil of flesh, the Glory of the Son of God. But that is all past now, and his message to us who wrestle with the doubts and problems of our age is a comforting one "... and it shall be given him" (James 1. 5).

Encouraged by such a generous and trustworthy promise, I feel that more of this wisdom ought to characterize my home. What a difference it would make! "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars" (Proverbs 9. 1), and practical James would have us quite clear as to their construction and design.

"First pure." This suggests a shrinking from anything that defiles: a delicate sensibility to anything doubtful. The very opposite to that disposition which gets as near as possible to the

dividing line. "Then peaceable." Not aggressive. Newman once wrote to Dr. Pusey, "You have discharged your olive branch from a catapult!" I have seen that done more than once, haven't you? "Gentle"—a sweet reasonableness.

How is that pillar taking the stresses and strains? It may have to take them suddenly and unexpectedly. And so on. Let us look to our pillars. I have found already that mine are in sad need of repair.

ARE YOU IN LOVE?

*Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.*

These lovely words of Keble's hymn have been singing themselves over in my mind as I sat with the little book of Amos, and read again the remarkable words of warning, condemnation, judgment, and entreaty that made up his message to Israel.

Amos was a shepherd, and, in the season, a fruit picker (Amos 7. 14-15). We should never have chosen Amos to deliver a message to any nation—but then we, in our superficial way, think only about faces or brains, while God studies hearts (1 Samuel 16. 7; Isaiah 55. 8 and 9). Amos might have roughened and stained hands, but his heart was sensitive to the voice of God. He might have sheep for company, but he walked with God as well—and can two walk together except they be agreed? (Amos 3. 3.)

Amos reminds me that whether God can use me or not depends not on my powers of speech, not on any natural gift, but on my being humble enough for Him to do what He sees I need, and on His unhindered indwelling. The way is open for me as it was for this herdsman of Tekoa. I,

too, may cultivate a friendship with God in the office, at the sink, as I sit with a pile of mending, and when the time comes He may give me work to do for Him.

These prophets took their work seriously. Often they spoke of their message as "a burden," and a message of impending judgment caused them so much sorrow that they called them "lamentations." (A stern rebuke for our easy-going, half-hearted service.)

Amos was prophesying to a people who were living in luxury, and who knew no restraint in their pleasures. Repeatedly he urges them to seek the Lord and to seek good. The two are always inseparably linked if only we would prove it. "Hate the evil and love the good." That probes deeper. There are things all about us which are likely to inflame the passions of our fellow men and women; things which are taking the edge off their spiritual appetite. We are getting too used to them. "Hate the evil," urges the prophet. What I read, what I do when I have a free evening, what I turn to when I am alone—these show where my affections are: what I love and what I really hate.

"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world," said our Lord, "but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR MAY*

1 Kings								
1	...	18. 1-16	11	...	22. 15-28	17	...	2. 1-13
2	...	18. 17-29	12	...	22. 29-40	18	...	2. 14-26
3	...	18. 30-46				19	...	3. 1-18
4	...	19. 1-8				20	...	4. 1-17
5	...	19. 9-21				21	...	5. 1-9
6	...	20. 1-14				22	...	5. 10-20
7	...	20. 15-30						
8	...	20. 31-43						
9	...	21. 1-19						
10	...	22. 1-14						
Psalms								
11	...	23. 1-6				25	...	3. 9-12
12	...	24. 1-10				26	...	Amos 3. 1-11
13	...					27	...	5. 1-15
14	...					28	...	9. 1-15
James								
15	...	1. 1-15						
16	...	1. 16-27						
Joel								
23	...	2. 1-14				29	...	1. 1-17
24	...	2. 21-32				30	...	1. 18-31
						31	...	2. 1-16
1 Corinthians								

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

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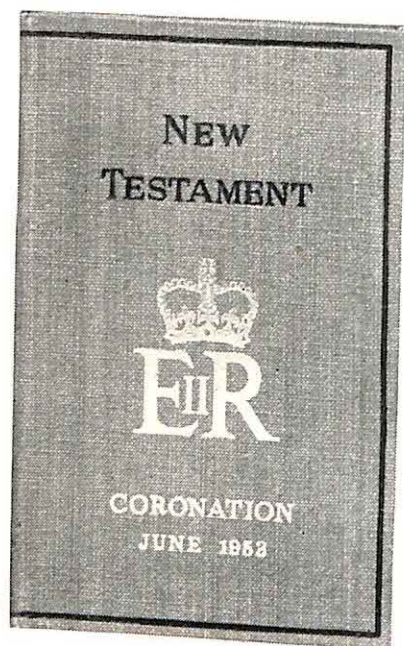
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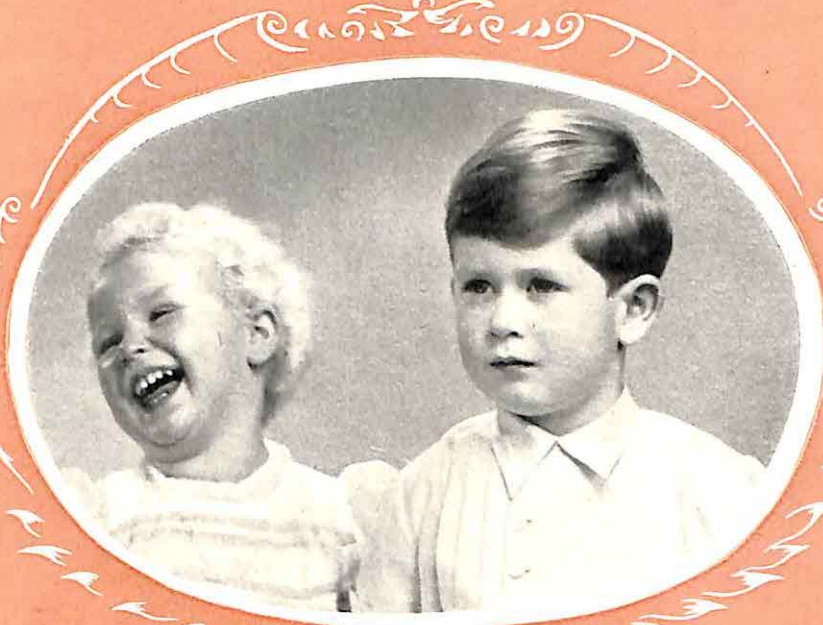
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A Prayer for the Queen

"At my Coronation . . . I shall dedicate myself anew to your service. I shall do so in the presence of a great congregation . . . while millions outside Westminster Abbey will hear the promises and the prayers being offered up, and see much of the ancient ceremony . . . You will be keeping it as a holiday; but I want to ask you all . . . to pray for me on that day—to pray that God may give me wisdom and strength to carry out the solemn promises I shall be making, and that I may faithfully serve Him and you all the days of my life."

From The Queen's Christmas Day Broadcast.

Photo. by Dorothy Wilding.

OUR PRAYERS

by Carol Hunt

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let
Thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or
goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,

I WONDER how many readers of *Homes and Parents* were impressed by the article entitled "Family Prayers" which appeared in the May issue of last year? I read and re-read it with great interest, for it appears that in the early part of this century it was the normal custom for the head of the family to gather his household around him after breakfast, bring forth the revered family Bible, and in solemn tones read from it a portion chosen for that day. Following this the assembled company would drop on their knees, and then would follow some long and carefully thought-out prayers which covered the immediate needs of the day, and possibly any other matters of family or national importance, finishing up with the Lord's Prayer. Woe betide any younger members of the gathering who so much as dared to wriggle or titter during this awe-inspiring daily ceremony!

We may smile as we read these words, for the custom sounds dull and uninspiring, and calculated to turn the hearers away from real spiritual life, but we would do well to realise that much of the worth of the early upbringing of our forbears was based upon this daily training of hearing the Bible read aloud from early youth, so that its truths became interwoven with the everyday happenings of life, and their minds were soaked with the inspiring words of the immortal writers of the Bible.

I have sometimes questioned a company of young mothers to find out how many of them were brought up in the atmosphere of daily family prayers. Sad to say, the percentage has always been a small one; but the sadder fact remains that to-day the number of those who were brought up on these lines do not carry on the practice among their own growing families, so that I fear the "Family Altar" will completely fade out by the time the present generation of children marry and have families of their own, and England will have been carried further in the swiftly increasing drift towards Paganism, unless we do something about it.

For our own part, after nineteen years with a growing-up family of five children around us, although many a time we have encountered fierce opposition and every known device of circumstance to try and turn us from this course, we have felt the sustaining and guiding Hand of our God upon us, as in this respect we have sought very feebly to put Him and His Word in the foreground of our family life, and to

lift the family on to a higher level of thinking and planning at the outset of the day.

Our family prayers usually occupy five to seven minutes, and as our children grow older, so each in turn comes naturally to take his or her share in choosing and reading the Bible passage, while another selects a short prayer or two from one or other of the simple and excellent books of prayers published by many firms to-day, or when it is felt appropriate someone will start singing the verse of a hymn or chorus as the occasion demands. Sometimes the children take it entirely themselves, even the little five-year-old repeating one of his well-loved prayers or choruses.

To the many casual visitors who join in our family prayers there must be something natural and wholesome for them as they hear God's Word read aloud by children, and I know of several who have been caused to think seriously on spiritual matters by being confronted by those who seek divine guidance on their daily path in this way.

I felt definitely guided to read the article to which I have referred in *Homes and Parents* to a small circle of young mothers who had gathered in our lounge one evening for prayer and discussion on the subject of how we can make our family lives more of a witness for God. One young mother present seemed especially impressed by the article. Hers had been a very pagan home before she faced up to God's challenge in her own life and accepted Him as her Saviour and Lord. Her home relationships with her husband and two children had not been happy, and she saw the need of something definite that would weld them all together into spiritual harmony, so she told me that she felt she should start the habit of family prayers as a beginning for their new way of life together.

Very nervously and with much trepidation did she launch her new scheme the following morning at the breakfast table with her two children before they started for school, and her joy knew no bounds when she found that they eagerly fell in with her plan, the seven-year-old choosing some favourite Bible verses to read, and the four-year-old repeating the Lord's Prayer. Even her husband, who up to that time had refused to discuss the matter of her changed spiritual outlook, consented to remain in the room and take part silently in this simple act of worship, so she felt that the effort which had cost her so much was amply rewarded, and as far as I know it is continued daily

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer
Both for themselves and those who call
them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God.

TENNYSON.

THEIR

PRAYERS

by Mary Shrimpton

up to the present time. Who knows to what extent the blessing will reach in that home and neighbourhood? The new slogan which is reaching us from America surely strikes at the root of the matter when it affirms that "The family that prays together stays together."

May I then be allowed to recommend with all my heart that parents of to-day who treasure the Bible as God's Guide Book for themselves and their families will follow this example, and prove the truth of that inspired promise, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." I trust that some who read this article will share their experience with us on this important subject, and through the medium of *Homes and Parents* encourage other readers to lift high the lamp of the Word of God into its rightful place, as it is that Word alone which can exalt a Nation.



Their Prayers

"GOODNIGHT, Son, hurry into bed, and don't forget your prayers." The door slammed, the ten-year-old thumped heavily up the stairs, and his mother relaxed in her armchair by the fire.

"Now for a nice cosy chat," she said, so we sat and talked as mothers love to do; about our homes, our problems, and especially our children. The room was pleasant, the fire was cheerful, and we were enjoying ourselves, while the boy upstairs was forgotten.

The same evening as I stood looking on the sleeping faces of my own two boys, I thought of the other lad. Had he remembered to say his prayers, I wondered, or was he so used to the familiar words that they conveyed nothing to him? I felt ashamed. I had been guilty of the same remark or one of a similar nature. How many other mothers, tired after a busy day, with a stack of mending to do when the children are safely in bed, had said the same thing to their offspring? Friends seem to "drop in" at the children's bedtime, and politeness on my part in not wanting them to feel that they had called at an inconvenient time gave me

an excuse to say this sort of thing. The boys are sent off to bed and I entertain the visitor.

Many a mother will stand over a child to make sure that he has washed behind his ears, but at night the same mother shuts the bedroom door, calling out, "Don't forget to say your prayers."

I believe in teaching children bodily cleanliness. My boys often complain bitterly over washing, especially on a cold winter morning.

"I bathed last night before getting into bed. Surely I can't get dirty during the night!" says my nine-and-a-half.

"A good wash will freshen you up," I reply as I stand over my victim.

Surely spiritual wholeness is more important than bodily cleanliness! I have yet to find the boy who revels in soap and water, but when in his teens a boy will be as keen as any girl to "wash and brush up."

My six-year-old says a set prayer—a children's hymn—with his own extempore ending. I am often amazed as he expresses his various petitions. Nothing seems to be left out. He talks as naturally to his Heavenly Father as he does to his earthly one, and with a child's faith expects an answer.

Prayer is as vital for a child as for an adult. I myself had always found prayer very necessary in my school life, so I have encouraged my boys to pray at all times, and not to associate prayer with "going to bed".

Train the children to pray and then leave them alone to do it. This does not mean shutting the bedroom door with the nightly—"Don't forget your prayers". Show an interest in their devotions and help them when they have difficulties in expressing themselves, but guard against prying into their prayer secrets.

The other morning my nine-and-a-half was sitting for an examination. It was a very important morning in his life and as he left the house for school I reminded him that he had nothing to worry about but should personally ask Jesus to help him.

"I have already done so," he replied quietly—and I felt reproved.

Family prayers are excellent, especially where the children take an active part, and so also are the unorthodox prayers that ascend to the Lord in Heaven from the lips of our little ones. He Himself was once a child, and it is with a childlike faith that we must enter the Kingdom of Heaven.



is this YOUR PROBLEM?

I would be most interested to know in what ways one might expect a six-year-old to help in the daily chores?

Margaret Forster says—

DEAR MRS. BROWN,

I AM so glad to hear of two future good husbands in the making! I am convinced that men, who as boys were trained to take at least a small share in the household chores, make much better husbands—not just because they are able to take over when their wives are ill or away, but also because they are altogether less selfish as a result of their early training. The sharing of responsibility in a family makes each child more thoughtful for others all through his life, but don't overdo it! I have known people who have looked back to the chores of their childhood with utter loathing, remembering precious Saturday mornings when they were kept in until all the brass and silver had been cleaned.

Incidentally, silver and brass cleaning is a job which generally appeals to children, and if your house has a porch and front door with brass fittings, here is a daily chore which would probably be quite a pleasure to your six-year-old. It is only a few minutes' work, but it would be just one job less for you to do. I think shoe-cleaning is a difficult job for a six-year-old to do satisfactorily. The job could be shared, with the child putting on the polish, and perhaps giving the final polish with a duster after either you or your husband have done the "donkey work".

I like to have help with the washing-up more than anything else, and my own boy used to enjoy "drying", especially the silver, before he was six; and now, at eight, he is a thoroughly reliable helper. With patient coaching, he should soon be able to lay the table without supervision, and his little brother will probably acquire this accomplishment by watching him do this thrice-daily task.

The shelling of peas and beans, and the picking and preparing of fruit, are jobs which children

usually enjoy, although, of course, they are only summer occupations. Both children could help with this, as also with the filling of the jars during fruit-bottling.

I think all children should be taught from a very early age to fold their pyjamas and strip their beds, as well as to hang up and put away other garments. It so soon becomes automatic if the habit is begun early enough, but is so difficult to teach later on. It is a very good idea to ask everyone in the house to wipe the wash-basin out after use and dry and rub up the taps, thus keeping the bathroom clean and tidy all day instead of only for ten minutes!

I hesitate to suggest any too strict *daily* chores for a three-year-old, but most of those I have mentioned he can at least attempt. So much depends on the child's individual development. The important thing at this age is to train him to be tidy so that he will not *make* work for you in the years to come. He could perhaps be *O.C.* *Milk*, bringing in and depositing the full bottles and leaving the old ones on the step.

Whilst I do agree that children should take their share of chores, I also think that as far as possible mothers should try to see to it that they are allowed to do mostly the jobs they enjoy. So often one hears of children asking to be allowed to roll pastry or mix cakes and their mothers refusing to let them. This is so frustrating for a child, and makes him feel that, after all, it isn't worth offering to help. In these days of rationing we mothers naturally fear to see the ingredients wasted, but it is usually possible to let the children help in some way with the cooking even if it is only by emptying the various items on to the scales.

I hope these ideas may be useful to you.
With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET FORSTER.

"WE PLACED OUR CHILD IN AN INSTITUTION"

by Two American Parents

WE placed our child in an institution. To take this action was as extremely difficult for us as for any parent. If we tell this story in an unemotional way it is not because emotion was lacking, but because we feel this problem of what to do with a mentally retarded child must be approached in an objective way.

Our son was born in 1948. How happy we were when the little fellow arrived! He was our fourth child. We prayed for him as we had done for each of the others in turn. Now God had heard our prayer and given us another child.

We noticed that the child had an oriental cast of countenance, but since all new-born babies look a bit odd, we joked about our dear 'little Jap'. When our son was ten days old, with singing hearts we took him home, much to the rejoicing of his sister and brothers. A few days later he seemed to have taken a very bad cold. We had been very careful and when the cold did not respond to home treatment we rushed him back to the hospital. Here he was kept for over a week. He seemed to make very slow progress. It was a trying time for his parents.

A few days before his release from the hospital, the doctor called us into his office. In very careful words he told us that our son was a retarded child. Because of this condition he would be very susceptible to every kind of disease and infection. The doctor suggested that the child be put in an institution. He explained this would be best for the child and best for his sister and brothers. Because the doctor tried to break this news so gently, he succeeded only in arousing our resentment.

"What kind of silly talk is this?" we thought. "So the child is a bit retarded. He'll catch up in time. After all, children develop at different rates. What nonsense to claim a child is mentally handicapped just because he gets pneumonia and has a hard time throwing it off." So ran our thoughts, though we did not express them in that way.

The doctor went on to say, in effect, "As parents you are going to react in the normal way. You are not going to believe me. You will look at this fine-looking boy and you won't believe that anything is incurably wrong. You will be inclined to start shopping from doctor to doctor in

hope of a medical miracle. Don't do it. I could tell you of a family who have a mongoloid child. They have travelled all over to different doctors. They have spent thousands of dollars, but the child is a mongoloid still. Now listen to me. Go to the specialists at the Children's Hospital. They are the best in this part of the country. Let them examine the child. If they agree with me, then accept the verdict."

We readily agreed to go to the Children's Hospital. Here was hope. These men were specialists. They would see there was nothing seriously wrong with our little son. Or if there was something wrong no doubt an operation or some wonder drug would make it right.

We went to the hospital. We shall say nothing of our alternating feeling of anxiety and hope as we sat in the waiting room. At last came the examinations. Five doctors carefully and individually examined the child. They consulted together as gently and considerately as possible. The chief physician explained that our child was a mongoloid. He pointed out the distinguishing and unmistakable evidences. He explained that the child would never get beyond the mental age of six years. The little fellow would be particularly subject to respiratory, circulatory and gastro-intestinal disorders. The doctor told us many more things about this affliction. Then he urged us to put the child in an institution.

"You have a fine state school and I would urge you to visit it," he said in effect. "Keeping this child at home will mean a heavy burden, especially upon the mother—to the neglect and detriment of the other children. It is true that love and affection is needed in dealing with a handicapped child, but you need also a certain impersonality. It is a job that needs fixed hours and time off, which you will not take in the home. You may mean to do all that, but you won't. The care of this helpless child will create tensions which will prevent a normal home life for the family."

He furthermore pointed out that the institution could give the child more scientific care and training than we could hope to. A doctor would be constantly available at the institution to give the child the medical attention he would frequently need.

We went home saddened by this report, but unconvinced that institutional care was the answer. God had given the child to us; handicapped or not, the child was ours and we would care for him. His sister and brothers loved him dearly. There was no reason for him to be placed in an institution.

However, as time went on we began to reconsider our action. What was best for our child, not only at present, but in the future? We thought about some cases of feeble-minded persons we knew.

A feeble-minded boy lived in our town. He was the butt of jokes by his unfeeling companions. He was often in trouble because he followed the mischievous suggestions of those with whom he associated. It was altogether a tragic situation, and yet there was no way to protect him except by isolating him from the boys and girls of the community, and he would have been very unhappy in such a situation.

We were aware of another feeble-minded man of thirty. He spent a great part of his time rolling little pieces of paper together. His parents had kept him at home. His brothers and sister showed him every consideration. He had a sense of security when he was with his parents. But suddenly his father died and the poor fellow was lost. It was pitiful to hear this thirty-year-old man ask, "Where Daddy? When Daddy come back?" He simply could not understand. He still has his mother, but what if she should die? Think of the adjustment he must make. Would it not have been better for him to have been placed in an institution when young?

We heard of other cases. Some involved very serious problems because the parents felt it a disgrace to put the child in an institution. We knew of cases where the parents with noble self-sacrifice made martyrs of themselves. But the question demanding an answer was, "Is the afflicted one better off or happier than he would be in an institution?"

We paid a visit to the state institution. We saw the beautiful nursery, the "little red school house," the athletic field, the various other buildings. We talked to one of the social workers. She explained that small children are placed in the nursery until they are old enough to handle themselves to some extent at least. When they have reached a point where some formal teaching can be given, they take various psychological tests and on the basis of the results are placed in a group of like mentality. They are in a little world of their own among companions who are their equals.

We learned also that a minister of our faith visits the institution regularly and gives spiritual care and instruction to those of his faith and to such others as desire his ministrations.

We discussed this problem with ministers of our faith. We regard our children as gifts of

God, entrusted to our charge to bring up for Him. Would we be false to our trust and shirking our responsibility if we placed our child in an institution? These ministers assured us it would not be a shirking of our responsibility. We were reminded that we also had a responsibility to our other children. One minister said in effect, "If your child had tuberculosis or polio, you would not hesitate to place him in an institution for the care of such diseases. Your situation is similar. After all, if it were wrong to place people in such institutions, would it not be equally wrong for Christians to establish institutions for the care of the mentally deficient?"

After weighing the pros and cons and praying over the matter for a period of several months, we decided to take the steps necessary to have the child committed. We appeared before the judge of the county court and a panel of three who were to decide whether the child was to be committed. On the panel were two physicians. These carefully examined the child and questioned us. It was the same verdict. The judge signed the committal papers. He showed us most sympathetic consideration.

We had to wait until there was room in the state institution. Nearly a year went by until we received notification to bring the child within ten days. Failure to do so would mean that his name went to the bottom of the list. Now it seemed as if we had to make the decision all over again. The child had grown more dear to us, if that were possible, through this year of waiting. Could we give him up? As we thought of the separation we shed many tears. The conviction remained, however, that if we left ourselves and our feelings out of the picture, it was surely in the best interest of the child to place him in an institution.

Sorrowfully we made our journey to the institution. We went through the entering formalities with an aching heart. The child was examined by the physician of the institution. We were interviewed by a social worker. It was explained to us that we could visit as often as we wished, and once a year the child could spend two weeks vacation with us. We would be immediately informed of any illness. We could send our son toys and money to be used to purchase treats of ice cream, etc. We agreed to provide his clothing.

The formalities were over. We took our baby to the nursery. Here he was tenderly received and made over by the nurses in charge. We kissed our baby good-bye and sadly returned home. We missed our little son. We still miss him. But as far as we can tell, he is happy and content in his present home. Several years have passed, and as we think it all over we are still convinced we did what was best for our baby when we placed him in an institution. — *Reproduced by kind permission from "The Christian Parent," U.S.A.*

First aid for little minds

by Catherine Bell

HONOR KING was an old gypsy who used to go from door to door in County Mayo begging for alms. At Moore Hall where she used regularly to call lived Mr. and Mrs. Moore and their small son, George. This boy was not a pretty child, in fact he was so lacking in good looks that his parents frequently told him he would grow up to marry old Honor King, for nobody else would marry him.

This unkind joke lasted many years, and late in his life George Moore, the novelist, poet, painter and playwright, would look back upon his childhood days, recall his dread of the harmless old gypsy's visits, and would trace his distrust in others and his own lack of self-confidence to this very tale. How easily a young mind can be bruised! How difficult to eradicate the resulting scar!

When a young body is hurt, a knee grazed or elbow bumped, there is always a sure remedy. An antiseptic to prevent further complications, a soothing lotion to ease pain, an ointment to assist healing. With the mind, it is so often another matter. Hurt feelings may not sound of much importance, but they can be painful, and complications have been known to arise!

Christopher fell off his tricycle, cutting his knee. First Aid was immediately forthcoming, and every care taken to speed the healing process. A few days later he suffered a particularly nasty bruise to his feelings—but no one paid much attention!

A kindly Auntie took him to see Father Christmas in the Toy Department of a big store. Christopher had made up his mind to ask, very politely, for a toy aeroplane in his Christmas stocking, or else a motor boat for his bath. Father Christmas, however, was in rather a hurry. The store was crowded, his beard was uncomfortable, and the queue of kiddies waiting to whisper their wishes seemed endless.

At the exact moment that Christopher asked for his aeroplane, Father Christmas decided to speed things up. "Hello, sonny! You're a big boy, aren't you? Happy Christmas, and be good. Bye-bye!" And he turned to the next comer.

"He's horrid!" Christopher told his Auntie. "He didn't listen and now he won't know what I want!"

It was only a little incident, but it meant a lot to Christopher. To him, meeting Father Christmas had been a matter of tremendous importance.

Perhaps the kindly Aunt was feeling tired too, perhaps her feet hurt. She brushed the incident aside.

"Never mind! Try and be a better boy next year, no more crayoning on walls, then perhaps Father Christmas will listen to you!"

Wasn't this rubbing salt into the wound? True, there had been a little bother about crayon marks on the staircase wall, but punishment had been meted out, and the offending marks erased. Father Christmas, however, apparently wasn't going to let bygones be bygones!

It would have been a little more thoughtful if a more sympathetic reply had been forthcoming. A suggestion, perhaps, that Father Christmas might be getting just a little tired, so we'll send him a nice letter when we get home.

A child's mind is quick to grasp at a trivial notion that captures the fancy, and the grasp is tenacious. But when a bad impression takes a leech-like hold it shouldn't be pulled haphazardly away, for then a scar is apt to form. A little sympathetic thought will find a way to coax away a fear, smooth out a wrinkle.

It is so easy to laugh at a child's quaint impressions. Tony was afraid of the village blacksmith, convinced that he was a wicked man. Mrs. Blacksmith once invited Tony to come down to the smithy to see a horse being shod. Tony, an animal lover, knew that if you shoot an animal it will die. What he didn't know was that the past tense of the verb *To Shoot* was not *Shod*. A little discreet enquiry might have put him on friendlier terms much earlier, for no child hates, dislikes, or fears without reason, no matter how abstruse that reason might be.

No child will go through life without a quota of bumped shins, bruised knees, cuts and scratches. No little mind will sail serenely through childhood days without a jolt here, a misgiving there. There's usually a first-aid kit handy for a nursery tumble, but no home is complete without a store of tact and discretion to deal with a small troubled mind.



IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF DISCIPLINE?

by Evelyn Walters, N.F.F.

IN reading Bertrand Russell's Reith lectures, *Authority And The Individual*, I was very forcibly struck by the implication that a school is a microcosm of the world. The problems of authority and of government are of first importance even in a junior or primary school, even in a nursery school. The delicate balance necessary to give the individual complete freedom to develop, but a freedom consistent with the rights and safety of society, must be accepted by the child, and when he is old enough, understood by him. Then he will develop happily and vigorously within the group and be able to contribute the gifts of his personality to the group.

One knows the child who under authority exerted wrongfully is either repressed through fear or becomes a rebel.

David, an only child, was three when he was first taken to a nursery school, and something in the strangeness and the numbers of children in the dressing room frightening him; he screamed and struggled and refused to allow his coat to be removed. Miss Barnes, one of the younger teachers, bore down upon him, picked him up, and forcibly took off his shoes and coat. She carried him, still struggling, into the nursery. Miss Barnes was impatient and unsympathetic with his fear, and her action was impulsive and angry. It is true that he presently ceased to scream and sob, and by the end of the morning was happily building a castle, but the next day when his mother brought him and Miss Barnes bent down to help him, he deliberately spat in her face . . .

This question of authority or, if you prefer, the question of freedom for the individual was faced and met in a certain preparatory school in the following way. Running through all children's behaviour, through their grouping and re-grouping themselves about a leader, their competing as well as co-operating with their fellows, there is to be seen a constant thread—the double wish for self-expression and for order. The school in question, noting this, believing that self-expression was provided for in the free nature of the activities of the school, had so far relied upon this to win the order that the school needed. But one day it occurred to the Head that this was in large part an imposed order. The children were not, except by being orderly, having any share in bringing it about.

In consultation with the staff it was decided that each mistress in charge of children of seven and onwards, should talk to her class about the question of discipline, and should suggest that a school Council be formed to help in the government of the school.

Miss Brown was in charge of the older children—

of ten and eleven years. She had just spoken to them of the idea, and they had listened spell bound.

"Now," she said, "if you all help to run the school, you will be partly responsible for its discipline. What is discipline, Jane?"

Jane thought it was using the cane or writing out lines; she had a brother at a school which relied on these punishments.

"But," said Miss Brown, "we don't have that sort of discipline here, so discipline must have other meanings? Although, of course, we have some forms of punishment. Shall we discuss punishment and see whether punishment and discipline are the same thing, as Jane thinks."

"Well," contributed Mary, "if a person is very bad they should be punished."

"But if she's very forgetful, not so much."

"If she breaks rules?" suggested Gillian.

"I think," said Miss Brown, "that we are coming to the point. Gillian says we should be punished if we break rules. Now everything wrong that is done is breaking some rule. It might be a rule made by the Government, called a law; or Nature's . . ."

"Like if you are greedy and eat too much you are sick."

"Exactly! As you say, if a good law is broken, punishment follows. Men try to make good laws and see that they are kept, but sometimes they make bad ones . . ."

"Like in Germany?"

"Yes. And I fear in many other places when the wrong people make them."

"Why do they make bad laws?"

"Perhaps because they are not clever enough or wise enough."

"Or good enough."

"Or they don't bother."

"In England," went on Miss Brown, "we have what is called democracy. That is, as you know, people vote to send men or women to Parliament to make their laws. And now here in this school, we are going to choose people to go to the Council Meetings to tell the Council what we want and to help to run the school and make its laws or rules."

The class had followed closely.

"That's a very fair idea, I think," said Sara.

"Yes," agreed the class. "Jolly good." "Super."

"Then," added Miss Brown, "think carefully—what, would you say, is good discipline?"

There was silence, until Sara said, "I think it's keeping good rules you have helped to make yourself."

"And punishment?" queried Miss Brown.

"Is what happens when you break them."

Family Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

It all began with the Ogo-Pogo, and that was strictly father's doing and a bad mistake. In our last house there was a long narrow passage with an alcove at one end of it. For some time a roll of linoleum, which had been brought from yet another old home and didn't seem to fit into any room—we've got it in the nursery now, after our third move—stood upright, leaning against the wall in this alcove. Jane was tiny then, about the age that Robin is now. When she enquired what the tall round thing was that leant against the wall, father said jokingly that it was an old family friend called the Ogo-Pogo. That was the beginning. Gradually the Ogo-Pogo assembled round himself quite a solid history. Jane knew with the more sensible, grown-up part of her mind that it was just an inanimate piece of floor-covering, but it was much more fun to create fantastic imaginings round the thing and so make it more interesting. So we came to know what the Ogo-Pogo's habits were, how during the day he simply stayed propping up the passage wall, but at night he went off on all kinds of moonlight escapades, and so on.

That was all right; but what did become tiresome was Jane's use of the Ogo-Pogo as her personal dictator. "The Ogo-Pogo says I'm not to eat semolina, it's not good for me." "The Ogo-Pogo says I'm old enough *not* to have a rest after dinner now." And when, suddenly in the middle of the night the whole household was wakened by Jane's voice unexpectedly upraised in song, she maintained it wasn't her singing, but the Ogo-Pogo!

You see what I mean. Tiresome.

Then the Ogo-Pogo's sister came to live with us, too. We never saw her, but Jane said she was smaller than her brother and rather fluffy in texture. She came to meals, and had to have a plate and mug set for her, and didn't like cod liver oil.

As Jane grew older we heard (thankfully) rather less of the two Ogo-Pogos. Other imaginary people came and went. At this moment there are two imaginary children—sisters—called Mary and Philo-

mena, with whom Jane frequently converses in the privacy of her bedroom. But from time to time the Ogo-Pogos do return, even though the original piece of lino now lies extended on the nursery floor and is walked on daily. (Jane seems to have forgotten the origins of her imaginary creature).

For instance, we all went Coronation-minded about Christmas and started collecting labels off cocoa tins so that all the children could have a special Coronation mug each. By dint of drinking cocoa till it practically ran out of our ears we did achieve this object, and I thought, "Thank goodness—now we can drink something else for elevenpence for a change." But now the Ogo-Pogo, I am told, wants a Coronation mug . . . !

One mustn't ever damp a child's ardours. That is one of my strictest maxims as a would-be good mother. But I think I really shall have to start a few ardours of my own. I *must* evolve a way of disposing of the Ogo-Pogo. Or father must; after all, he started the whole thing. But he says he hasn't any ideas, short of killing the Ogo-Pogo off in some dramatic way; and that would upset Jane quite a lot.

It occurs to me the creature could be made to emigrate, sister and all. There's a place called Togoland—why not invent an Ogotogoland for the creatures? We could do some more pretending with Jane and send them off.

Postscript. We tried it. It didn't work. Soon after the (imagined) departure of both Ogo-Pogos, Jane announced at breakfast: "I had a letter from the Ogo-Pogo this morning. He doesn't like it *at all* where he is now. He's coming back quite soon with his family."

"His family?" we echoed in horror.

"Yes, he got married before he left here, and now he's got some children. Quite a lot of children."

I can see we shall *have* to dispose of this legend drastically, after all. Perhaps we could wreck the boat on its homeward journey, and have all the family vanish without trace.

THE QUEEN INVITES YOU



THERE are doubtless many who would give much for an invitation to Buckingham Palace; but the Queen has actually given two invitations which all of us may accept, and which we have been glad to reproduce in this issue.

On the title page is her invitation to pray; to pray that God will give to her the grace and strength of character and purpose which are so obviously necessary, but which can come from no one but God. All goodness comes from God, and to be out of touch with God is to lose both the vision of true goodness and the power to achieve it. "Without Me ye can do nothing," said the Lord Jesus to His disciples; and one of the greatest of them was later to make the splendid response—"I can do all things through Christ Who strengtheneth me." Shall we not all pray often and earnestly that amid all the conflicting pressures which bear upon our young Queen she "may both perceive and know what things she ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord"?

Here is the Queen's second invitation, given out on her 21st birthday:

"I can make my solemn act of dedication with a whole Empire listening. I should like to make that dedication now. It is very simple.

"I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service, and the service of our great imperial family to which we all belong. But I shall not have the strength to carry out this resolution alone unless you join in it with me, as I now invite you to do . . ."

This is the Queen's call not only for prayer but for personal, purposeful effort. It is a well-known saying that a nation gets the government it deserves; but we must not let the familiarity of the words take the edge off the fundamental truth they contain. The Queen cannot effectively lead the people to goodness unless we strive for the same values in our own homes and daily lives, and realise them in such a way as to commend them to others as a way of life.

As parents, neighbours, workmates and colleagues—in all the relationships of life—we can join the Queen in her dedication to God and to the carrying out of His good and perfect and acceptable will.

Let us deserve a good Queen!

"Supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings, should be made on behalf of all men: for kings and rulers in positions of responsibility, so that our common life may be lived in peace and quiet, with a proper sense of God and of our responsibility to Him for what we do with our lives" (1 Timothy 2. 1, Phillips).

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!





A MOTHER WITH A CAMERA

by M. Littledale

THEY PASS SO VERY QUICKLY the children's years of babyhood, their school-days, the happy times when the family are all together. I longed to capture the joy and the magic of it all, not only to live them again when I turned the pages of my album, but also so that I could send photographs to Granny who could come and see the children so very seldom.



I decided to buy a camera and to learn to take my pictures by experimenting. I had had a 5s. box camera at school; but now I bought an old reflex model, not only because I could see what I was taking in its large view-finder, but also because I could watch the focussing there, too. Also its pictures enlarge to a good size, which is important as Granny's eyes are not as sharp as they were—and, anyway, we sometimes like to frame them for ourselves.

I examined my camera carefully before the film was put in. One set of numbers refers to the speed of the shutter: e.g., 1/300th of a second (very fast, which proved necessary for the squirrel which the little girl is tempting to eat from her hand).

A second set of figures controls the opening which admits light to the film: f.22 being very small and f.4.5 quite large. I realised that a very small opening would need a longer time to admit enough light for a picture than would a larger one; but I was interested later on to discover that a pin-point aperture also makes a pin-sharp picture, like this block of flats; while a large aperture makes the subject stand out sharply from a blurred background, as the small girl with the fishing net does.

As I wanted to take pictures of children and animals, which are liable to move fast and unexpectedly, the man in the camera shop advised using ultra-fast film: the one he put in is marked 32, which is the measure of its speed.

I wanted to take photographs whenever the opportunity arose not posed portraits, but spontaneous, natural pictures and I soon found that the sort of weather, the time of day, and so on, changed the light enormously, so that often I could not guess the right exposure. Then my husband gave me a simple photo-electric light-meter for a birthday present and in no time I found it saving not only film but also disappointment. Mine is easy to use. You point its "window" at the shadowed part of your subject, remembering to keep it tilted slightly downwards to avoid skyshine and the meter tells you the exposure you will need.

Till I had had a little experience I was advised to stick to straightforward photographs with the sun more or less behind me. But one soon grows more ambitious, and one day a friend told me that with a "lens hood" one could take pictures similar to this one of the white Alsatian, with the light coming from behind it and picking out its fur. "Against the light," he called it. As a matter of actual fact, a hood is really needed always, every day, as it protects the lens from stray light-beams and reflections.

Lovely photographs can be obtained by silhouetting people against a sunset sky not unlike this one of the girl looking out to sea. But for these, and for those glorious "cotton-wool" clouds in a blue summer sky, you must have a "yellow filter." When using it you have to "double the exposure;" that is, either you allow double the time (perhaps $1/25$ th instead of $1/50$ th of a second) OR you double the size of the aperture (f.5.6 instead of f.8, for instance). You can choose which you do, so if it is a quiet subject you risk the longer time; or, if the background need not be sharp, you open the aperture wider.

As long as the children are interested in what they are doing, you get good pictures quite easily. You can see the pleasure in the face of the little girl feeding the squirrel.

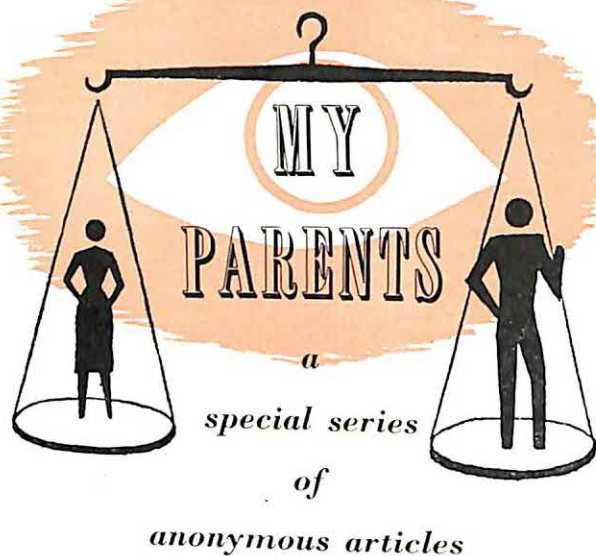
Whether you live in a town or in the depths of the country, you are sure to want a picture of the house. They are not hard to get, but it is inadvisable to stand in the middle of the front path and just snap! Instead, try waiting for the sun to move round a bit. But when I took this block of flats, I wanted to stress the suggestion of "Sunny Italy" that their architect gave them, so I let the sunshine fall full on the white walls while I myself stood under a tree so as to make the dark branches stand out black against the blue of the sky for contrast.

Another thing, try for simplicity! A picture with too much in it is just a muddle. Pick exactly what you need and concentrate on that.

Remember that small "contact" prints by no means do justice to your negatives. I look at my negatives against a light, not just with the naked eye, but through a magnifying glass—mine is plastic and only cost five shillings. Immediately the whole picture comes alive, and if it is unusually good I order a "whole plate, velvet;" and the man makes me a print about $6\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins. with a soft finish that brings out all the tones of black and white and grey. "Half-plate" prints are nice for an album; and little "quarter plates" are very attractive mounted as Christmas and birthday cards.

Great as has been the pleasure we have all had from my photographs, I sometimes think that perhaps when the children are grown we shall delight in them even more, in the years that are yet to come . . .





MY PARENTS

a special series of anonymous articles

I DON'T remember my mother at all until I was about ten. She had no great love for children; she adored my brother, but she had neither expected nor wanted a girl. We had an old-fashioned Nannie who was devoted to us both, and our nursery life was happy enough.

I do remember my father very clearly. He was a busy man, but he was seldom too busy to play with me. I remember standing on tip-toe on the landing outside the nursery door, and pushing a ball over the bannisters. He would catch it from where he stood in the hall, and throw it back to me. I adored my father.

Nannie kept worries out of the nursery, and she always saw fair play. If my mother, as she often did, arranged an expedition that included my brother and left me out, Nannie would think up a special treat for me. I was perfectly happy and never jealous indeed, I much preferred a jaunt with Nannie, in any case. I should have been frightened of my mother.

When I was older I began to realise many things that a child takes for granted, but which seem unusual to the outside world. My mother went her way and my father his. And she had one special friend he worked near our house, and he visited us frequently. He told us to call him "Uncle", but I never felt inclined to do this. I was an undemonstrative child; I could never bring myself to utter the words of affection that came so easily to my brother. My father and I knew that we loved each other without all this fuss.

Then, one day, my mother's friend burst into the nursery. He was in tears a thing, to me, almost incredible. We lived in the North and our upbringing was tough—it was a disgrace for a child to cry unnecessarily—for a grown-up to do so seemed to me scandalous. He told us he had come to say good-bye. He was going abroad.

He had transferred into the Colonial Service and he was on his way to Africa. I never knew the ins and outs of this. My father was the mildest of men.

My mother would never have urged him to go of her own accord. He must himself have felt that their friendship was getting dangerous.

But his new post was in the kind of climate from which you are given leave every year. And now he came to stay with us. I want to be fair about it all. I don't think my father had any cause for divorce. But this other man was certainly attractive, my mother had married young and was very good-looking and by no means disposed to settle down and bring up a family.

Things drifted on. I grew up and began to resent things that had never worried me before. I minded the difference that she made between my brother and me. When you are told in so many words that you will never have anything but a second place and that one boy is worth fifty girls well, it is discouraging to say the least of it.

And my brother did not really like being the peg on which all her hopes for the future seemed to hang. But I hasten to say that I am very fond indeed of my brother, and this I owe entirely to the dear Nannie who brought us up.

Then, as suddenly as a bombshell, my mother's friend died. He was in the early forties—he might have lived for many years, but the climate where he had gone was notoriously unhealthy. He was taken ill and lived only for a few days.

My mother almost went out of her mind. I couldn't help. We were staying in the country and I was on holiday from school. I stayed with her as much as I could, and, in a queer way, she seemed glad of it. I left school soon after this, and hoped that we might achieve some degree of friendship.

But although she talked to me more than she had ever done before, and at last took some notice of me, I soon wished myself in the background again. For she wanted to know everything I did, where I had been, insisted on reading every letter I received and, if she had the chance, those I wrote. I have sometimes torn up and burnt letters in front of her that concerned friends of mine whose affairs were no concern of my mother's. She would rage at me for she had an ungovernable temper. Life was wretched beyond belief. My father had long ago buried himself in his work, and his affection was passive.

Then the 1914-1918 war broke out. I left home and nursed in a Red Cross hospital. Later I had a job in an office. Then I married. My mother never liked my husband and seldom missed an opportunity of saying unkind things about him. But once we were married, she changed round. Then my father was taken ill. His brain was affected, and he was like a small child. He had nurses round the clock. My mother was little use at nursing, but she stayed with him until he died four years later.

I went down when I could. He improved slightly and she was able to manage with less fully-trained helpers. They all had a dreadful time, but they were pathetically easy to replace. The neighbourhood looked on my mother as a devoted wife—an example to everyone.

When my father died it seemed dreadful that neither my brother married himself by now—nor I wanted her anywhere near us. We knew that she would upset our households. We arranged that she

should have a flat on her own, and later she went to live with a friend, which worked pretty well. She adored her grandchildren—the girls rather more than the boys, which was odd. But she wasn't a very welcome visitor—for one thing she had no idea of helping in the house, and little idea how to do it, and between her and me was an invisible wall that I could never surmount. She died after a very short illness in the middle of the flying bombs.

My own relationship with my daughters is so happy that my heart aches to think what my mother missed.

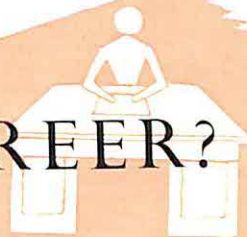
I told her nothing, I went to see her only as a duty. My girls say, "I tell you ALL." I really don't expect to be told literally everything, but it is heart-warming to think that I am in their confidence. I haven't had an unhappy life—except for a short time while I was growing up. God is a Friend; I had always a feeling that when things were at their worst it couldn't last; and I am thankful.

And what I feel for my mother now is pity. Poor unhappy woman, who put all her eggs into one basket and missed the best in life!



HOME

OR



CAREER?

DEAR EDITOR,

After reading Mrs. Randell's article defending mothers who go out to work in your November, 1952, issue, and a comment on the same in the February, 1953, issue, I should like to give just a little of my own experience of a working mother. Married now, and having taught for several years, the problem has often been brought to me through the children, too.

Perhaps my mother's case is unusual, in that she was at the call of the phone, and had to be out at all times, and in her defence I should like to mention that during the pre-war years there was some need for her to work, though later on work became her hobby. Without her early help we children would have done without many material things, but as it is, mother can only say now that "she has lost far more than she has gained."

Mother was conscientious. She tried to do two jobs well, but gradually the house was 'let go,' and there were my school and University years of coming back home to an empty house and no meals. I evoked the night meal nearly every night and mostly did the washing in the weekend. Gradually Dad (who worked at home) carried the burden of floor polishing, *etc.*, and being a 'mother' to us.

Most people can imagine the material disadvantages, but I think that in our case working has been a spiritual tragedy for our family as well.

Mother was never at home to "tell things to," Dad and Mother became worlds apart in mental outlook;

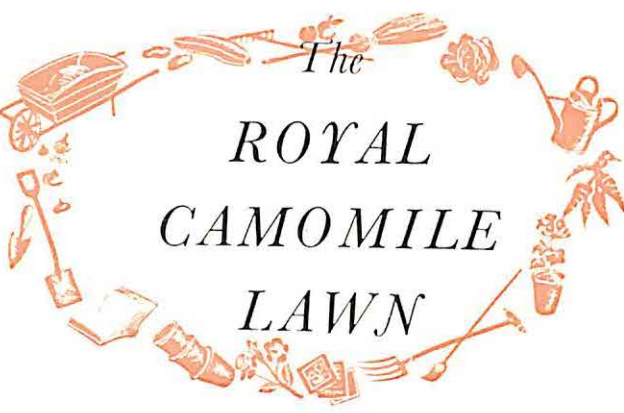
we never knew nights of sitting and relaxing because there were jobs to do; worse still, we neither knew our Mother, nor did she know us. There were the occasions when I would have loved to invite friends home to a meal or to sleep overnight, but time was too short for that. Family picnics were unknown. As we grew up (without God, as we did not know Him) there came a problem which must face nearly every working mother some time or other. As mother saw us growing away from her, and herself becoming ill because of the strain of two jobs (though working had become a habit and, perhaps, an escape by now), the words "so ungrateful after all I've done for you" were often heard, and perhaps this is why it is difficult for her to accept the fact that her children are married. It is tragic, and not all one-sided, but I do think the problem is a common one in a "working mother" family. As the spiritual ties of family life weaken, material gifts and conveniences take their place, a thing which even children realise is a compensation, and which must make a mother very lonely and unhappy.

Perhaps it can be rectified with God's help. May it be so in any family that has this problem!

One other point. In our case, forced retirement from work has been a bitter blow, because there have been no interests outside the job to act as a help during the readjustments to home life.

Yours sincerely,

A CANADIAN READER.



The ROYAL CAMOMILE LAWN

by *W. E. Sherwell-Cooper,*
M.B.E., N.D.H.

(Principal, The Horticultural Training Centre, Thaxted)

EVER since my book, *The Royal Gardeners*, was published, people have been asking me about the Camomile Lawn at Buckingham Palace. It seems that few people have ever heard of such a sward and they want to know whether it's difficult to put down and if it's easy to look after. I get all sorts of other questions, such as, "Why a camomile lawn at all? Is there anything particularly Royal about it?"

No, I can say right away that there's nothing Royal about a camomile lawn except that it is one of the well-known features of the Buckingham Palace grounds, and its great advantage is that it does keep beautifully green even in the dry months of the year. In fact, in the droughty summer of 1949 the lawn at Buckingham Palace was perfect. It seemed that the camomile crept into the Royal lawn during the early part of the reign of King George V, and as he liked it he wouldn't have it disturbed, and so the camomile has spread and spread and spread.

Camomile lawns, of course, are no new discovery. You can find them mentioned in gardening text-books published in 1618. Shakespeare knew much of such lawns, and it was undoubtedly on a lawn made of camomile that Sir Francis Drake played his famous game of bowls before attacking the Armada. Its great advantage is that it will grow on the poorest of soils, and never looks bare or brown. It does very well indeed in the country, and it's a first-class lawn for the town. It will put up with smoky atmospheres better than ordinary grasses.

On the whole it doesn't need mowing as much as grass, and in most cases I find that if you give it one good cut a week in the summer, all is well. In dry weather one cut every 12 days or so is quite enough. It doesn't have to be given appli-

cations of lawn sand or special foods, and once it's growing really well weeds never appear among the plants. For those who have children, it is ideal, for it never seems to wear out. You can play on it and play on it without affecting it. I am told, too, by those who ought to know that it's a healthy lawn and that the fragrance given off by the leaves is valuable. Certainly when such a lawn is freshly cut the garden is wonderfully perfumed.

You can't say that a camomile lawn looks exactly like an ordinary grass lawn. Yet, on the other hand it can't be all that different, because I know lots of people who have been to Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace who've never noticed the lawn at all. They've wandered from the camomile area to the grass section without noticing any difference!

The variety that's used for the lawn is *Anthemis nobilis*. It is really a herb, of course, but has been grown for years for additional purposes. You should always order the seed of the single-flowered kind, for this grows far stronger than the double variety, and spreads very quickly indeed. The leaves are of a beautiful dark green colour, and they are soft and fragrant in water.

Those who are determined to make their own camomile lawns should know that there's no need to dig the ground deeply. This is a plant that will grow on quite shallowly prepared soil. Fork the earth over to a depth, say, of four inches and then tread well or lightly roll to break down all the lumps and produce a fine tilth. Follow this by a light raking and levelling, and repeat these operations to help with the formation of the tilth in which the seed can be sown. You need about 3 lbs. of this special seed to 100 square yards. I always like to prepare the ground and then allow it to lie bare or fallow for about 3 weeks. A good crop of weeds will then appear and these can be hoed down the moment they are seen. It is always a good thing to get rid of these unwelcome visitors before the somewhat expensive camomile seed is sown.

Some people find it convenient to mix the camomile seed with an ordinary grass seed mixture in the proportion of 1 part of camomile to 6 of grass seed. Once the camomile gets going it smothers out the grass and so the latter is only used as a nurse crop. Under such conditions you need 5 lbs seed to 100 square yards. Camomile seed is very fine indeed and it costs to-day £1 an ounce, therefore if you are going to sow it alone you should certainly mix it with about 4 times the quantity of sand, so as to make certain that you put the seeds in thinly.

Another method which I am very fond of advising is the raising of the plants in a seed bed, and then the putting of them out where they are to grow when they are about 3 months old. You

EVEN with eggs off the ration they are expensive, and the genuine sponge using 3 or 4 eggs is out of the question for most of us. I give you an economical recipe which makes a very good substitute for the real thing.

Ingredients: 1 breakfast cup Self-Raising Flour
 1 breakfast cup sugar
 1 egg
 1 level dssp. Golden Raisin powder
 2 ozs. fat
 1 cup milk
 Vanilla

Method: Soften fat and cream with sugar (caster is best). Add egg gradually. Lightly beat in the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Divide into two sandwich tins or use a 9 ins. by 9 ins. square tin (2 ins. deep). Bake in moderate oven for 20-30 minutes (Reg. 6 or 375°-400°F.).

VARIOUS WAYS OF USING SPONGE CAKE

(1) Spread under-layer with jam, jelly or curd. Sprinkle top with caster sugar or place a paper d'oyley on top and sieve icing sugar over it. Remove paper carefully so that design is "stencilled" on cake with sugar.

(2) Cream 2 ozs. margarine with 2 ozs. icing sugar. Add colouring and flavouring to taste and spread on under-layer. Add boiling water by teaspoons to 1 cup of icing sugar until just thin enough to spread over top.

(3) Make chocolate icing, using 1 tablespoon each of cocoa, water, margarine and sugar. Bring to boil slowly, stirring all the time. Spread over top of cake and decorate with silver balls, hundreds and thousands, coloured coconut, or any of the other decorations to be bought in the shops.

(4) Ice the square tin cake with any of the above and cut into 16 squares. Decorate each one as an individual cake with a walnut, coloured ball, etc. For special occasions put each one in a fancy paper case.

(5) Make half the square pink and leave other half natural. Cut each colour into two strips and join with jam to make Russian cake. Surround with mock or real marzipan.

Feeding the Family

by Mildred Gordon, B.Sc.

We all sometimes have cakes which go wrong, or are not eaten and get stale. Try these three recipes to use them up.

BAKEWELL TART

Line a sandwich or flat tin with short pastry. Cover base thinly with red jam. Grate the sponge into crumbs and add 1 oz. margarine melted, 1 oz. sugar, 1 egg (optional), 1 teaspoonful almond essence. Place this mixture on pastry and bake in hot oven (Reg. 7 or 400°) for half-hour.

TRIFLE

Grate or cut up sponge and place in dish. Moisten well with heated fruit juice or flavoured hot milk.

Pour custard over the top and decorate with bananas, strawberries, or any other fruit available. Serve with mock cream or evaporated milk.

JELLY SPONGE

Cut sponge into cubes and place in dish. Pour hot jelly over it and allow to cool overnight. Serve with fruit or custard.

STEAMED PUDDINGS

On any cool day the sponge mixture may be steamed with jam, syrup, dried fruit, etc.

BAKED PUDDINGS

(1) Serve sponge hot with jam and custard.

(2) Put apple or other fruit in bottom of pie dish, sprinkle with sugar. Pour sponge mixture over the top and bake for 1 hour in moderate oven.

THE ROYAL CAMOMILE LAWN (Continued from previous page)

plant them this time 6 inches square, and it isn't long before they spread out. Directly the plants are growing well in the lawn, they can be given a good mowing after a good rolling, and this helps to make them spread even quicker. As regards the seed bed, this should be in a sunny position, the drills should be drawn out 1/2 inch deep and as shallowly as possible and the seeds should be sown very thinly indeed. The whole

idea is to raise the plants rather like you raise cabbage plants in rows, only with the camomile you do want to give every plant enough room to develop, because the seed is so expensive. Remember that once you've established your camomile lawn, the cost will be much lower than ordinary grass. Remember, too, that it's hard wearing, very healthy, cheap in upkeep, and is certainly of historical interest.



A DOCTOR'S DIARY

by a Lady Doctor in General
Practice

"GOOD morning, Miss Wilson. Hasn't it been a glorious day? I found time this afternoon to spend a short while by the river. It was wonderfully peaceful there, with the sun shining on the water and the gulls searching for food in the shallow water near the sandbank. I'm sure *they* don't need doctors to sort out their psychological problems! I wish all my patients knew the truth of that grand hymn, 'If our love were but more simple, we should take Him at His word, and our lives would be all sunshine in the sweetness of our Lord.'"

"Well, I suppose I had better start the surgery queue. Send the first one in please."

"Certainly, Doctor. Miss Thomas, the doctor is ready for you now."

"Good morning. Sit down, will you? What can I do to help you?"

"I hope you won't think I am silly, but I want your advice about getting married."

"What are you worried about—something in your family history, or that of your fiancé, maybe?"

"Oh, no! It's not that—there's nothing to worry about on those grounds, as far as I know. It's just that I am scared stiff of having children, and my fiancé is so keen on having a family."

"And what makes you so afraid?"

"I've heard such dreadful tales about childbirth, and I am such a coward about painful things. I know I ought not to be, because I am a Christian and I do try to trust God."

"I expect the tales you've heard have been very exaggerated—people like to make the most of a really gruesome story! It's always the worst cases that get talked about. If nine people have babies without much trouble and the tenth has 'a bad time,' it's that one which will be gossiped about. In any case, they are probably tales about people whom your mother or your grandmother knew. Things are made much easier now than they were then. We can give you tablets to ease the pain and help you to get some sleep until the actual time that baby is born. Then we can give you a light anaesthetic which helps to relieve the pain without making you unconscious. If you have a really difficult time we can always give you a deeper anaesthetic and bring the baby with instruments."

"Well, that's all very comforting, Doctor, but I'm still worried about my lack of desire to have children. Am I devoid of maternal instinct, or don't I love my fiancé sufficiently?"

"If I were you I should stop looking at yourself and your own failings and fears, and keep looking to Jesus, 'the Author and Finisher of our faith' (Heb. 12. 2). I don't think your lack of desire to have children has anything to do with your maternal instincts or your love for your fiancé. It is entirely due to your fear. I am sure that when you are married and in a home of your own you will want to have children to complete the family circle. When you have your own baby in your arms you will come to love that little one in a way you can never begin to understand until you experience it."

"It's rather like our situation before we begin to trust ourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour and Master. We are often full of fears and forebodings as we step out into the great unknown, and we worry about the things we shall have to give up and the high standard of conduct we shall have to keep up. Yet afterwards we are full of joy and a love for Him, which we can never begin to explain to anyone who does not know Him."

"Yes, that's very true. I begin to understand what you mean, but I'm still afraid of the actual childbirth."

"You know, you ought to trust your Lord and not be afraid. 'Let not your heart be troubled' (John 14. 1) is a command to be obeyed. And remember David's experience, described in Psalm 56. 3-4:

"Whenever I have to face up to doing anything for the first time and I'm feeling nervous about it, I like to think of all the other Christians who have gone through the same experience before. When I think of the Lord Jesus Christ Who lived in them and enabled them to get through that piece of work or service or endure that suffering, I realise that He can also undertake for me, if I will only let Him. He is our Good Shepherd, and He is quite able to look after us. We have only to trust, to lean back and relax, knowing that 'underneath are the everlasting arms' (Deut. 33. 27).

*He giveth more grace as the burdens grow greater;
He sendeth more strength when the labours increase;
To added affliction He addeth more mercy
To multiplied trials His multiplied peace."*

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY

THEY say that "the good is the enemy of the best," and we are continually shouted at by numberless advertisements which try to prove this old saying, until we are weary of superlatives. But what if there is a quality, a grace, a way of living, which exceeds even the superlative—something which is better than the best? Well, Paul says there is, and in matchless and inspired words he lets us into the secret (1 Cor. 12, 31-14, 1). "Set your hearts," he wrote, "on the highest spiritual gifts, but I will show you the highest way of all" (Phillips' translation). "The best gifts . . . a more excellent way." And there follows the incomparable chapter on love. God is Love: therefore love must be the most beautiful and most holy of all things.

Many will agree with Dr. Morgan that to analyse so lovely a passage is like taking a scalpel to a delicate flower with the purpose of dissecting it. But there is this all-important difference—when we have finished our botany lesson we have destroyed the flower, but when the commentators have done their worst (or perhaps we should say their best!), the 13th chapter of Corinthians remains intact, still our own, to be looked into, and prayed over, if by any means we may learn "that all is small save love, for love is all in all."

Verses 1-3 give us the contrast of love. Eloquence, says the apostle, is only "a big noise" without love.

Love is the power that wins men's hearts. Even to be able to unfold the things of God, or to have the faith which achieves the impossible, is nothing without love. To have the conviction of my beliefs to the point of the most commendable self-sacrifice or even martyrdom, is nothing without love. Only love can give the warmth and life which constitute the value of these things.

Then follows the analysis of love. It is as though the Apostle takes the pure light of love and passes it through a prism so that we may see its component colours. How beautiful they are—and yet they have common, everyday names—patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness and sincerity. They enter into every hour of every day—or *do* they?

Lastly, the permanence of love: for ever and for ever love abides—for love is of God (1 John 4, 7).

But to leave it there is to lose all. This way of living, this greatest of all gifts, is not for saints in stained-glass windows, or for admiration at a distance, but to be the unfailing law which governs our life. "Follow after love" (14, 1). And that is no easy-going arm-chair word. It is a strenuous word—and all we can ever know down here of "dedication, consecration, effort, and persistent vigil" are in it. It is not enough to be an admiring onlooker—*follow* after Love.

"... AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING"

I didn't know what to say. She stood at my door in the dusk—the Mother of three lovely children. She told me that the news of her seven-year-old was not good. My two little girls, aged seven and four, were upstairs in bed. Hers was in a hospital ward. What could one say? "Can you," I asked when she had told me all there was to tell, "can you believe that if Pauline is taken, it is for the best?" After a pause—"Yes," she said very softly, "I think I can." We said no more, and in a few days that "if" had become a certainty. Those are the things which turn us again and again to that wonderful passage in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians the 15th chapter—and I think Pauline's Mother must often have anchored her faith there.

"The glory of our Christianity is that it never views life as being complete in this world. It always has its eyes lifted to the morning, and gazes out upon the eternities, recognising that we belong to eternity as well as to time." And in this chapter Paul reminds us that our faith in these eternities rests on historic facts.

Evidently there were men and women in Corinth who were prepared to believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ (indeed it was so well attested by over 514 witnesses they could scarcely not believe), but some doubted whether we should share that resurrection, and Paul discloses what a pall of misery hangs over the life which knows no resurrection from the dead (16-19). "To understand the Resurrection," says Dr. Scroggie, "may be difficult, but not to believe it is disastrous." The Apostle's analogies in verses 36-41 help us to glimpse something of what will take place. A funeral is really a seed-sowing. The worn body is sown in the ground—in dishonour, in weakness, a natural body. It is to be raised in glory, in power, a spiritual body. In this is unspeakable consolation. "A Christian, and only a Christian, can say over an open grave—Thanks! Victory!" (v. 57).

"Behold, I shew you a mystery." That is not to say that here is something incomprehensible, but something which man cannot find out by a process of reasoning. It *has been* one of God's secrets. Now He

(2) Recognition, and reunion, and companionship will be experiences of Heaven. We shall know, and love, and converse with an intimacy impossible to

(3) This Heavenly life will be active, serviceable, occupied in the happy service of God (Rev. 22. 3). We need never mourn over a life "cut short" as we, in our limited thinking, so often say. Our loved ones are "before the Throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." And, if you and I do not pass through death, our first glad moment of recognition and reunion will be as our loved ones are brought again in the retinue of the returning King (1 Thess. 4. 13-18).

Jeremiah was born in the small village of Anathoth, and was very likely intended for the priesthood. He might easily have grown up narrow in outlook, exclusive and fanatical in his religion. But he seems to have cultivated instead a world-wide outlook, a clear grasp of national affairs, and a great vision of the purposes of God for mankind. Judah he saw to be in a perilous position as a buffer-state between Assyria and Egypt, and in a yet more perilous position spiritually. "Jerusalem was never more religious than in the days of its apostasy." But Jeremiah distinguished between religion and a true faith in God which leads to obedience to His will in the life.

And the end? Apparently an utter failure. Treated as a 'quisling' out of his beloved land, and to the last they are saying: "Thou speakest falsely—we will not obey" (43. 2 and 4). But was it really the end? When people heard the Saviour teaching in their streets, when they considered His life of sacrificial service and devotion to their needs, they said: This must be Jeremiah (Matthew 16. 13 and 14). The Lord Jesus reminded them of Jeremiah. What higher praise or greater tribute could be paid to any man?

1 Corinthians			JEREMIAH READINGS FOR JUNE*		
1	3. 1-23	9	11. 17-34	18	15. 50-58
2	4. 1-21	10	12. 1-11	19	16. 1-24
3	8. 1-13	11	12. 12-31		24
4	9. 1-14	12	13. 1-13		25
5	9. 15-27	13	14. 1-20	Jeremiah	26
6	10. 1-15	14	14. 21-40	20	27
7	10. 16-33	15	15. 1-18	21	28
8	11. 1-16	16	15. 19-34	22	29
		17	15. 35-49	23	30
					1. 1-19
					2. 1-13
					7. 1-20
					9. 23-26
					10. 1-13
					15. 10-21
					17. 1-18
					17. 19-27
					18. 1-17
					23. 1-8
					23. 23-32
					24. 1-10
					29. 1-14

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

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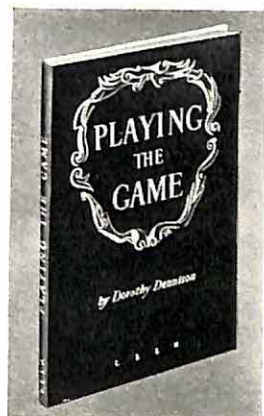
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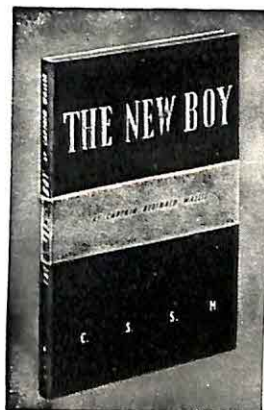


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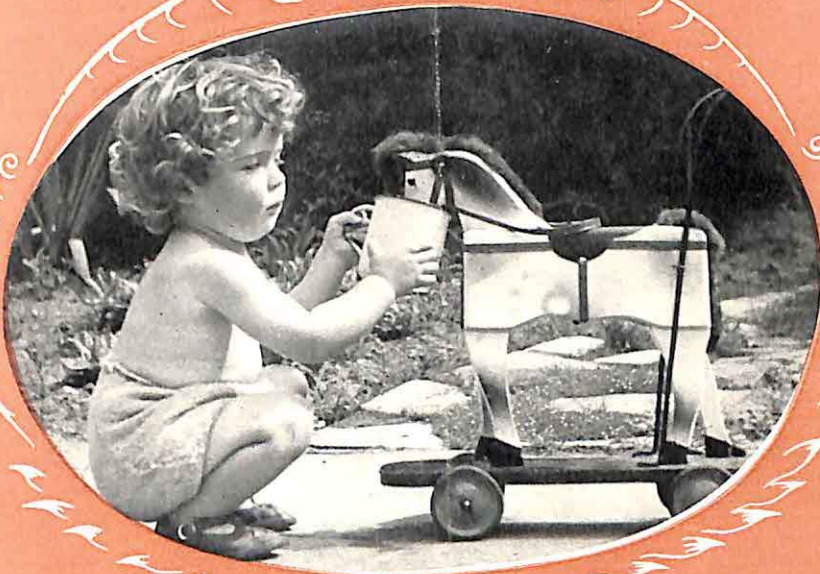
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HOMES



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Mr. and Mrs. Anything

by John Bunyan



'This town of Fair-speech'



'My Lord Turn-about'



'Mr. Facing-both-ways'

CHRISTIAN. This town of Fair-speech, said Christian, I have heard of; and, as I remember, they say it is a wealthy place.

Mr. By-ends. Yes, I will assure you that it is; and I have very many rich kindred there.

Christian. Pray, who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold?

Mr. By-ends. Almost the whole town; and, in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech, from whose ancestors that town first took its name; also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything; and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by my father's side: and, to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality; yet my great-grand-father was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

Christian. Are you a married man?

Mr. By-ends. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman: the daughter of a virtuous woman: she was my Lady Feigning's daughter, therefore she came of a very honourable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of breeding that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. It is true, we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points. First, we never strive against wind and tide. Secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines and the people applaud him.



'Parson Two-tongues'



'A waterman'



'Lady Feigning's daughter'



Family Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

PAGES FROM MY DIARY

Monday. Dear, darling New Baby—two good nights in succession I've had, after two months of broken nights! I really do believe Sue is doing as her sister Bundle did before her, and sleeping through the night of her own accord, after demanding (and getting) night feeds during the first few weeks of her life. What a difference it makes to have *two whole nights* of undisturbed sleep!

The last three weeks have been difficult; both Bundle and Sue with heavy colds (Daddy started the cold and everybody else caught it in turn), Ingrid down with gastric 'flu, and poor Robin worst sufferer of all with post-measles ear trouble. At different times he has complained of ear-ache and the doctor has inspected the ear, saying each time, "I can't see anything wrong." Then one morning he was sent home from his little nursery-school, having been sick; I took his temperature (103°), put him to bed and sent for the doctor. Robin was crying bitterly and rubbing his ears. Soon one ear began to discharge and the pain grew worse. For three weeks poor Robin has been having drops put in his ears every four hours, such a painful procedure that Ingrid or Daddy had to hold him while I put the drops in. Penicillin, M. and B., and all the rest of it have done their job, and he is up and about again, and soon, I hope, will be back at school. Our chief worry was his sudden deafness, but this seems to be going now that the ears are clean of discharge. Poor little Rob, he looks such a pale little ghost. "Of course," says the doctor briskly, "what he needs is a fortnight by the sea." Yes, but who's to take him?

Wednesday. Miss G., who runs the little school to which Robin goes, called to see him to-day with a gift of a new-laid egg from one of her own hens. She let Robin hold the egg in his hand and he promptly dropped it—SPLOSH—on the drawing-room carpet. Really, Miss G. has had Robin at her school for a term and a half; she should know better! "Oh dear," she said, and scooped up bits of egg and put them in the first container that came to hand—a tiny toy lorry of the "Dinky" variety. "Perhaps you'll be able to make some

use of it." Will someone tell me what use I can make of half an egg in a "Dinky" lorry?

Friday. Last Saturday Daddy went for a so-called cross-country run and stumbled into a muddy ditch, returning with most of the mud adhering to his shirt and shorts. They were so muddy that I decided the best thing would be to soak them in soapy water for several hours before attempting to wash them. This I did, then I washed them. Three times I washed them, and still I couldn't get them clean. The white shirt, especially, was absolutely black. In desperation I decided to try a spot of bleach on this shirt—and then in a moment of mental aberration I put the dark-blue shorts into the same water. Result: a moderately clean white shirt, plus a piebald pair of shorts—mottled blue with interesting white patches. What to do now? Daddy is furious.

Saturday. Somebody suggested dyeing the shorts back to their original shade, so I sent Ingrid out for some dark-blue dye and did my best. I followed the instructions minutely. Result: a pair of dark-blue shorts with interesting light blue patches. Daddy says he'll wear them to the next Oxford v. Cambridge Boat Race.

Sunday. Jane returned from Sunday School full of missionary zeal after a talk she'd heard there on foreign missions. She is now demanding pennies from Daddy, Mummy, Ingrid, and every visitor who crosses the threshold—"to help the missionaries." This enthusiasm is wholly to be encouraged; but I think I shall suggest that Jane's pocket-money this week might also be of use to the missionaries.

Monday. Another week gone; Rob went back to school to-day. It was nice to see him looking so much better, and his friends received him with a real welcome. "Here's Robin!" called one of them, "good old Robin, smashing to see you again." Robin went in, the door closed behind him—and there was a loud unidentifiable crash! I waited, but since no howls of woe ensued I set off for home, thinking only—Where Robin is concerned, "smashing" is certainly the word!

"Our Child Was DIFFERENT"

by Two American Parents

SHE came to us in the springtime. Her coming into the world was early, but her brothers had been early babies, too, so I was not greatly concerned. She was tiny and all of her features were in proportion. She reminded one so much of a doll. She seemed to be a calm and relaxed baby, and I recall I remarked to my room-mate at the hospital, "She hardly seems like my baby." I seemed to sense she did not have the vigour her brothers had, but I did not become alarmed.

In time we were to learn that this calm, relaxed little girl of ours is an "unfinished" child. She will always look different, and her mind will always be that of a child. She is what is termed a mongoloid.

The fourth day in the hospital I was holding my baby girl in my arms when the doctor and nurse came to my room and suggested that I do not take my baby home with me when I leave the hospital the next day, as she was weak and needed longer hospital care.

I was stunned and begged the nurses to tell me if there was anything wrong with my baby. They told me it wasn't unusual for a baby under six pounds to stay in the hospital until it was gaining properly.

When she was three weeks old we brought her home. In the meantime we visited the hospital frequently to check on her progress. I recall on one visit she was sleeping with her arms stretched above her head and the nurse said, "That is the sign of a healthy baby."

With individual care at home she grew fast and gained the average one-half pound a week. I knew that her development wasn't as fast as her brothers' had been, but I reasoned she had come a month early and would have to catch up. She developed colic and was a restless baby to care for. This condition blinded us to the fact that she was not as alert as she should have been. At three months of age we had her checked by a pediatrician who assured us that her growth seemed to be normal.

When I definitely decided at eight months of age that she was not progressing as she should, I would go down town to shop and think that after I had been away from her for a while I could recognise her condition. But each time when I came home she looked as sweet as always. I would

look at the texture of her skin and try to tell myself that it was like that of the little boy I had worked with in a class ten years before. But I couldn't admit to myself that there was something wrong with our child.

Finally at ten months of age I told our family doctor we were concerned about her development and he suggested a pediatrician in a neighbouring city to check her.

As she was lying on the examination table I pointed to her brow and told the doctor, "My family have always commented on her eyes, and I can't see anything." With understanding kindness he said, "She is yours." Then I sensed the blindness of the love of parents for their children.

As kindly as he could he told us that our little girl was a mongoloid. He pointed out the characteristics of the type. She had the shallow features, the slanted eyes, the loose joints, soft flesh, fine bones, and a mild heart defect.

I recall my husband asked, "Where do we go from here?" and the doctor answered, "I am glad you asked that. The only thing for you to do is place your child in an institution. It is best to do it by the time she is two years old, so that she can become adjusted to institutional life. Then she can forget her parents and grow up with children of her own kind. Since she will not be capable of living a normal life, it will be best to do it for the sake of her brothers. In time they will be teased because they have a feeble-minded sister."

We were stunned, and in that moment and for days to come we thought we knew something of the agony that Christ had known in Gethsemane, and we, too, prayed, "remove this cup from me." When we had regained our composure my husband remarked, "We will enjoy her while we have her."

The next week seemed more than we could bear. The impulse to withdraw from society was strong, but we knew that for the sake of our boys, life must be kept normal. We longed to shut ourselves up within the confines of our home, for there we felt at peace. The walls of our home felt like a fortress keeping out the gossip and unkindness which we feared would come when people had learned the truth. We dreaded the untruths and the misunderstanding, and so we kept our secret for a short time.

In those early days I longed to go to some isolated area and live with my family; or to some huge city and live hidden away, ignoring all other people around us, and somehow build ourselves a little island away from all people. I even reasoned that if it is so wrong to have normal and abnormal children growing up together in a home, perhaps some relatives should take the boys and we would keep our little girl. Above all this hectic thinking was the thought that the Christ had walked this earth a lonely Man, despised and rejected of men, and yet had continued to move among the peoples of the earth, and showed love and kindness to them. So I, too, would bear my cross and continue as an active member of society.

Throughout the day I would wonder why this thing had happened to us? I would cry out, wasn't it enough that my husband had to go through life handicapped? His left arm was amputated below the elbow as a baby.

I searched in the Bible for the answer as to why these imperfect children come into the world at all. In the ninth chapter of John, Jesus' words, spoken about the blind man, comforted me. The people asked why the man was blind since birth. Was it his sin or his parent's sin?

Jesus answered "... that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

In these words I found peace. I couldn't even pray for a miracle, I just prayed, "Thy will be done." I felt submissive and knew He was "the potter and I am the clay."

There will always be the hurt that she cannot live the normal life of a healthy, alert child. But we are not bitter, and we love other little girls the more for the normal lives they live.

She is very responsive for her type and always has a ready, natural smile for us. She is alert to the world around her. Those things which she is capable of learning she grasps quickly when she is ready to grasp them. At eighteen months she said and waved "bye, bye." She is now a little past two and is taking her first steps.

We have felt that our sons will pattern their attitude toward their little sister after ours. They love her and enjoy her as we do. They realise that she is a slow child and will need special schooling. We have told them that some people are made weak and some are made strong. We feel that accepting this as "one of those things" that happen, will help them to adjust to the situation when they realise she is so different. The hurt they will learn to feel will come from outside our home. We hope that when the taunts do come, they will know it is because people do not understand, since they themselves know it is possible to enjoy such a child.

At first the impulse to hide her was strong. We had also wondered about institutional care. For the sake of our boys and for the sake of our little girl we decided to visit our two state schools and see what institutions were like and what they had to offer these children.

We were quite favourably impressed with the

first school we visited, but we are not living in the area served by this institution.

It was a chilly fall day when we visited the state school serving the area in which we live. We asked to see the building where our little girl would live if we should decide to have her schooled there when she is of school age.

The children were playing outdoors dressed in any type of garment they cared to have on. Some were in long dragging housecoats. Some had taken off their shoes and socks and did not have sense enough to put them on, so were barefooted this chilly day. None of them had on sweaters or coats. One little girl came running to us. Her dress had been ripped half-way down the front and her little bare body showed she wore no undergarments.

The young house mother showed us to the ward where some of the children lived. The odour of sick bodies met us at the door. We saw one of the older girls of the institution come to the door, and in an unkind voice say to the clamouring children who had followed us into the building, "You kids get on outside."

We glanced around the room. Several youngsters were sleeping. One little girl was sleeping on her tummy, her feet were to our side of the room and her little dress was up to her shoulders and the rest of her body was bare. Again no undergarments.

We started through the ward and then I turned to my husband and said, "No! Never! Never!" In each of those children I saw my child growing up in such conditions. All the emotions a mother knows to protect her child welled up within me and I knew that certainly Christ would not want us to put this child of His in such a place as this. Until now I had tried to be an intelligent mother. I had reasoned that it would be better for our child to be with children of her own level of intelligence, and to protect our boys from the teasing that might come to them because they had a mentally retarded little sister.

But in that moment, in that ward, I felt that I would endure a life of hell on earth, take all the abuse society could give rather than see our little doll of a girl subjected to this kind of life. We love her and she loves us, and from us certainly she could learn more and develop further than to be placed with those of no higher, or of lower, intelligence than hers. The least we could do would be to keep her clean, warm, and fed.

At the present time we are looking for a community with day-school facilities for mentally retarded children, and then we will try to move there.

We try to take the days as they come, "one day at a time." In each day we enjoy our little girl for the sweet child she is, and keep constantly occupied with outside interests, that in some small way bring about a better world. At the end of the day we go to bed satisfied, and find ourselves thanking God for this defective child of ours, because she has brought us to a closer walk with Him.—From *"The Christian Parent."*

SHALL WE



ADOPT?

A LETTER . . .

*The Consulting Editor,
Homes and Parents,
Dear Sir,*

My brother, who is a doctor, has recommended "Homes and Parents" to me, and I have been most interested in the magazine and the type of article which it contains.

I am taking the liberty of writing to you to ask your advice, and should be so grateful for your help.

My husband and I have been married for five years, and owing to an operation I had some years ago, it is unlikely that we shall have children of our own. We have prayed over this matter, and for months now have been considering whether to adopt a child. We feel that the time has come for us to take a further step and begin to make more definite enquiries. Could you please tell us where we should write?

My husband and I are both thirty-one years of age and we have our own home. We are so anxious to do the right thing and to seek God's will in this matter, and we want to go slowly and cautiously over such a tremendous decision. If you could help us in taking this next step we should be extremely grateful.

Yours sincerely,

A.B.C.

. . . AND THE REPLY

DEAR MRS. A. B. C.

I was very interested to receive your letter, and grateful to know that you feel you can put your confidence in us in this way.

My interest is all the greater because I can speak from personal experience of what adoption of a baby means in these days, and I am never hesitant about recommending this step to people such as yourselves. In fact, I would go so far as to say that provided you start with the right basic idea—namely, that children are committed to us as a trust from God—the fact that they are not

your own offspring is very quickly forgotten, and there need be no real loss of the full and proper sense of parenthood.

Although it may involve a slightly longer waiting period, I would certainly say that it is desirable to make such arrangements through one of the definitely Christian Adoption Societies. You do not say what your particular denomination is, but I have no doubt that your own Minister would be able to help you in this way. My own denomination, for example, has a Home for unmarried mothers, to which is linked an Adoption Society. They do not insist that children going from them should go to homes belonging to members of their denomination, but in common with most such Societies, they do expect that the parents-to-be shall be definitely Christian believers, in membership with a local Church. In addition to these denominational Societies, there are a number of independent Christian Homes which can be warmly commended. A typical example of these is The Mission of Hope, 14 South Park Hill Road, Croydon, Surrey.

Your next step would be to get in touch with the Matron or Superintendent of such a Society, and you will find them to be extremely helpful.

You will find that there will necessarily be a waiting period, which will depend to some extent on whether you want a boy or a girl, but since the best Societies take some trouble to 'match' parents and babies as far as possible, this delay is really a very good thing.

This is not the place to go into the question in more detail, but as problems arise you may perhaps feel able to write again if you think we can help.

I do trust that you will be continually guided in further steps which you may take in this matter, and that the outcome may be not only the enriching of your own lives through the disciplines of parenthood, but also the eternal gain of some child who may thus be provided for in this world and prepared for the Kingdom of God.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

A. MORGAN DERHAM.

SOCIETY IN

A Re-trial of

CRAIG IN THE BOX.

ANOTHER FIRE AT DARTMOOR.

53 DIED IN THE FOG AT CROYDON.

GIRL AGED 13 HAS 2 BABIES, within fourteen months.

WOMAN SHOT, husband wounded.

7 SOLDIERS HURT, train hits their lorry.

OFFICER VANISHES during watch in fog.

NEHRU: NO OATH, row over Coronation.

TRAIN HITS LORRY, two killed.

JACK HYLTON, he is fined for speeding.

£892,857 CLAIM.

CHILD'S CLOTHES ON FIRE.

2 CARS STOLEN.

STABLE HAND THROWN.

STREET GUN BATTLE, five wounded.

TURKEYS GO IN RAID.

PENNER KNIGHTED.

SUCH were the headlines of a London evening newspaper. The name of the paper is unimportant. It might have been any of them. According to this newspaper, whose large circulation is adequate warrant of editorial shrewdness, there was only one decent occurrence in the whole world that day of front page interest to the public. That was the conferring of an honour upon the inventor of destructive atomic weapons. Its worth was estimated at four lines of space and the most obscure corner of the page. All the rest was calamity, sin, and human agony.

Christopher Craig, subject of the main headline, later convicted of murdering a policeman, grew up in a society of whose mind that front page could reasonably claim to be an adequate index. Let it be particularly noted that in all these stories there is little but meaningless human suffering and moral squalor. There is in them not much of that lofty nobility and heroic potentiality which is the foundation of high tragedy. They are not drama, but simply blood and sordidness.

When a man is in pain he enjoys groaning. Otherwise he would not groan. The people who gloat over those headlines as their relaxation on their way home from work want the pleasure of the relief without the agony. Their amusement is the cry of horror without the cause. If that is not decadence there is no such thing. Many lovely and delightful events must have brightened

that day, but the choice of the news-editors gave the people what they wanted.

Christopher Craig went to the gangster films three times a week. Perhaps on one occasion he saw the film which shows a warder in an American gaol, the representative of law and order, submitting a prisoner to third degree. The warder sets a gramophone at its loudest to drown the screams while he ties the victim into a chair and bends over him with a flat instrument. After a fade-out the prisoner is seen sagging from the torture, a broken man, while the sweat of sadistic ecstasy glistens on the warder's features.

Or he may have seen that in which four thugs advance relentlessly on a prize-fighter in an abandoned arena and leave him, after their operations, a twisted mess of mangled flesh. In the film the thugs suffered no consequences for their brutality.

Or he may have seen another, which shows a fugitive from the law making his escape over a chaos of roof tops while the warehouse he has set alight blazes in the background. The fugitive triumphs at the last. Not for him the ignominy of capture! Cornered by his pursuers he stands facing them on a parapet, arms outstretched and laughing with derision, and leaps backwards into the devouring flames—a romantic death!

Except, possibly, for the last few minutes of mawkish pious ending not a single streak of refinement nor a moment of grandeur mitigates the grotesque rottenness and corruption of these films. But they are notable "box office."

Perhaps the fact had broken through the dimness of Christopher Craig's intelligence that society—the great *they*—gladly and without grudging pour into the open palms of the ghouls who produce this moral sewage fabulous amounts of money, showing their approval in the most solid way possible. To the people who point in a different direction, the school teachers, welfare workers, clergy, and probation officers, *they* spare a mere pittance and an artificial respect, often enough making them figures of fun in their stories and on the stage. The people *they* really reverence are the men of violence. They are the ones who hold the headlines: even to act the part is to earn the honours of society, the mansions and the motor-cars.



THE DOCK

the Craig Case

When a youth emerges from the sadism of the cinema he sees lust of another kind leering from every hoarding. Busts protruding from scantily-clothed women claim his attention. Lascivious legs wave at him and sinuous hips squirm about in front of his eyes. These are the means whereby the bourgeoisie persuade people to buy their wares... These are the vision glorious set for the aspirations of the Christopher Craigs.

Cruelty, violence, lust: let these be thy gods!

At length, the end product of this strain of decadence in society appears before the tribunal. The sinners in the court gaze upon the sinner in the dock and pass scathing judgment. The Judge himself, with features like steel girders, directs deadly question after deadly question all designed to establish the moral responsibility of Christopher Craig for the death of a policeman. He had the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong. He was not a lunatic but was a free agent.

Indeed Lord Goddard was perfectly correct. There was no excuse. Because of some disability Christopher Craig had endured mockery and humiliation at school and at work. *They*, however, had shouted at him through many channels of communication that if *they* derided him for his disability *they* also would reverence his violence, would read about it, gloat over it, put it in their headlines and on their screens, make stories about it. His confused soul accepted this advice.

But there was no need for him to do so. Another man might endure mockery and humiliation and become a Dick Sheppard afterwards, gaining the respect of his fellows by deeds of kindness and love. This existential choice is possible. Lord Goddard in reality was not pronouncing upon the murder of a policeman merely, but upon an act of decision that must have taken place at a much deeper level than the decision to fire a revolver at a man on a certain evening. Yet whereas many people make the same choice as Christopher Craig and never cross the law although their deserts may be similar, it is the business of the Judge as the official protector of *they* to ensure that certain consequences follow certain transgressions. The duty of Lord Goddard was not to do justice upon sin but upon

crime, and there is often a world of difference between the two.

If divine justice were to have been done, society would have stood in the dock with Christopher Craig and the indictment would have been comprehensive, since *they* were accessories before the fact. It was *they* who told him he could reconstruct his broken ego on a sawn-off revolver in his pocket and a facility for speed on the draw. A thousand influences bore upon him with this lying truth.

It lied because it gave him a mansion of illusions instead of a life of integrity: it was truth because it brought him a perverse success in the end. For a moment he lived as the terror of society. Then he had the headlines. Men and women talked of him with fear by their firesides at night, and when he came into court he was the cynosure of all eyes. *They* queued for twelve hours in the cold to see him. What more could he want?

His confused mind failed to appreciate the contempt which replaces the fear of violence *they* experience when the cause of it is removed. He did not know that the terror of society is only a "silly little misguided fool" when the gun is snatched from his hands. *They* never told him that until too late. Hence the comprehensive indictment.

Still the people will talk about the wickedness of Craig and the appalling increase in crime among adolescents and the degeneracy of the modern generation. *They*, in turn, do not appreciate that when they gazed upon Craig in the dock with contempt and revulsion they were seeing a mirror of the corruption that festers in their own personalities. What they were despising was a projection of their own selves.

They will seek excuses and remedies of all kinds. Only one remedy will avail in the long run, and it has nothing to do with flogging or even with correction. When they withdraw their worship from violence and vice, when they cease paying their highest rewards to the purveyors of moral corruption, when they pull themselves together and exercise their own freedom to choose that which is good, they will begin to find that Christopher Craigs will grow differently.—
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A FATHER'S REVERIE

by John Rutherford, B.A.

*The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health:
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?*

THE sun was streaming in through the east window. Its coloured rays, combining with the sparkling splendour of the brass flower vases and the high polish of the dark oak communion furniture, added an almost playful mood to the solemn dignity of morning worship. This was in keeping with the atmosphere of the moment, for we had reached that point of the service in which the children make their own contribution by singing the young people's hymn.

The organist, a family man with children of his own, was conducting his office with great skill. Reducing the voice of his powerful instrument to the merest whisper, he followed the treble singing of the little ones with all the gentleness of a shepherd; firmly, yet tenderly, directing his lambs towards their desired goal. It was, I suppose, because of his unobtrusive handling of the children that I was able to forget the technicalities involved in their performance and found myself contemplating the words of the hymn:

*We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?*

It almost seemed as though the writer of the hymn doubted whether children *could* in fact make any return for the love and the care bestowed upon them by a Fatherly Creator.

I reflected that sometimes human parents are tempted to regard their own children in that way. The parents are there to give. The children are there to receive. That is



the natural and inevitable relationship in which parents and children stand. At its lowest, such an attitude may result in this sort of statement:—

"I don't know why they should want to raise the school-leaving age. Most of the kids just waste the last year at school and, in any case, it's time they were working at fourteen. If parents keep their children as long as that they do very well for them. It's only fair that they should do something for their own keep after that."

In the face of the economic difficulties of the times, most parents will feel somewhat sympathetic towards such a viewpoint. But it is comforting to find that more and more parents are aware of the advantages of higher education, and do all they can to keep their children at school even longer than the period prescribed by the Education Act.

On a higher plane is the remark of the father who says, "Well, it costs me a hundred a year to keep my lad at school. But, I suppose it's worth it. If only the young bounder will realize that I'm working myself to the bone to give him his chance! I wish

my father had been able to give me what I'm giving him. Yes, I expect it will be worth the sacrifice his mother and I are making. One day we'll have the satisfaction of knowing that we did our best."

Yet both of these statements are limited. Implicit in them is the idea that bringing up children and "giving them their chance" is a one-sided transaction—a kind of investment which may, "one day," yield a return to the child if he is successful in his career. It may even result in the parents knowing the satisfaction of having done their duty. But, that is something for the future. . . . At present the only thing to be done is to go on with the business of giving.

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him.

The second verse of the hymn had begun. The organist gently increased the volume, as if to indicate the response of the children to the goodness of God. I was impressed by the sudden recognition of the privilege of being a parent. Something which the late Baden Powell once wrote passed through my mind. What was it? Something about, "the most precious moment of my whole life was when I held the tiny hand of my own first-born and knew that I was a father." Yes, what satisfaction there is in that knowledge! How many childless couples would give their all for such an experience! And, later, when the helpless infant has become a responsive, purposeful human being—about Christine's age, for instance, our own three-year-old—what immense joy there is in being loved in that trustful, eager way in which children give themselves to their parents!

Yes, the hymn is right about this. The child has no wealth and little learning.



He cannot pay back in coin or in intellectual equality. He can only return his heart. He can only give himself. But, we mustn't use the word "only" in this connection. It is unfair. It is inadequate.

I thought of a friend who had lost his little girl in a road accident. Did anyone dare to say, "She was *only* a child," as if that scarcely mattered? Would the parents consider what she could give, apart from her love, if she could be returned to them? Their aching hearts tell them daily that it is her love alone which could fill the awful void her passing has created.

Last summer, when my mother came to spend a holiday with us, she watched my wife and little daughter "cutting capers" across the lawn. But she did not see what I saw, or hear what I heard. Her eyes and ears transformed the scene, carrying her back across the years. As I watched her, I knew that she was more than half in the past, and it did not surprise me when she said, "You know, this the best time of your lives." There was no mention of the struggles, the disappointments, the failures. The cycle of the years having carried her beyond that point where she had achieved the ambition of bringing up her own children and of "giving them their chance," she knew that it was the day-to-day effort of achieving this task, rather than its end, which had brought her the greatest joy.

The hymn was drawing to its close.

*And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them:
Yet these a child may bring.*



If the giving of their hearts, and themselves, was what God desired most, I pondered, how can we earthly parents expect to gain more?

With the organist playing a quiet voluntary upon the theme of the children's hymn, they filed out to continue their worship in their own "Children's Church." When they had gone, the minister rose to read the morning Lesson. It seemed to be highly appropriate to my own thinking, at least, that the words of the Lesson should end with that wise saying of Jesus, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

the REAL test

by Violet Burman

'A baby is a beautiful thing,—'



'a small child a constant delight,—'



'but the REAL TEST of parenthood—'



'is when he reaches the awkward age.'



IT is sometimes with startling suddenness that parents become aware that their children have reached the awkward age, have slipped into their teens, and are demanding different treatment, careful handling, and much more attention.

It may be a series of questions they fire, or perverse irrational behaviour. Even a normally good child becomes a trial at times during this period. He is not so malleable, does not accept requests meekly any more, but demands to know WHY?

He is becoming conscious that there are a lot of things about which he is ignorant and that grown-ups know. And when he pesters you with questions it is not with the childish curiosity you have known for years, and often, it must be admitted, fobbed off with an easy answer. The questions he asks now demand *reasonable* replies, something he can work on himself.

It is during these critical teen years that parents are called upon to employ all the commonsense at their command, to exercise their moral virtues to the full, and transfer much of the attention that has been lavished on physical care to the training of the character.

The middle years, the span between being a

child and becoming an adult, can be a humiliating, agonising time for a sensitive youth, unless there is someone to care, understand and point the way. Impressions made at this time, when physical changes are taking place, when the whole world can appear to be a bewildering jungle, when knowledge of important factors of future living is dangerously slight, can indeed prove the making or the marring of a character.

We are familiar with the typical teenage school-boy, always hungry, gangly or fat, often pimply and given to blushing. "He's at that awkward age," the parent excuses. How many think back to what that awkward age meant to them?

If they were extremely lucky they had a mother who knew when to leave a chap alone and *not* tease about girls, who made you feel sometimes, when you needed the confidence most, that you could be treated a little differently from the younger members of the family.

Luckier still were those whose father's attitude became one of 'we men', who relied on you for some things.

If a growing youth is instilled gently with the feeling that it is good to grow up, but that with the adult life comes responsibility for one's conduct, he will be learning the right way. But don't make the growing-up too sudden. There will be times when your son or daughter will slip back suddenly to a childish habit or romp. This should be treated as being perfectly natural, as indeed it is. In this half-and-half stage your child will vacillate continually. It requires a great deal of patience and understanding to handle him properly. But the effort is worth it. For are you not shaping the adult of the future?

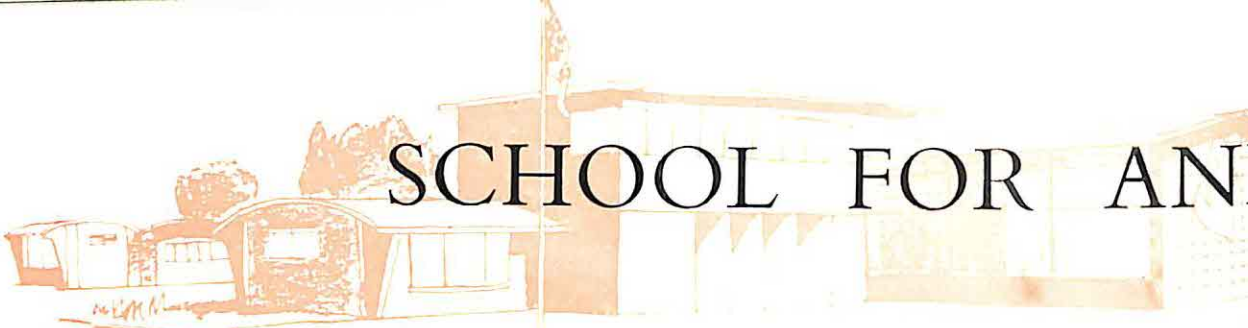
This phase is not without its unpleasant side, which must be faced firmly. Teenagers are often peculiar and spiteful. Bad habits, resulting from insufficient knowledge, have to be checked: the tongue becomes a weapon to be used against parents who are felt to be too harsh, and there is a marked dislike, from time to time, of concentrated activity.

Often studies suffer, partly because of growing too fast and the draining of energy to cope with this. Unfortunately, this comes at a time when studies are most important. So wise feeding is necessary, and adequate sleep.

There is also this tiresome business of 'crushes' to be dealt with. It usually takes the form of a deep affection for a school friend or a favourite teacher. It takes a lot of patience to listen endlessly to the virtues of this person, which are largely imaginary. But you should never laugh or ridicule such an affection. It is the first blind groping towards loving someone outside the family circle, and if it is repressed for any reason it may well affect the emotional stability of the child in later life.

There is no better way for the youngster in his teens to come through these dangerous years with the right lessons learnt, than to have the backing of a serene home. He is thirsty for knowledge of all kinds and is bound to meet some horrid types among his acquaintances.





SCHOOL FOR ANN

NOWADAYS, when the high cost of living is everybody's worry, and when schools are overcrowded and at the same time short of teachers, most parents find the question of how to achieve a good standard of education for their children a considerable problem. Every conscientious parent wants to give his child the best possible start in life, the best possible training and equipment. Those who themselves were educated at private or public schools may not be able to afford a similar type of education for their children, and they may wonder if State schools will provide anything like the high standard of teaching which they would like.

It may be as well to describe the changes which have taken place since the Butler Education Act became law. To many parents, the Act seemed to make no difference at all. As one mother said to me, "All they've done is to take down the name 'Elementary' and put up 'Secondary' instead. It's still the same school."

This is not altogether true; there is a difference. But the modern system is not easy to discover in the verbiage of the published Education Act. It may help some parents if I give an outline of the educational system as it exists to-day.

There are two principal types of school education in this country: State and private (or independent) education. Under the State system a child enters a primary school at the age of five, and at eleven takes an examination which determines his future educational career. He may be given a free place or an assisted place—the amount of help depending on the parents' income—at an independent school, including the great public schools; or he may go to one of three types of State secondary school.

The first of these, the Grammar School, takes the cream of the primary pupils, and gives them depth of education which may very well qualify them for the higher learning of a University.

The second, the Modern School, tries to give a wider general education to those who have not the desire or the ability to go to a University, and this type of school takes the majority of primary pupils.

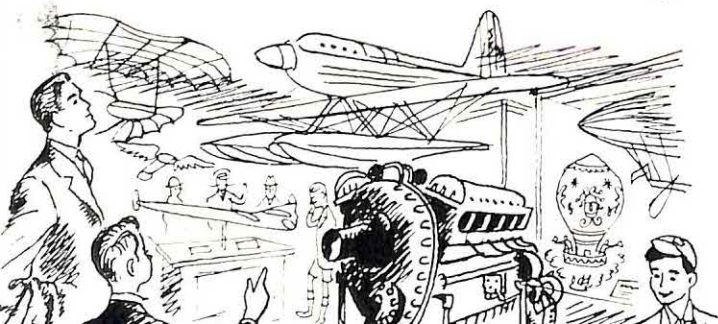
A small number go to the Technical School, which is in a class by itself, for the emphasis here is on the child whose brains are in his hands, whereas the emphasis of the other two types of school is on "book-learning." There is, incidentally, still a tradition which dies very hard, that "book-learning" is in some way superior to education in the use of one's hands and technical skill, and this tradition is unfortunately reflected in the State system.

A pupil may have a second chance to win the 'best' type of State education by taking a further examination at 12½, a provision made for those who develop later than the average.

The percentage of candidates which can be taken by the Grammar Schools is low—in my own district, about 15 per cent (it is hoped to raise this to 25 per cent in a few years' time). How are they to be selected? Good examinees are not necessarily the best scholars, as every teacher knows. Even if a Headmaster had the time to enquire into a pupil's record of leadership, games or hobbies, he would find it extraordinarily difficult to assess the value of individual candidates. In any case, should the scholastic career of any child be irrevocably determined at the age of eleven or twelve? I teach at a public school, where boys sometimes blossom out astonishingly at an age when they would normally have left a Modern School.

There is the unfairness, too, to the slow but promising worker. Take the case of one boy I know, always top of his form, who wants to be a doctor. He is a slow worker and, on this account alone, has failed his County exams. His parents cannot afford to send him to an independent school and the boy may be condemned to a life of frustration. That the system is unfair to the late developer and the good but slow worker cannot be doubted, and that is the problem from the pupil's point of view.

Most parents who can afford to do so will probably choose to send their children to an independent school. But if not, what then? Occasionally it is suggested in the daily Press and in political speeches that the State should take over all independent schools. Whether there should be a system of private and public



AND PETER

by *Hugh Christie*

education existing together in the country, both State-controlled, is one thing: whether the taxpayer could afford it is quite another. The burden on rates if all independent schools were taken over by the State would be insupportable. Parents who send their children to independent schools are in fact saving the State educational system from financial and administrative breakdown.

For every family the problem is an individual one, and has to be met and decided with individual conditions. For instance, the Primary School in one neighbourhood may be admirable, in another not so good. I know of one at which teachers despair of doing any teaching; all their time and energies are spent simply in "trying to keep the children in the classroom" during lesson-hours. On the other hand, some friends of mine who took their eight-year-old son away from the local expensive nursery-school because they could not afford the fees, and sent him to a nearby Primary, have been more than satisfied. At this school, classes are inevitably large, but the staff have evolved a group system whereby classes work as teams ("Red," "Blue" and "Green"). Something very like individual teaching is achieved, and a cheerful spirit of competition contributes to the children's enjoyment of their lessons. The child who didn't do particularly well at his nursery-school is really learning, and liking it.

The problem has been met in another way by a group of Lancashire parents who, dissatisfied with local facilities, recently founded their own school. They rented a schoolroom, forming a company in which they brought shares, borrowing such funds as were needed further, and pledging themselves to keep numbers below a fixed maximum of 25 pupils to a class. Perhaps a solution to other parents' problems might be found by similar Companies being formed wherever educational facilities seem inadequate.

Whatever the type of school to which the child is sent, I would stress the very great value of parental help and encouragement in learning out of school hours. I don't mean that the child should be driven to labour at things which bore him, nor that the thought of examinations and scholarships should hang miserably over his

head. But if his parents encourage him to use the local free Juvenile Library (most Public Libraries have a children's branch), to read a paper such as the *Children's Newspaper* and learn something of what is happening in the world, to visit museums and exhibitions and go exploring, and in other ways to discover for himself, his schooldays will mean more to him than just so many classroom-hours. He will be helped to grow in his enjoyment of the whole of living.



FEAR *in*

by Margaret

"I'VE heard such dreadful things about childbirth, and I am such a coward about painful things. I know I ought not to be, because I am a Christian and I do trust God."

This *cri de coeur* came from a young woman who consulted the writer of *A Doctor's Diary*. The doctor's reply can be summarised as follows:

(1) People like to exaggerate; don't listen to all the gruesome tales you hear.

(2) Things are made much easier for mothers nowadays, and if you have a really difficult time we can always give you a deeper anaesthetic and bring the baby with instruments.

(3) Trust in God.

Sound sense, I thought, to tell the girl not to listen to "gruesome tales." Some women—especially older women—seem to derive a morbid pleasure from discussing with a pregnant girl the pains and dangers of childbirth. Shall I ever forget the neighbour (a grandmother) to whom I misguidedly confided that my coming baby was an "engaged breech" (in other words, the infant had decided to enter the world wrong way up and though the doctors had tried on various occasions to "turn her", she wouldn't budge). "Oh, my dear," cried the neighbour, "you poor, poor thing! You know, my Ursula was a breech, and I nearly died, and wasn't able to have any more children afterwards." (This was just a week before my baby was due!) Then there was the woman who kindly helped me to my feet after I had slipped and fallen on a wet pavement. "Well dear, I certainly hope your baby will be all right," she said. "I had a fall just like that before my little boy arrived, and he was born with a hole in his spine."

So cheering and encouraging!

Then there are the descriptions in novels (usually, I might add, by male novelists) of the anguish of childbirth. ("The pain became unbearable; the nurses tied a towel

to the bedrail and told her to hold it; when the pains came she clung to it, screaming, and bit it in her agony.") I think all libraries should stamp the following notice on the fly-leaves of certain novels—"Unsuitable Reading for Expectant Mothers!"

Above all, what frightens the girl who is expecting her first baby is her ignorance of what really happens when a baby is born. She hears gruesome stories of other women's experiences, she reads terrifying descriptions in books; from all this she forms a hazy but none the less alarming mental picture of what she will have to go through. When the time comes, things happen of which she was never warned; some natural integral part of the process of birth (such as, for instance, the breaking of the bag of waters in which till now the baby has been enclosed) terrifies her because she didn't know it was going to happen—there is no pain attached, but she didn't expect it, nobody told her it would happen. She thinks something has gone wrong, and panics. It seems to me that even the busiest G.P. should try to find time to explain to a nervy patient, quietly and without fuss, what happens in childbirth. The girl who knows what happens when a baby is born, what is taking place at each different stage, is better equipped to meet each eventuality with steadiness and control, to help the midwife, her baby and herself.

How many young mothers realise that birth is a difficult business not only for the mother but for the baby? Poor little scrap, pushed and squeezed by each successive contraction until it finally emerges into the world! The girl who realises that she can help her baby and lessen its difficulties by her own controlled and relaxed attitude will be able to think first of her child's needs, before she considers her own.

It is not enough, I think, to say "Trust in God." The girl who consulted the doctor in *Homes and Parents* says herself, "I am a Christian and I do trust God." She doesn't

Childbirth

Hillingstone

need, therefore, to be *told* to trust Him; her need is to be reminded of the homely saying that "the Lord helps those who help themselves." For a woman can do a very great deal to help herself in childbirth by her mental approach to it, by the courage and determination she shows. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

Of recent years a great deal has been written and spoken about the theory of "relaxation." The best known exponent of the need for teaching women to relax during labour is the gynaecologist Dr. Grantly Dick Read. During his experience of work as a young house-surgeon at a big London hospital Dr. Dick Read became convinced that most of the pain suffered by women during childbirth could be avoided if the patient could be taught to approach the natural, God-given function of child-bearing as any natural physical experience should be approached, even one so tremendous as this—calmly and without fear. Fear, Dr. Read says, is the cause of much of the pain women feel in labour; a woman feels the beginning of a contraction and in her fear she stiffens and tenses her whole body, so "closing the gates" and increasing her own pain and discomfort. If, instead, she can relax, go limp all over, the pain is greatly lessened. In his book *Revelation of Childbirth*, Dr. Read gives details of exercises which can be practised throughout pregnancy so that when the time of the confinement comes, the mother is able to relax, and make things easier for herself and for her baby. Dr. Read agrees that there are some very highly-strung women who find relaxation very difficult, but such women are not the norm; most women can relax with practice.

I know two women among my own friends who have followed Dr. Read's advice and found childbirth completely painless as a result. Both had had previous experiences of difficult and long labour. From my own experience, after having had three babies,



I can honestly say that while I did find all my confinements far from painless, I found on the second and third occasions that relaxing helped very considerably.

It is true that "things are made much easier nowadays," and the mother-to-be who feels (while determined to "relax" and to "help herself") that she'd like a little help from the doctors too, can rest assured that such help will be given. Gas-and-air, Trilene, injections—all these helps are available according to the circumstances, and few women are denied such assistance if they need it. But I do feel that it is wrong to tell a girl that if she has "a really difficult time" the doctor can always give her a deeper anaesthetic and "bring the baby with instruments." The girl who goes into labour with such an idea at the back of her mind can't help thinking, "If I make enough fuss they're bound to put me to sleep and then I shan't know anything about it, and it'll all be easy." My first baby was born under just such circumstances—I hate to admit it, but the admission may help somebody. I didn't see her for three whole days of her life. When I did see, for the first time, that tiny face of my firstborn, it was so scratched and bruised by the forceps that I made up my mind I wouldn't be such a coward "next time." I was conscious throughout when my next two babies were born, and both arrived without a mark on them.

And surely, surely, a girl in labour should be reminded that if she is given a deep anaesthetic and her baby "brought with instruments" she will never know that infinitely, indescribably precious experience—of hearing her baby's first cry, of holding in her arms and seeing at last that beloved little creature, just five minutes old!



Feeding the Family

by Mildred Gordon, B.Sc.

SALADS

THERE are few dishes more attractive than salads. Their natural fresh colouring can be tempting on a hot summer day, and not only do they look cool, but with little or no cooking they are also cool to prepare.

Whenever possible salads should be prepared and eaten while the plants are fresh. Those who have gardens can pick fresh materials immediately before preparing the meal. If buying, choose fresh crisp lettuces, endive or chicory, and use the same day. Where this is not possible, wash and shake the lettuce leaves (this can be done in a tea towel swung out in the garden) and then put in a saucepan with the lid on and leave in a cool place. Kept like this, lettuce retains its colour and crispness, and is immediately ready for serving.

Tomatoes sometimes need skinning. Dip them quickly in boiling water or turn lightly in a gas flame. Dip in cold water and peel.

The French would serve these sliced and dressed, and not mixed with other things.

FRENCH DRESSING:

- 1 dessertspoon vinegar.
- 1 dessertspoon olive oil.
- 1 saltspoon sugar, mustard, salt.
- Pinch of pepper.

Beat together and pour over salad shortly before serving.

Now is the time for slimming without tears. Eat plenty of salads without potatoes or bread. Mayonnaise should not be used, but the French dressing can be used if liquid paraffin replaces the olive oil and the sugar is omitted.

Protein should be added—meat, fish, eggs or cheese.

MEAT.—When the meat is to be eaten cold, boil instead of roasting it. Less is lost

and the meat is not so dry. Tinned meat of the luncheon variety is a useful standby to have in the store cupboard, and either sliced or diced goes very well with salads.

FISH.—Boned and rolled herrings or filleted white fish can be boiled for 15 minutes in equal parts of vinegar and water flavoured with onions and peppercorns. The vinegar gives a good flavour with salad and prevents the fish breaking up.

EGGS.—Boil for 10-15 minutes and then plunge straight into cold water. This prevents the green ring round the yolk.

CHEESE.—Serve grated separately or sprinkled over the salad.

ANCHOVY EGG SALAD.

Line one large dish, or individual ones, with lettuce leaves. Arrange sliced tomatoes and sliced beetroot all round.

Cut eggs in half. Remove yolks and mash with some margarine and anchovy essence. Pipe or pile this into the whites and arrange on centre of salad.

FISH SALAD.

Line a dish with lettuce leaves. Arrange on it groups of peas alternating with carrots. Add a ring of overlapping slices of cucumber. Pile the flaked fish in the centre and decorate with mayonnaise and parsley.

STUFFED TOMATOES.

Wash tomatoes and slice a lid off. Scoop out pulp and mix with minced cooked meat (veal and pork is good), minced chicken, flaked fish, or grated cheese. Season. Put back into cases and pile up high. Arrange lid on top, and place on lettuce leaves.

Remember that salad ingredients are very welcome at picnics and can be packed in one of the new food containers or plastic bags.

**MY
PARENTS**
*a special series
of
anonymous articles*

I WONDER how many people blame their faults and failures on to their parents. I have often done this, only to be told that it is cowardly. Surely, however, it is a question of fact rather than a moral one? It seems to me that parents to-day are a totally different species from the parents of my day. Whether this is due to the number of helpful books and magazine articles that are now written on the care and upbringing of children I do not know, but to-day it seems to be "parents should be seen and used when necessary, but not heard too much," though so far as my own childhood was concerned I was always made to feel the most humble of people by my mother. In her view she was a good mother. She made my dresses (accompanied by a slap or shake if I fidgetted at a fitting), and gave my brother and myself lovely presents at birthdays and Christmas time. We were always taken away for summer holidays and were allowed to bring friends home. But that essential to childhood—the knowledge that one was loved and was important in the parent's eyes, was utterly lacking. Never once from my earliest memories can I recall being kissed except at bedtime. My mother would play an occasional game of ball with me in the park, but more often I was left to the untender mercies of my older brother, who looked on me as a nuisance.

Another form of unkindness I suffered from was the humiliation of being forced to wear garments that had either not turned out as intended or had to be altered unattractively so that they could continue to be worn.

The memory of one of these atrocities still causes me to shudder even to-day. This was a green silk knitted dress which stretched and stretched as I wore it, and instead of hanging about two inches above my knees, dangled an inch below. On Sundays, I was forced to parade in this, with the family, along the Terrace at Richmond, feeling that all eyes were on me. As a result I now consult my own children as to their likes and dislikes in dress and would never make them wear anything to which they had taken an objection.

My father was always kind and jolly, but not often with us. I never realised how sadly lacking our mother was in the things that really matter in bringing up a child. My mother to-day cannot understand why my brother rarely visits her and why I love my father and yet do not seem to love her so much as I should. She says it was only because of her insistence that we were sent to good schools and had presents and holidays, as my father never bothered his head about such things, and she cannot realise that it is love and only love that a young child really needs.

During the past few years I have come to realise that we were deprived of another essential to a happy life; namely, any religious training except that received at school. My mother had been sent to church twice each Sunday when a child and had not enjoyed it. She had decided that if there were a God none of the terrible things that go on in the world would be allowed to happen. She told me I could go to church if I wished, and I tried it once or twice, but naturally did not understand the first thing about it, going on my own as I did. I always liked the sermon but never knew the hymns, and decided that a morning spent out of doors was much to be preferred. Now that I have come to realise all that I have missed and to imagine how different my life would have been had I had a religious home and parents who believed in God and tried to follow the teachings of the Christian faith, I feel more sad than ever about my mother. The only good that has come from my childhood is my resolve that although I cannot make my children's clothes, as my mother did mine, they shall never want for love and a Christian upbringing.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

HITTING BACK

DEAR EDITOR,

Whilst I normally delight in your excellent magazine *Homes and Parents*, I was grieved at the very one-sided references in the March issue on "Hitting Back", and the magazine's endorsement of Miss Hooton's view by giving her first prize. Surely you received some letters saying it was wrong, from which you could have printed extracts?

My father was by no means a pacifist, and I find it difficult to remember my mother's early training on this subject—although I believe it was that we should never retaliate—but from my earliest recollections I've always felt it was wrong for a Christian to "hit back." At school when I was bullied (as I was at times, though not often) I accepted it quietly (and never ran away), and I shall never forget the thrill I got when one special bully, who had followed me in both my prep. and public school, one day towards the end of our school-days interfered on my behalf when he saw another boy about to bully me! The erstwhile bully had turned protector . . . and how thrilled I was that I had won his respect and perhaps his soul! I thanked God! Turning the other cheek did not lead to unsatisfactory results in my case. Some years later I had the great privilege of listening to Mr. Hudson Pope illustrate in his inimitable way how boys should apply the scriptural teaching not to render evil for evil, but to "overcome evil with good." That is the Christian way of "hitting back", is it not? And what hard blows these hits make in the other's conscience! And this way does not make either cowards or "cissys" but children of courage and character—demonstrating the character of their heavenly Father. It is, of course, not teaching for those who are not Christians, but *Homes and Parents* is surely designed to help and advise Christian parents in the upbringing of their children.

Yours sincerely,
DENNIS W. H. FOX, Esher.

EXPECTANT BROTHER

DEAR EDITOR,

I have meant to write ever since we received our March copy of *Homes and Parents*. We were most interested to read "Expectant Brother," for our big son, aged four, had just welcomed a little sister, and we had done our best to prepare him for the great event. We considered it a great privilege to be living in such a house that I could stay at home to have my baby, and it was wonderful when Andrew ran into our bedroom for the usual morning cuddle to be able to tell him his sister had come. Everyday he watched her bathed, and ran so many errands up and down stairs to help, and he and his Daddy sent out cards like the one I enclose.* We little realised how many people would so kindly reply to Andrew—so that there were a number of letters and parcels addressed to him in the following weeks, even though some of them contained just a trifle for him and a dress or woolly for his little sister. We have had no regrets of any sort, and our hearts have been brimming with gratitude and joy for the wonderful way God undertook for us when He gave us our little Lydia here in our own home. Why do so many choose to associate the gift of a baby with all the sickness and suffering of hospitals unless there is some real need?

We wish you every blessing in all your work connected with *Homes and Parents*.

Yours,

MARY POWNELL, Dagenham

*The card reads:

My little (sister) came on (15th) January.

We call (her Lydia Margaret)

"Thank you, God, for everything."

Come and see us at:

St. Mary's Vicarage,
Valence Wood Road,
Dagenham.

Love
from
Andrew

THE REAL TEST (Continued from page 228)

This is something he must not be sheltered from. There are moral lessons to be learnt and you can only guide him here.

Remember that even now the child remains the great copyist he has been all his life, and no matter what raw edges living may show him, the greatest single influence on him is his home. He must be encouraged to bring his friends there, to talk about his activities outside the home and to feel that he is an important member of the family circle.

Juvenile courts are crowded with swaggering, blustering teenagers who boast that they have 'roughed' it, who confess to broken homes and are scornful of what they call softness. These pitiable youngsters, many of them drifting into a lifetime of crime, are, nine times out of ten, ships without anchor, human flotsam left after marriages have broken up or homes lost their real meaning. They are and will become an increasing headache to the nation, some because they never had

a chance, most because they have been abandoned at a time when they need moral help and training most.

A baby is a beautiful thing, a small child a constant delight, but the real test of parenthood lies in the handling of a child when he reaches the awkward age. For this child is not just someone who is dependent on you; he is a being growing under your hands and guidance. He is your stake in the future.

It has taken you many anxious years to bring him to this point. He may disappoint you in the future, make all your hard work appear in vain. But at this stage when he is opening like a bud to a new world, his parents are the most important people in his life.

Isn't it worth the extra effort and pain to understand him, to leave him free yet set firmly on the right moral foundations? They are not only his difficult years. They are yours, too. And having been through them once yourself you should be able to steer him through the awkward age into manhood.

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

WILL THERE BE ANOTHER WAR?

IT has been pointed out before that there are at least three ways in which we may read the Prophetical writings in the Old Testament.

We may read them in the light of contemporary history; as prophecies yet to be fulfilled in the great purposes of God for this world, and including the Advent of Christ in power to reign in righteousness (as in Jer. 23. 5 and 6; Ezekiel 37. 24-28; Zech. 14, and many others); or we may read devotionally and discover some of the ways of God with His people and the principles upon which He works in every age. I suggest Jeremiah has quite a lot for us in 1953.

You must often have heard people say: "I hardly like to read the papers or look ahead these days. What do you think will happen? Will there be another world war?" You know the sort of thing. Those are the times when I like to remember Jeremiah's message about the overruling sovereignty of God—that His hand is still on the controls. Jeremiah must often have rested back on what God told him at the very beginning of his ministry (Jer. 1. 11-16). Trouble was coming from the North. No doubt the high-ups of Babylon felt their plans were going well, and decided, on the way to Egypt, to mop up Palestine also. But that is not the whole, nor the true picture. "I shall call . . . and they shall come," God said. Let men scheme as they will, the whole sweep of world affairs is always subject to the permissive will of God. The Christian may rest on the majestic word—"They shall come when I shall call." The same thought is in chapter 23. 23 and 24, and 32. 17, 18. Never forget the overruling sovereignty of God.

Jeremiah may be "the prophet of the broken heart," but he has many a message of hope. God loves new beginnings and looks forward to blessing where in the past there has been failure. "There is no hope," the people said (18. 12). But over against their hopelessness

God sets the possibility of an entirely new beginning. Read again the scene in the potter's house (18. 1-6), and ask yourself, "What may not yielding clay become in the hands of an omnipotent potter? What may not God do with the life or the home which is put unreservedly into those Hands?" Look for the promises of hope that so often run alongside the warnings.

Another thing Jeremiah fearlessly presses home is this—that religion is no substitute for love for God and obedience to Him. Listen to this to a religious people—"My people have forgotten Me, days without number" (2. 32); and read the message spoken at the entrance to God's house in 7. 2-4. All too often this state of things is due to the fact that the spiritual Shepherds are giving stubble instead of the wheat that nourishes; the painted fire of a man-made philosophy instead of the purging fire of God's word; soft words instead of the hammer which breaks in upon our religious respectability and complacency (23. 23-32). Notice the divine antagonism—"I am against" (30 and 32).

There is a fearless message against idolatry (10. 1-13). Our gods may have changed their names, but they make us none the less idolators—the gods of success, of pleasure, of lust, of self. These may be winning more devotees than the old worship of the Sun and the Moon (7. 16-19). Dr. Scroggie suggests there are three kinds of people—Pagans, Christians, and people who try to be both. It gives one something to think about.

But there are as well, many and lovely messages for times of adversity scattered throughout the book, and heartening words as to a bright future on ahead (chapters 30. 31-33). Why?—"For I know the thoughts that I think toward you," saith the Lord, "thoughts of peace, and not of evil" (29. 11). "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee" (31. 3).

AMBITIONS FOR OUR CHILDREN

I fancy if we mothers got together one evening and began sharing some of our thoughts about these chapters, our husbands would be hard put to it to get us to bed! Were there ever two such Mothers and two such babies as Elizabeth and Mary, John and the Holy Child, Jesus? The more we read their stories the more we find in them for the sanctifying and uplifting and encouragement of all our Motherhood.

The writer of the third Gospel, to whom, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Mary so unburdened her heart in later years, was Luke, Paul's "beloved physician" (Col. 4. 14 and 2 Tim. 4. 11), the first medical missionary, and the only Gentile contributor to Holy Scripture. With the care of a scientist and the skill of an artist, Luke collects and classifies the details for the life-story of The Perfect Man, the Man Who has won his heart, and this matchless record which we call the third Gospel is the result (1. 1-4). Notice—these things have been verified. Certainty is the hall-mark of Scripture.

Now (or we shall run on too long), shall we look only at the two Temple visits in 2. 21-52?

"The most significant feature in the history of an epoch is the manner it has of welcoming a Great Man," says Carlyle. "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple," Malachi had promised four hundred years before our story commences (Mal. 3. 1). What a Temple! And what a welcome!

Herod's temple was one of the wonders of the ancient world. "The scanty dimensions of the temple built by Zerubbabel will not suffice him. His must be twice the size . . . All that is most precious in material, most massive in weight, most resplendent in appearance, is gathered by this masterful man, and steadily and surely the temple rises," (Wilfred Hannam). It was magnificent—its eastern front covered with plates of gold, which threw back the rays of the rising sun. And the Lord of the temple came in the arms of a peasant woman who brought in her poverty a

pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons for the ransom of her firstborn. Unrecognised, un welcomed, save by two humble, believing hearts, the Lord had come. Surely Carlyle is right! That little scene is characteristic of the age it ushered in. From that day forward, in fulfillment of another lovely prophecy, the Lord would make His dwelling in the hearts of those who love Him—"With him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit" (Isaiah 57. 15), and within seventy years not one stone stood upon another in Herod's masterpiece (Luke 21. 5 and 6). How have we welcomed the King?

Twelve silent years, and our Lord visits the temple again. It is the one recorded event of His childhood, and as such, deeply significant. I believe that "tarrying behind" was deliberate (v. 43). A strong boy of twelve does not get "lost or strayed" in a city with which he was in all probability familiar. It is a wonderful thing when a healthy, growing lad turns naturally to the House of God and the Word of God and wants to know more of the things of the Spirit. Though we cannot understand the perfect unfolding humanity of Him Who was "God over all," yet we may reverently suppose that Mary had sought to awaken in her children a loving desire for the things of God. Jesus had been brought up to love the Word of God and the House of God, and He expected His deepest questions to be answered there.

Our children will not suddenly become great Christians. "Careful preparation is the path to noble performance." How careful (and prayerful) ought ours to be! The first recorded words of the Lord Jesus are here (v. 49). "Know ye not that I must be in the things of My Father?" And His thirty-three years of service and sacrifice tell how perfectly He obeyed that Divine compulsion. His last recorded words are in Acts 1. 8. And I believe we can have no higher ambition for our boys and girls than that by His power they follow on "in the things of their Father"—even if these lead to the uttermost parts of the earth.

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR JULY*

Jeremiah				St. Luke				St. Luke				St. Luke			
1	..	31.	1-20	9	..	1.	1-20	17	..	3.	15-23	25	..	6.	20-38
2	..	31.	27-37	10	..	1.	21-38	18	..	4.	1-15	26	..	6.	39-49
3	..	33.	1-16	11	..	1.	39-58	19	..	4.	16-30	27	..	7.	1-17
4	..	36.	1-18	12	..	1.	59-80	20	..	4.	31-44	28	..	7.	18-35
5	..	36.	19-32	13	..	2.	1-20	21	..	5.	1-16	29	..	7.	36-50
6	..	37.	1-21	14	..	2.	21-38	22	..	5.	17-26	30	..	8.	1-15
7	..	38.	1-13	15	..	2.	39-52	23	..	5.	27-39	31	..	8.	16-25
8	..	38.	14-28	16	..	3.	1-14	24	..	6.	1-19				

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

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- * "Jesus, the Name high over all"
- * "Come, let us sing of a wonderful love"
- * "I am waiting for the dawning" (to *There's a Light upon the Mountains*)

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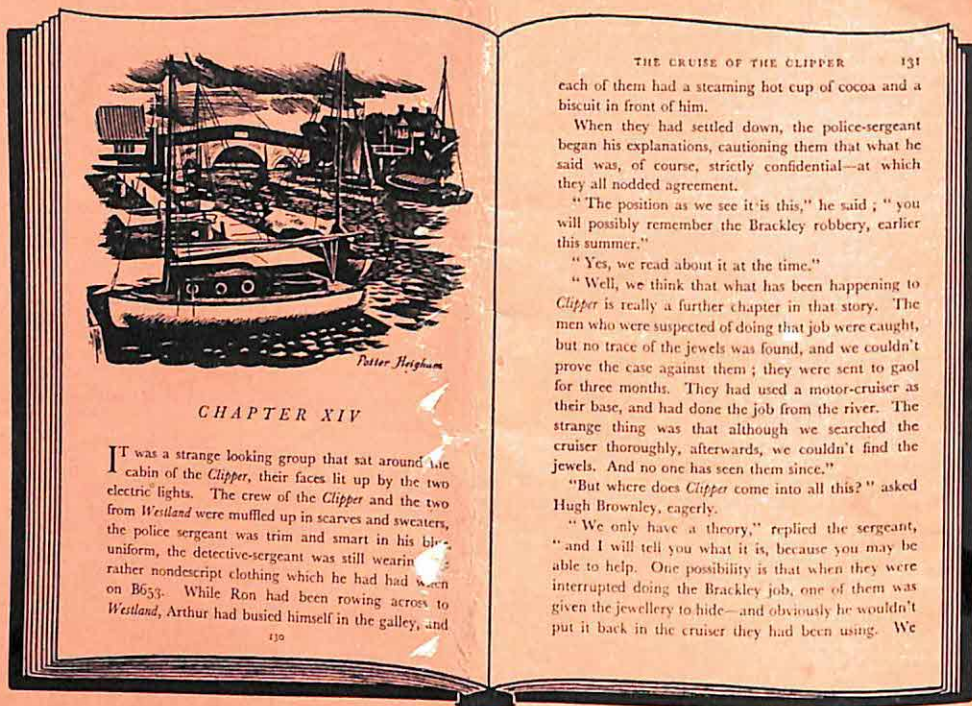
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CHAPTER XIV

IT was a strange looking group that sat around the cabin of the *Clipper*, their faces lit up by the two electric lights. The crew of the *Clipper* and the two from *Westland* were muffled up in scarves and sweaters, the police sergeant was trim and smart in his blue uniform, the detective-sergeant was still wearing his rather nondescript clothing which he had had when on B53. While Ron had been rowing across to *Westland*, Arthur had busied himself in the galley, and

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each of them had a steaming hot cup of cocoa and a biscuit in front of him.

When they had settled down, the police-sergeant began his explanations, cautioning them that what he said was, of course, strictly confidential—at which they all nodded agreement.

"The position as we see it is this," he said; "you will possibly remember the Brackley robbery, earlier this summer."

"Yes, we read about it at the time."

"Well, we think that what has been happening to *Clipper* is really a further chapter in that story. The men who were suspected of doing that job were caught, but no trace of the jewels was found, and we couldn't prove the case against them; they were sent to gaol for three months. They had used a motor-cruiser as their base, and had done the job from the river. The strange thing was that although we searched the cruiser thoroughly, afterwards, we couldn't find the jewels. And no one has seen them since."

"But where does *Clipper* come into all this?" asked Hugh Brownley, eagerly.

"We only have a theory," replied the sergeant, "and I will tell you what it is, because you may be able to help. One possibility is that when they were interrupted doing the Brackley job, one of them was given the jewellery to hide—and obviously he wouldn't put it back in the cruiser they had been using. We

THE CRUISE OF THE CLIPPER

By Morgan Derham (Editor of "The Boy's Magazine")

This book, No. B24 in the "Wigmore" Series, is a thrilling story of inquisitive strangers, surprising adventures, mysterious and exciting interruptions to a holiday afloat. The crew

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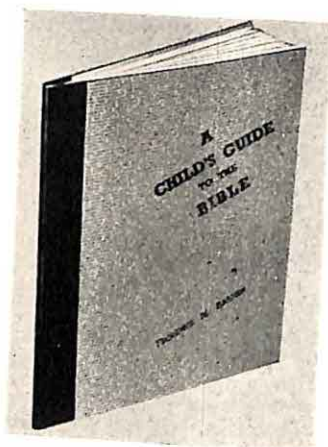
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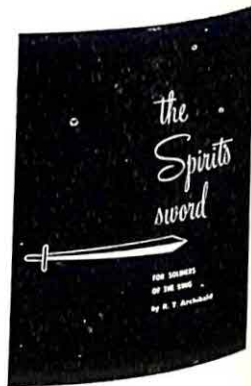
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HOMES



PARENTS

the magazine for parents who care

LOST CLUES

"WE look for the lost clues to life's larger meanings. The problems and burdens of daily living drain our strength. We must have intake as well as outgo. And this needed nourishment is not to be found in speeded sensations, spiced pleasures, and current press reports, but rather in enduring ideals, heroic examples, and godly lives. Nowhere are these given in such power and profusion as in the Bible. The sacred Scriptures put us in contact with luminous personalities radiant with faith and hope.

"We may multiply laws, judges, and policemen, but all these will not guarantee a law-abiding nation. We cannot legislate or coerce people into good citizenship. It is the inner sanction, the sanction of the human heart, which is needed to lift men out of themselves into the recognition of the love and laws of God."



A BOY'S PROBLEMS

No. 2. HIS DEVELOPING BODY

by Montague Goodman, F.R.G.S.

ALL unknown to the growing boy important physical changes are taking place within him, marking his emergence from childhood to man's estate. The effect upon him is that he becomes increasingly disquieted by the arising of passionate urges he can by no means understand and even less control. Nocturnal emissions occur, accompanied by dreams from which he awakes with a sense of shame and guilt. Worse still, he finds his mind from time to time excited by passionate thoughts which all too often lead to acts which he instinctively recognises to be impure and wrong. He feels himself morally unclean, and suffers from a conscience unwholesomely inflamed. He makes every effort to hide his thoughts and conduct from others, and in consequence tends to become furtive and shy and ill at ease in company.

He is in dire need of help but knows not where to turn to obtain it. Of course, he should have been wisely instructed by his parents, who are his natural guardians and who owe him a duty in this respect—which, however, they rarely discharge. He finds it almost impossible to express his dilemma to anyone, and takes refuge in guilty secrecy. In consequence he suffers from a sense of inferiority which depresses him and robs him of much of the joy of life.

If his Bible-class teacher has knowledge and discernment sufficient to help him in this problem he will win his gratitude and lasting respect. All too often, however, the teacher's approach to the subject, though well meant, has the disastrous effect of adding to the boy's sense of guilt and further inflaming his conscience without in any way meeting the problem or pointing a remedy. In consequence the lad is tempted to despair of himself and to abandon all real effort at recovery. It is perhaps the most frequent cause of his leaving the class and even abandoning any further religious observance.

LET DIGNITY REPLACE SHAME

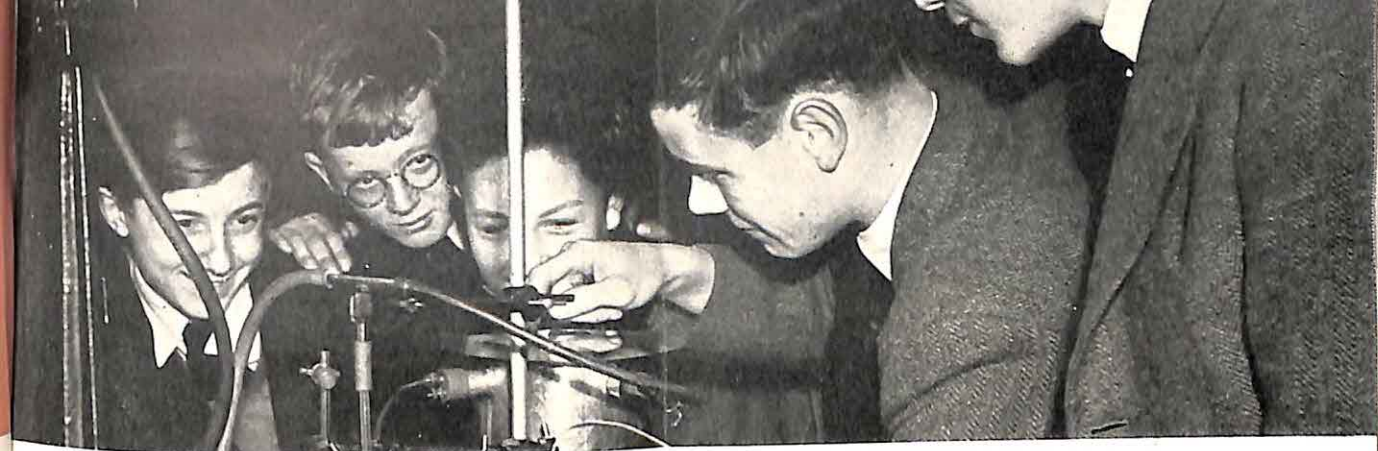
How then should this problem be met? The mode of approach adopted may be by talks in class or by individual conversations, and although both approaches are fraught with difficulties, these should constitute no valid reason for shirking the task. In any case, the first and all-important rule to be observed is a sane and healthy handling of the subject. There must be an utter repudiation of the "hush-hush" approach all too common in former days. For the primary point to be conveyed to the boy, often to his surprise and relief, is that *there is nothing intrinsically wrong or impure in the newly-awakened passion*

that he experiences in his advance towards manhood. He should be frankly told that every part of his physical being is God-ordained and should be esteemed in equal honour, whether it be his muscular development, his growth in intellect, or the maturing of that portion of his body which constitutes him sexually a man, and which will in due course enable him to play his proper and honourable part in the reproduction of his kind. He has, therefore, no more cause for shame at the presence of sexual urges in his nature than of any other appetites and desires prompted by a healthy mind or body. Indeed, if they were not present as part of his normal growth he would be a poor creature at best, and might well have reason to deprecate himself as compared with those about him. Tell him he is "fearfully and wonderfully made"—and not least in the marvel of his reproductive organs. Encourage him to contemplate himself with added dignity as no longer a child but as rapidly becoming a man, the greatest work of the Creator God.

To descend to practical details, disabuse his mind as to any undue concern over nocturnal emissions even though accompanied with passionate dreams. Explain that these are just a natural periodic outlet and adjustment of his condition necessary to his general well-being and need not cause him any distress. These things should be made abundantly plain to him in a healthy, happy manner, but with due regard to the dignity of the subject.

THE FIGHT FOR SELF-CONTROL

But there comes the far more difficult matter of self-abuse, which must be faithfully dealt with if the boy is to be helped through his problem. Here again all must be open and above board. There must be no shocked whispers as though the boy had been guilty of a heinous crime. Too often the subject has been approached in such a manner as to create a conscience of sin out of all proportion to the evil in question. For while admitting the impurity of self-abuse, and not minimising its evil influence in the lowering of the moral sense of the boy who gives way to it, yet it is well to bear in mind that during the period from puberty onward through the adolescent period the vast majority of boys and young men are in greater or lesser degree addicted to the practice. Most are unwilling victims to the habit and resist the temptation with varying success and in face of frequent failures, while with others the self-indulgence is deliberate and constant. It is not easy to point a remedy, but there are certain matters that may be stressed by way of explanation and advice.



First is the need of self-control. The real trouble is, of course, that the boy has developed a man's body with a man's functions and passions before he has reached a man's mature judgment with which to direct and control it. This can be wisely pointed out to him, and comparisons made with other physical appetites with which he has been faced. As a child he was probably greedy for food and was constantly craving to satisfy the desire far beyond the needs of his normal appetite. As the evil effects of his so doing became apparent to him he learned by degrees to curb his over-eating propensities, particularly with a view to fitness to play his part in the field of sport. Point out how some men allow their perfectly legitimate appetite for drink to become a craving that results in drunkenness with all its dire results. From such examples explain that all natural appetites, right and proper as they are, become evil when abused and must therefore be brought under control; and that sexual appetite, as perhaps the most urgent and insistent of all physical desires, calls for special and sustained restraint which is not easily acquired. Indeed, there is no easy road to personal purity, which must be fought for with determination if it is to be achieved.

Tell him that the most saintly of men are not necessarily exempt from the need of constant watchfulness in this respect. Even the Apostle Paul confessed to the need of stern self-discipline over his bodily appetites in these words—"I keep under (Greek, "buffet") my body and bring it into subjection lest . . . having preached to others I myself should be a castaway." And his advice to others was "that everyone of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour." This knowledge is obtained only by diligent and sustained perseverance with a determination (as Paul exhorted Timothy) to "keep thyself pure."

It is at this stage that the door is opened to the teacher to stress, secondly, the need of something more than his own determination and effort to overcome the fallen nature that prompts him to pervert good functions into evil channels. The boy should be told—what he has no doubt heard in class from childhood but has never applied to his present need—that the whole purpose of Christ's coming into the world was to save people from their sins and that He ever lives to do so to-day; that He is just the One Who can do for him what he cannot do for himself, and that millions have found this true all down the ages. Point out carefully that this does not mean that a miraculous

deliverance from sexual passion would be granted him (which would make him less than a man), but that two things would take place which would assist him to overcome the urge to yield to impure desire if he had the Lord Jesus as his accepted Saviour. First, the Lord would *strengthen his resistance* in the hour of temptation, so that "when the enemy should come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord would lift up a standard against him." Secondly, the Lord would bring a *new motive into his life* of sufficient power to neutralize the desires of the flesh, replacing them with desires of a character totally antagonistic thereto. It is "the constraining love of Christ," or, as one has named it, "the expulsive power of a new affection." The effect will be that in place of a mere fight for purity there will arise a deep and abiding affection for Christ that will render distasteful the very thought of things that once held sway in the realm of his mind.

The following well-known lines aptly express the change that Christ effects in the attitude of the believer to passionate sin:

*By various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I sought my passions to restrain:
Yet all my efforts proved in vain.
But since the Saviour I have known
My rules are all reduced to one:
To keep my Lord by faith in view—
That strength supplies and motive, too.*

Finally it should be pointed out that there must be a careful avoidance of all things that would encourage the recurrence of passionate thought. To this end, pictures, books, films, and above all, company, must be wisely selected; and much that is quite lawful but not expedient in the pursuit of purity must be excluded, knowing that "evil communications corrupt good manners." But these things will tend to adjust themselves without much difficulty if the boy becomes a Christian and diligently follows on to know the Lord. Apart from that I know of no solution to offer the senior boy faced with the problem of his body. Certainly not that presented by the modern non-Christian psychiatrist, which ignores the moral aspect of the subject and the evil tendencies resulting from man's fallen nature, and seeks to explain all from a purely psychological and physiological standpoint. This I believe to be ultimately harmful in the highest degree to the boy's moral standards and the development of a true Christian character.

MY PARENTS
a
special series
of
anonymous articles

IN the summer of 1924 I became my parents' first and only child. A larger family was a physical impossibility, and I do not think the question of adoption arose. Here I would implore parents of a single child to recognise the disadvantages of being an "only one." I do know of young people who fall into this category and whose lives are perfectly normal and happy, but are they not the exception rather than the rule?

Well do I remember, at five years of age, being left alone in the house for a few minutes and mother saying, "Now don't break my knitting needles whilst I'm away." Until that moment no thought of those precious needles had entered my mind. My reaction was a combination of disappointment and spite. "Why can't Mum trust me?" As she couldn't then she must accept the consequences. I broke those needles and hid the pieces under an easy chair, satisfied in my revenge. 'Don't' became a great word in our household, and I began to feel rebellion boiling up inside me.

Apart from running our small house, Mum had little to do but look after me. "Look after" was right, for I was not encouraged to do much for myself; on the contrary, whatever I attempted was soon put right or re-done—"Oh, let me do it, I haven't time to bother with you." No time to see something I was eager to show her, no time just now to explain. Yet in other ways I had to receive attention to suffocation point.

Soon I began to feel 'closed in', and in whatever task I was employed continually sensed Mum looking at me, sometimes when she was not even in the room. I have anticipated her voice asking me to do this or not to do that.

My parents had not learned to be undivided in my company, and I soon found I was able to obtain far more from Father than Mother. I well remember the sense of insecurity when they disagreed on points concerning me. I began to get discouraged as nothing I did seemed right, and when trouble arose between my parents I was always the cause. I seldom annoyed my parents intentionally, yet somehow was always in their bad books. How I longed to please and impress them!—and soon I found the best way was to become a first class "fibber". Returning home from purchasing a large pot of jam (in the days when they were sealed in stiff paper) I unfortunately dropped it. Of course it broke, but the paper did not burst. Gently gathering it up I placed it on the table without a word. When questioned later I knew nothing about it—it was just as I bought it. You see, I knew how Mum would grumble if I owned up; she wouldn't understand that I was careless, that it was simply an accident. So it came about that whenever it would bring me into greater favour I would lie. A lie often saved me from being made to look small before other folk, and I was tired of being told, "Mary, or May, would make two of you."

On reaching adolescence I had lost personality and my will was defeated. Mum, who had lived so much longer than I, knew best; if I would do as she said I would be saved from many ups and downs in life. "Smother love," we call it—and how apt! At school I was a failure with the other children, without confidence, and terribly self-conscious. Mum seemed to interpret any idea of my own as "wanting my own way in everything," when in fact my whole being was fighting for a little independence and natural development.

A great deal of what I have related I'm sure would not have happened had the family been larger. There would have been less time in which to look after me, and there may well have been a little healthy neglect. Surely I should have gained some of that confidence and independence, lack of which has caused so much mental unhappiness and emotional strain?

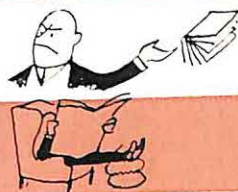
These years have been a great teacher, and we in our task of bringing up any little one whom the Lord may entrust to us will seek to remember that our child is not, as it were, an empty shell to be given our will and personality, but a completely new individual possessing a will that must be unobtrusively led and guided, a personality to be developed and moulded, but never destroyed. We shall try to restrain ourselves from re-doing a task which we think has been done badly, avoiding a series of 'don'ts' in favour of a more positive approach.

We should do well to take a lesson from the birds, who in order to teach their young to fly must needs push them out of the nest!

RULES FOR DELINQUENTS

Judge Phillip B. Gilliam, of Denver, U.S.A., says:
"Just follow these rules and you can be sure your children will end up in a juvenile court. If the child is not found delinquent on the first try, we shall be glad to return him to you for further training, because we are certain to get him eventually."

- 1 Don't give your son religious or spiritual training. Just take care of his bodily needs.
- 2 In his presence belittle "dames" and courts, the police, public officials, the school, the business. It's all a racket!
- 3 Never look for the real cause of untruthfulness in your children, and never let them see you speaking the truth at some cost to yourself.
- 4 Never try to answer the endless "whys" and "hows" of your children: get them into the habit of going elsewhere with their problems.
- 5 Be sure to humiliate your child in the presence of his friends. He's sure to find ways of compensating himself.
- 6 If a conflict of wills arises between you and your child, don't try to reason with him—just knock him down.
- 7 Be sure to criticise departed guests in the presence of your child. Anything that decreases mutual respect and confidence will help.
- 8 Don't consider his educational and emotional development a part of your responsibility. What are schools for?
- 9 Don't let him discuss his plans or pleasures with you. Just be too busy to be making a pal of him.
- 10 Don't open your home to his companions. They will mess up the place and make such a noise that you won't be able to listen properly to the radio.
- 11 Don't give him any allowance, because he may learn how to save or spend. If only he feels he must scrounge or pilfer he'll arrive quicker.
- 12 Don't be calm or poised. Be shocked and explode when he has told you he has done something wrong. Then he won't confide in you the next time.
- 13 Never let your child forget that, had it not been for you, he would have no roof over his head.
- 14 Be sure to forget the promises you make to your child, because he will then forget the promises he makes to you later.
- 15 Never consider what love really is. Never give your child affection, and never tell him how much you love him.



THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE



by Lily Carr

NEARLY two thousand years ago these well-known, well-loved words were written by that great saint, St. Paul. To-day people all over the world are experiencing the same truth. Let me tell you my story.

When I was a young Sunday School teacher, about six years ago, there came into my class a wee lassie of six, Sandra. After she had been attending some time, she arrived one Sunday very proudly bringing her four-year-old brother, Barry.

From the beginning, Barry was difficult. He would be contrary on every occasion. Far from joining in the action hymns and choruses he would stand with a defiant look on his young face. This occurred regularly, and I was puzzled. How could I help him? He rarely spoke to me.

One Sunday morning Barry came in alone. He looked very sad. He told me that his sister was ill in hospital. After school I went home with him to learn more reliable news. It was, alas, true. Sandra was ill in hospital with pneumonia . . . and it was Christmas-time as well.

The children's home was clean and tidy. Food was plentiful. There were plenty of clothes. The toys were there in abundance. "Why was Barry so difficult?" was the thought in my mind.

"Now Barry, up to bed," called a brisk voice.

"But it's early, Mum," cried the four-year-old in protest.

"I said BED!"

He went without kissing her.

On my way home I was pondering—then it struck me what was the matter. I kept my observations to myself for a time, but I visited the house more than once, and what I had originally decided was confirmed. The parents loved their children, but didn't believe in showing it, in case they grew up 'soft'.

The following Sunday I took Barry on my knee. Before the school really opened I told him a special story, especially for him. His little face became radiant. At the end of school I helped him on with his coat, and kissed him goodbye. This régime went on for several weeks. Then, one Sunday, out of the corner of my eye, I saw that he was doing all the actions. Smiling, too! My difficulties were resolving.

Barry is now ten, and last time I saw him he was gay and bright. As I saw his bright eyes and merry smile my mind went back to his early years, and I found myself rejoicing. I think the finest advice St. Paul ever gave was to instruct believers to *love*.

* * *

"Love is slow to lose patience. It looks for a way of being constructive. It is not possessive: it is neither anxious to impress nor does it cherish inflated ideas of its own importance. Love has good manners and does not pursue selfish advantage. It is not touchy. It does not compile statistics of evil or gloat over the wickedness of other people. On the contrary, it is glad with all good men when truth prevails. Love knows no limit to its endurance; no end to its trust; no fading of its hope; it can outlast anything. It is, in fact, the one thing that still stands when all else has fallen. In this life we have three great qualities—Faith, Hope and Love. But the greatest of them is love." (1 Cor. 13: 4-8 and 13.—J. B. Phillips' translation in "Letters to Young Churches", Bles.)

FORCED

OR

free

by Frank Reed

"WHEN I was a child I was made to go to Church—twice every Sunday and to Sunday School as well. So I tell my boy, John—you go if you want. Can't do fairer than that, can I?" The speaker was a woman in her thirties, an ordinary, decent, hardworking citizen such as makes up a large proportion of the population.

"Do you know," she continued, "my Sunday School teacher was our Day School headmaster, and if you didn't behave while he read the Prayer Book or didn't learn your Catechism properly on Sundays, why, he took it out of you on week-days. No, I wouldn't force my boy to go. You shall choose for yourself, I told him."

"Yes, Ada, I see what you mean," replied her companion. "But when I was young my mother forced me to do all sorts of things—like telling the truth, and respecting other people and their belongings. If you ask me, we wouldn't have so much trouble with our young people if we showed them what was right when they were young. Call it 'forcing' if you like, but if by forcing we produce better citizens then I think that 'intelligent persuasion' as I like to call it—is very much needed to-day. After all, we do force our children to do all sorts of things that we believe are for their good. We send them to Day School for instance, because we think it will help them."

At that moment, John, Mrs. Ada Brown's boy of ten came into the room. "I'm going round to see if Tony's finished that book, Mum," he said, and made for the door.

"Just a minute, John," called his mother. "What about your coat—it's raining hard."

"Oh, but Mum, it's only across the road."

"Never mind, we don't want John Brown's body catching cold"

"But Tony will laugh at me if I put a coat on for . . ."

"Never mind, my lad, you do as you're told. It's for your own good."

When the boy had gone Mrs. Jones turned to her companion and said, "See what I mean—you forced him to put his coat on."

"But he'd have got wet if I hadn't."

"That's just it, you quite rightly forced him to do something which was for his own good. I believe you should encourage him to attend Sunday School for his own good also."

"Yes, but does it do him any good?" boomed a voice from the kitchen.

"Oh, is that you, George?" shouted Mrs. Brown. "Tea won't be long. Come in and warm yourself. Dorothy and I were talking about sending our John to Sunday School. She always sends her Edward because she thinks it's good for him. What do you think?"

"Well," said George, "at first sight it doesn't seem as if an ancient institution like a Sunday School has much to offer to a modern generation, but it's like a lot of other things—when you think about it, it seems different. I was talking to a fellow at work to-day and he showed me a report of a speech by a well-known London Magistrate. He said that boys and girls who went to Sunday School very rarely came before juvenile courts, and he quoted figures to prove it."

Mrs. Brown had meantime been finishing the tea preparations, and now announced that it was ready. As the meal drew to a close her husband reopened the conversation.

"You know we ought to have young Peter here—he's a Sunday School teacher." At that moment the door bell rang and Mrs. Brown hurried off to answer it.

"He'd tell us," he continued. "Clever young fellow, even if he is a bit of a fanatic at times. Why, here he is! Good to see you, my lad."

"Thank you, Uncle," replied the young man.

"We were just talking about you, Peter," said his aunt. "Mrs. Jones here was trying to persuade us to send our John to Sunday School. I didn't think it would be any good to him, but George seems to think it would."

"Yes, a fellow at work showed me a Magistrate's speech about the value of Sunday Schools. The J.P. was quite convinced about it."

"And well he might be," said Peter. "I've some more evidence here." From his pocket he produced a somewhat battered and out-of-date copy of *The*



"You go if you want"



"You do as you're told"



"Took it out of you on week days"



"an ancient institution"



"You listen to this—"



"Told you he was a fanatic"

Times. "Yes, you listen to this. It's a review of a book called *The Young Delinquent In His Social Setting*, by Professor Thomas Ferguson, published by the Oxford University Press. The book is a survey of the youth of Glasgow, and the Professor says, 'As always, members of youth organisations or Churches had a low crime rate—not much more than half that of boys not belonging to social or religious groups.' Any social worker will tell you the same thing. If you want to minimise the chances of a child's getting into trouble it seems a good way is to attach him to a youth organisation of some sort."

"Yes," said Aunt Ada. "I think you are right, Peter. Perhaps we had better send John after all. But why should these boys be less likely to go astray?"

"Well," said Peter. "I think it all boils down to this. You can't have Christian moral standards without Christian faith. In the years between the wars (and don't forget that juvenile delinquency rose steadily from 1930 to 1938) people imagined that education was the answer. Now it is psychology."

"Humph," said his uncle. "Never did agree with these new-fangled methods."

"I think a Christian boy," continued Peter, "or one who has been taught Christian standards, more often keeps the law because he knows that a righteous God is at the back of it. I was talking to a Missionary the other day and he said that most of the natives in the country where he worked were thieves. His explanation was that they have no Christian background. Once a native is converted he gives up stealing and can be trusted. Apply that to this country and I think you have the answer".

Peter looked at his watch. "I must be going," he said. "Teachers' preparation class tonight."

"What on earth's that?" said his Uncle.

"We meet together to pray about and plan our Sunday lesson. We'll have to prepare the Film Strip Projector, too, and I think some of the other classes are using a flannelgraph. Come along sometime and see us at work. Sunday School isn't out of date, you know. Our School leads many of the day schools in the application of new methods. I've been told."

"One last question, Peter," said Mrs. Jones. "What do you think is the best way to get children to attend Sunday School?"

Peter chuckled. "Why, that's easy. Show them that religion is real by attending church yourself!"

"Told you he was a fanatic!" said Uncle George as Peter banged the front door.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

(Continued from next page)

a teddy bear; Fibs, a rubber face (with no body attached which you could push into all kinds of shapes and expressions; Effie, a plush elephant; and Bolly, a small woollen Rabbit.

What story could we possibly evolve round such a cast? None of the well-known fairy stories included a monkey, a German Punchinello, a teddy-bear, a rubber face without a body, a plush elephant and a pink wool rabbit. There was nothing for it; we must make one up. Half-past three... Frantically Ingrid and I rushed to the dining-room and set the tea-table, filled the beakers with orange-juice and put tiny birthday candles in the sugar holders on Jane's cake. As we worked we went on thinking; suddenly I remembered. Jane had a book upstairs with a story about a monkey who joined a circus. A *toy* monkey. Starting from there, couldn't we use Marmaduke as our "star" and alter the story to fit such characters as we had?

I ran to fetch the book, gave it to my husband, explained my idea and said, "It's up to you." And from then on it was! At four the visitors arrived. Ingrid and I presided over a game or two, then over tea while my husband sat closeted in the drawing-room with our improvised puppet theatre, his cast, a pencil and plenty of paper. At last he called, "It's ready." I shepherded the children in. The puppet-theatre stood on a table; behind it sat my husband, hidden from view (a dark-blue bedspread covering the table, also hid his legs). Chairs were drawn up. The audience sat down, all agog. In the silence the crepe-paper curtain was put aside and—who was this? A white-faced goblin with green hair appeared—it was Fibs, the rubber face, with green paper for a wig, and a green handkerchief for a cloak. Behind the green handkerchief my husband's hands moved and the rubber face smiled at the audience. A squeaky voice said: "Hullo, children. I'm the Fairy Verdigris, and I'm here like you to see the fun. There are some other people coming—a monkey called Marmaduke, and a bear called Petz, and a clown called Kaspar, and an elephant called Effie, and a rabbit called Bolly. Now would you like to see these people, and hear how Marmaduke joined a circus and got to know all the others?"

"Yes, please," chorused the children; and so the show began.

Unrehearsed, unready, full of awkward pauses while my husband dropped things or couldn't find the right toy at the right moment or simply developed cramp on one hand (!), the show was nevertheless a huge success. It proved to us that in spite of the sophistication of some of the entertainment of to-day, children remain easy to please. There is endless scope here for real creative effort, for the training of mind and hands—and for the making of good home-made entertainment.

Family Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

"AT Mary's party," said Jane, "there was a conjuror. And at Helen's, we all went into the drawing-room after tea and watched television. It was smashing! What are we going to do after tea at my party, Mummy?"

It was her seventh birthday, and we were all having lunch. I caught my husband's eye. "Well, we shall start off with some games, darling," I said, "and then we'll have tea—and the birthday cake, of course. And then some more games."

"What games?"

"Any games you like. Hunt the Slipper, perhaps. And Musical Chairs—or Musical Cushion, if you'd rather. And Oranges and Lemons."

"And after that?"

"Well, lots more games, and then at the end of the party, we'll have ice-cream for everybody, and I've got a little bag of sweets for every child to take home."

"Like last year," said Jane. "Lovely, Mummy," she added loyally.

She meant it, too. And why shouldn't she? But Jane was growing older, and it struck me suddenly that it was quite true that while other children sometimes produced a variation on the usual tea-and-games theme, she never did. Tea, games, ice-cream; to me it still sounds a very good and happy programme for a little girl's birthday party. Yet I didn't want Jane to feel that other people's homes had more to offer than hers in the way of entertainment. Already, more than once, I had heard some little friend dashing off from our house with the words, "I must be quick or I'll be late for T.V.!"

My husband said in an undertone, "Now then, now then. We are *not* going to try to 'keep up with the Joneses'!"

I didn't answer. I was trying to think back to the time when I was a little girl myself, and the great new rage, the wonderful new invention, was—radio. The crystal set, 2.LO—"This is London calling." I remembered going to a school-friend's house for tea, watching her elder brother tinkering with his crystal set, trying on earphones and hearing that faint, astonishing tinkle of music—my first experience of "listening-in." I couldn't remember whether I'd longed for my family to buy a wireless set as Jane undoubtedly longs for her parents to have television. But I do remember feeling very

excited when—after some years—my family decided to invest in "the wireless," and a 'really-truly' loud speaker was installed.

These 'reminiscings' weren't getting me anywhere with the problem which had started off this train of thought. What could I do, at this eleventh hour, to put on some new form of entertainment for Jane's party so that she shouldn't feel afterwards that it hadn't been up to the standard of other children's parties?

When the children had gone off to hear "Listen with Mother" (to which Jane, though over five, remains devoted), I said to my husband, "I wish we'd thought of it earlier. We might have fixed up some kind of puppet show."

"It's a pity we haven't more time," said my husband, "or we could make a theatre out of an old box or something, and use some of the kids' toys for puppets."

"Have we got an old box?" said Ingrid, our German help. "From the green-grocers, perhaps?"

We all three looked at each other. Then with one accord, we got up from the table and got busy.

It was two o'clock and the children were due to arrive at four. A hurried search produced two boxes, one cardboard and broken, the other dirty and the wrong size. Then my husband had an inspiration. He seized my little wooden clothes-horse and set to work. He covered two sides with blue crepe-paper (left over from Christmas) and the third with red, leaving an opening at the top of one side. The effect was that of a Punch-and-Judy show. A square piece of the red paper was drawing-pinned to the top of the opening, to serve as the theatre curtain. We decorated it all over with little paper stars. Now we had our theatre, and very gay it looked (but nobody must look too carefully at the details of workmanship, which could have been improved on if we'd had more time). Now we needed some puppets and a story.

A hasty inspection of the toy-cupboard produced its most likely candidates: Marmaduke, a glove-puppet monkey (you know the kind; you put your hand in and manipulate his head and paws with your thumb and two fingers); Kaspar, a genuine and beautifully-made puppet brought from Germany by Ingrid; Petz,

(Continued on previous page)

SOME INTERESTING BOOKS

MOTHER-LOVE VERSUS THE MOST APPROVED METHODS

REVERSALS of authoritative pronouncements now seem to occur periodically with regard to matters of health, both physical and mental. "All children must eat spinach," we were told for a number of years. Now we are given to understand that we might well have yielded to their tears and protests, for spinach contains oxalic acid, which is bad for . . . !

In *Child Care and the Growth of Love* we learn that there has been a similar change of mind among the experts with regard to the fundamental importance of mother-love. The experience of the loving attentions of a mother, or "mother-substitute", may far outweigh the possible ills of unhygienic conditions or inefficient methods; while the most antiseptic surroundings and expert care will fail to give the child what he most needs.

"Four groups of babies in America were studied. There were sixty-one children from town homes, not specially selected in any way, there were twenty-three children of professional parents, eleven from peasant homes and sixty-nine babies of delinquent unmarried mothers. All of them when first they were tested were from one to four months of age.

"At this stage the 'professional' group were best developed, after them came the 'unselected' town group, then the peasant children, and then the illegitimate babies. After eight months they were tested again. In the meanwhile all but the 'unselected' town group had been in an institution. This unselected town group had been with their own mothers; the second testing showed similar developments for their ages in all the groups which had been with their mothers (though the 'professionals' did not lead by quite so much, and the 'illegitimates' had to some extent caught up), but the institution children had lost terribly, and were of a standard far below the normal for their age.

"It is true that these infants were living in conditions especially bad from the psychological point of view, as not only was there but one nurse to some seven children, but, for reasons of hygiene, the children were kept restricted to cots and cubicles in what amounted to solitary confinement . . .

"One hundred and twenty-two babies, eighty-three cared for in an institution and thirty-nine in foster-homes, all of whom had come into the society's care within their first two months of life, had been tested around six months of age. Those in the institution were in one large nursery, which had accommodation for seventeen babies and was staffed by a total of ten practical nurses, there being never fewer than two in attendance during the day. The results of the tests were slightly above average for the foster-home children and slightly below for the institutionalised."

This book is a summary of Dr. Bowlby's report on *Maternal Care and Mental Health*, freed from many of its technicalities and prepared for the general reader. It explains how the capacity for love and sympathy in

adult life has its roots in early childhood, and how a lack of motherly care may permanently stunt the growth of love; and suggests practical steps to prevent the neglected children of to-day from becoming the neglectful parents of the future. (Pelican, 2s.)

WHICH SCHOOL?

Are you a person with "views" on schooling—secondary, grammar, private or boarding? Whether you have views of your own or not you will find some intensely interesting points of view in *How to Choose Your School* by J. F. Wolfenden, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University (Oxford University Press, 111 pp., 7s. 6d.).

The book is divided into two parts, and Part I consists of imaginary correspondence between two married sisters with children of school age, and their school-master brother. One father feels that if he wants the best for his children he must pay for it, and that what he pays for is bound to be "better" than can be had in a State-provided school. He doesn't want to be snobbish, but after all . . . ! We are given a vivid picture of all the conflicting considerations that arise.

Part II is a commentary, and after posing "Some Fundamental Questions" the author sets out "Some Practical Consequences."

This is a frank and down-to-earth book, setting out the important facts as well as discussing all the pros and cons.

STORIES TO READ WITH YOUR CHILDREN

The name of Lettice Bell has always stood for something special in children's stories—something stimulating and making demands upon young readers, but offering them a rare satisfaction. A new book called *Go-To-Bed Stories* (Victory Press, 151 pp., 10s. 6d.) maintains the well-known style, and brings a selection of Bible Stories interspersed with tales of a later date which carry similar lessons.

Here is an extract which will suggest the flavour for those who are unfamiliar with it.

"What was become of Peter?"

"However did he disappear?"

"The soldiers asked each other the question with white faces and trembling lips.

"The consternation grew and spread to the royal palace.

"Again and again the words were whispered, 'What was become of Peter?' And no one could answer, for nobody knew."

The words in italics have a special purpose which the author explains in her introduction: "You must find the texts yourself; but it will be quite easy, for all the words you have to look for are printed in slanting letters." At the foot of each page is printed a reference to a Bible book and chapter with space for the young reader to fill in the appropriate verse.

We gladly commend this as a first-class book for children from eight years onwards. The eights and nines will need your help but that will be a pure pleasure for both of you!



KEEPING
KEEPING



BALANCE
BALANCE

by Philippa Stowey

TO achieve moderation in all things, and particularly in the bringing-up of children to strike the happy mean between over-indulgence and disinterest—that is one of the hardest tasks of parenthood. And sometimes our friends and relations make it harder!

Naturally we prefer our visitors to be people who like children, rather than those who only just tolerate them. Still, the kind folk who come to our home are sometimes a trial to us, and not too popular with the children.

My eldest child is a cripple. When she returned to us after nineteen months in an orthopaedic hospital it was so wonderful to have her back that, of course, we waited on her far too much. I became fiercely protective towards her, and was ready to turn and rend anyone who jostled her in the street, imperilling her precarious balance, or stared at her splinted leg as she walked out and about with me. This was un wisdom without any doubt. Mary started school again when she was able to do without her splint, and soon found that she was expected to do more for herself there than she had been encouraged to do at home. It was impossible for the other children to wait on her, to do up her shoes, and to fix her hair ribbon whenever she demanded it. Demand is the right word. Mary had become used to having a loving slave at home.

On her end-of-term report we found the unwelcome remark, "This child is too obsessed with herself. She thinks everyone should give way to her." This startled my husband and me. It had not really occurred to us that we might over-do the "looking after" business. We felt, subconsciously perhaps, that over-indulgence was better than neglect, and time and again we made the younger children defer to her. How wrong we were!

At first we were deeply resentful of the teacher's report, but gradually we had to admit that it was a fair one. Mary, we realised, must not pity herself and expect special treatment for ever. It is true that she limps and cannot hurry as fast as other people can, but this is not nearly as pitiable a state as that of many of the children who were in hospital with her.

We began to teach Mary that she really must become more willing to do things for herself. But what about those tender-hearted relations—did they understand that she must become self-reliant and grow up a little? They love visiting us. Openly they refer to her as "poor little Mary," and too often, even now that she is free of her

splint, they say "let me do that for you, darling." They probably think us hard-hearted and unloving.

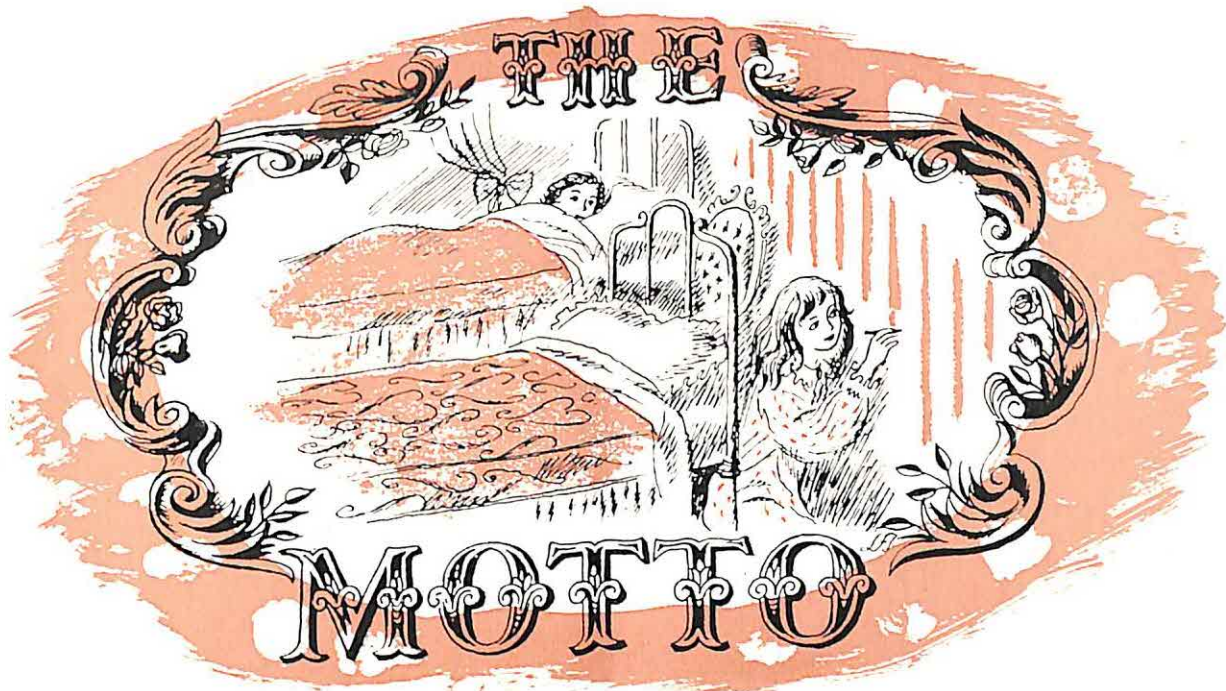
Some of our relations make little attempt to hide their preference for Mary, rather than her clever, dreamy young sister. They are practical people themselves and have more sympathy for a child as useful at domestic things as Mary is, rather than one who is often deep in a book. It is my job, when these relations visit us, to see that Rose is not constantly snubbed and silenced. If she should in any way outshine her older sister she is promptly put in her place, so naturally she does not look forward to visits from these particular female relations. Mary's affectionate greetings are much enjoyed by them, but Rose is not expected to be *too* demonstrative or she is told, "Don't be silly, dear." So when they are here I have to give Rose a little affection myself, to try and keep the balance.

It would be just as regrettable if the favouritism were the other way round. When Rose was a lovely baby, crawling round on the floor I remember a female admirer saying to Mary quite sharply, "Mind out of the way, *you!* Don't step on her!" And I considered that rather unnecessary.

What about the youngest one . . . the boy with the beautiful eyes? Some of our women visitors make no secret of their preference for him, and for boys in general. Remarks like "Aren't you a handsome little thing?" and, "Oh, what eyes you have!" are not calculated to keep a child unself-conscious. I cannot be sorry when such unwise visitors take their departure!

Naturalness is one of the loveliest assets of a small child—that ability to play and *be*, without knowing how interesting and amusing he is to the grown-ups. The period of time before a child begins to show off and play to the gallery, to expect applause, is a precious time. One can only feel resentful towards those who by their sheer silliness try to shorten this time, to make a child into a self-conscious little bundle of tricks and affectations.

Yes, of course, we like our friends and relations to visit us, but we would like it even better if they could show affection more equally to the children so that we were not forever trying to keep the balance and undo any harm that they have done; to strengthen Mary's will, to reassure Rose about her own attractiveness, and to moderate the boy's conceit. Some visitors could use a little more commonsense.



WHENEVER he was at home on a Saturday evening, her father's study door was shut, and they all knew what it meant. Wherever he was, Grattan Guinness spent a part of Saturday evening in prayer for his children. It was after one of those hushed hours when he came out of the study with an indescribable radiance on his face that he called Minnie to him.

"Minnie, I have been wondering whether you have a motto for your life yet?"

"A motto, Father?"

"Yes, darling, something that will keep before you the reason why you are here in the world, and help you to see clearly at moments when you have to choose between two claims that seem equally important, so that you choose the highest."

"No, Father, I don't think I have any special motto to help me to do that."

"Wouldn't you like to take my motto as yours, then?"

"Oh, yes, Father; I would. What is it?"

"It was when I was reading in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, years ago, that the Lord gave it to me. Shall we read the passage together?"

He turned to the end of the tenth chapter, and said, "Now you read those last three verses to me."

And slowly and reverently she read; "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Give no occasion of stumbling, either to Jews, or to Greeks, or to the church of God; even as I also please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of the many, that they may be saved."

Minnie looked up and saw in his eyes a tender, holy ambition for her life. She felt a great longing to be what her father hoped she would be.

"What is the motto, Father?" she asked.

"It is the content of those three verses in one sentence, and it has meant much to me. I think it will mean much to you too, darling. It is just this: *Live for the glory of God and the good of the many.*" Then he told her something of how the motto had been his guiding star in times of perplexity, of how it had ruled out of count things that were quite legitimate in themselves, but that must not find room in his life. Minnie's whole soul was eager response. Just so she too would live—for the glory of God. He went on to speak of the good of the many, "that they might be saved," and showed how it narrowed the pathway on earth in one sense. There must be the one goal in regard to the lives we touch, that God's will may be done in them; no lesser good may be the object we serve. And it must mean the many. Our hearts are too easily content with the few—those we love naturally. Minnie caught a glimpse of her own failure now. She had not cared enough for the many; had only cared at all because the few she loved cared so much.

"Yes Father, I'd like to have your motto for my motto."

They knelt in prayer together, and he commended his little daughter to the One who is faithful, and who having begun will perfect His work.

Minnie ran upstairs and surprised Lucy, who was already in bed, by pulling her bed out from the wall, and creeping down behind it to write something on the wallpaper just level with her pillow.

"Whatever are you doing, Minnie?" Lucy asked.

"I'm writing my motto where I shall see it first thing every morning," came the glad answer.

—From Mrs. Howard Taylor—*Her Web of Time*.

TAKE YOUR THIRD TRANQUILLY

by Peggy Clark



I HAVE frequently heard it asked, "Why do women with several children seem to manage their brood so easily? Why are they so tranquil and cheerful?"

The answer, of course, is that by the time a woman has three children she lowers her household standards. She has to face it—children or house? The children must come before the house for years and years. She must put up with mud on the kitchen floor, and like it; if not, she becomes a "nagger".

Time, not the baby, becomes the real problem. There's no time to take things to heart. On with the next job, and is it fine enough to put the nappies out, are the things she broods over. Little things like hammering and slamming doors simply pass over her head. She finds that washing nappies with both taps on is a wonderful form of retreat from the wail of "Ow! She hit me," or the lowered voice of the tell-tale: "Mummy, d'you know what he said?" If Mummy's not prepared to throw herself into the fray, well, it's really not worth making a

fuss. The outside world is rather far away, and what other people say somehow doesn't matter any more.

The day is complicated, with baby's meals dovetailed in with the family's. So the first thing she does is to get baby settled. She knows that it is well worth while to concentrate on successful breast-feeding, for it is cheapest, safest, and best. She knows, too, that it is far better to spend her time keeping the baby happy and contented, than to be continually interrupted by a screaming fury with tummy-ache.

There's not much time for dusting, and, anyway, who cares? But if the busy mother *must* have a spotless house then the maternity allowance and the weekly 16s. are well-invested in domestic help; this will help the mother to glow after the first few hectic months, instead of drooping and sighing.

Even so, you often hear them lamenting—if only they'd time to enjoy the baby and time to spend on the other two! Yet Baby's mothering-time after tea and before his bath can become an extremely successful time for all, especially if, somehow, the supper can be prepared beforehand. Then is the time to sink into the easy chair by the fire holding baby, allowing the children to nurse him, to read aloud, to tell serial stories or simply to sit. They'll all love it, and you'll be surprised at the confidences you'll get. No need for a psychologist for your children if you are there to lend a non-committal ear.

This is the time when a mother sees her family as a whole. While she wonders why they never drew together like this before, she realises that they never had the baby to give them the common interest. It's Baby who's turned the conventional two into a real family.

People still peep in the pram and gush, "My dear, he is lovely, but I honestly don't know how you can face it a third time—I mean sieved spinach, and nappies, and what-have-you all over again!"

"He's no trouble at all," his mother murmurs. "It's wonderful having a third; it's simply time that's my trouble."

oliday on a ouseboat

by Pauline Randell



ONE year my husband, young schoolboy son, and I made up our minds to have a holiday that was different. This time, we decided, it must be open-air, near water, and free from the restrictions that most hotels or boarding-houses have to impose.

We heard of a houseboat to rent on the Norfolk Broads, and from the brochure acquired we learnt that everything was provided for our use except bed linen and towels. As it slept four, we asked my boy cousin to join us; he made a willing fourth and, incidentally, offered to share expenses. The houseboat sounded roomy and comfortable and looked, to my critical eye, every

"She" was a converted Thornycroft motor cruiser, and looked, to my critical eye, every inch a boat with very little house about it. Yet, when we examined her my visions of coping with an ancient oil stove vanished as I saw a modern and compact cooking locker, using bottled gas, with everything to hand. Also, the open part at the back, originally the wheelhouse (so my husband delightedly informed me), had been built over to form a roomy and comfortable saloon where we would cook and eat.

Well, a certain amount of organisation was necessary, of course, for the smooth running of the holiday, but the leisurely routine of the next two weeks proved a complete and welcome change from the usual. Our team soon learned to make short work of chores, and catering arrangements were made surprisingly easy, for all essential foodstuffs such as groceries, milk, and bread were delivered daily from the village. The fetching of drinking water from the local well was allotted to the boys who, needless to say, were always ready for an excuse to use the dinghy.

The 'Staithe' was quiet, peaceful, and friendly, yet if we needed adventure it awaited us round the bend of the river. The daily programme charge a boat could be hired, so the first "crew". We found, for instance, that for a reasonable charge a boat could be hired, so the first really fine day my husband took full advantage of sun and wind to test once again his skill in the handling of rope and sail on the nearby Broad—a thrill in which we all gladly shared.

Our ten-year-old took to river life naturally, to our delight, and before long taught himself to row the dinghy, our fears that he might fall overboard being at once calmed when a kindly neighbour lent him a life-jacket. He thrived in the Norfolk air and amiable atmosphere around us, and very soon made friends with another young sailor—a keen Broadman, who lost no time in inviting him aboard his own sailing dinghy. They had their fun and we had ours—watching their lively interest in the bird-life and their earnest attempts at a little amateur fishing! That afternoon the boys rowed us up river, where we picnicked in one of the quiet waterways.

Another day, feeling more energetic, we locked up the houseboat and, taking another picnic tea, explored some of the lovely surrounding countryside, including one of Norfolk's beautiful old churches.

During the whole two weeks it rained only twice, and then we found the cabin a cosy retreat for reading, playing games, sketching, or just watching! There was always some fresh aspect of Broads life to liven the scene, if it was only sedate Mrs. Swan and family visiting us, hopeful for titbits or at least some left-overs from one of our hearty meals.

After a swim—and the river was surprisingly warm—it was fun to sunbathe upon the flat wide top of our houseboat and watch the varied water traffic, ranging from the smallest sailing craft to forty-foot motor cruisers, drifting in and out of our Staithe.

Yet the greatest joy of all, we felt, was the freedom of this holiday. In this 'house of our own' we could eat when and what we chose, get up when we liked, wear the simplest of clothing—in fact, be ourselves.

Norfolk, though flat country, is by no means uninteresting, as some might imagine; indeed, we found a unique charm in its peaceful combination of river and country that was both refreshing and adventurous. To us, this holiday on a houseboat was certainly different from any other we'd ever had, and we shall remember it particularly for the happy team spirit it encouraged in our small but lively family.





GARDENING WITHOUT DIGGING

by *W. E. Shewell-Cooper,*
M.B.E., N.D.H.

(Principal, The Horticultural Training Centre, Thaxted)

I DON'T think I ought to go on with the series that we are having on gardening with a minimum of work without dealing with this question of "no digging".

It isn't all of us who can make large quantities of compost, and it is surprising how much fully rotted organic matter one needs to put over an acre of land, if you adopt the no-digging method. I've worked it out, and if you are going to do the job properly you undoubtedly need 200 tons of compost for every acre of land you are going to "cultivate" under this no digging method.

That's the problem. Where can we get that amount of compost from? The answer seems to be that as we cannot easily produce all this half-formed humus, we must get instead what is known as Sedge Peat. This is 'mined' in Somerset. It comes to the gardener in bales or bags; it doesn't have to be rotted down; it is applied on the surface of the ground just as if it were compost, and it has the same action. It helps matters if in addition you apply one of the properly balanced fish manures, such as you can get, for instance, with a 5 per cent. potash content.

Many saw the experiment that was carried out at the Royal show a few years ago. There the Soil Association had two plots. One was dug in the normal way and manured, while the other was treated on the no-digging method. On the undug plot, which was well mulched with compost, there was no disease at all. On the dug plot, the broad beans, for instance, were alive with Black Flies, the carrots were badly attacked with the maggots of the carrot fly, the Beetroot had the Leaf Mining Maggot, while the cabbages were badly attacked by caterpillars. It would seem that the pests had the opportunity of going to either plot, and they preferred to go on to the crops growing on the cultivated soil because there the vegetables weren't growing quite so well.

It does therefore seem to show that if you adopt this no-digging method you will have less trouble with pests and diseases, and the busy housewife or the harassed husband will not have to be purchasing large quantities of insecticide and fungicides.

You will be asking now what should be done by

those who fancy this new idea and want to develop it. Broadly speaking, the method is as follows: Don't dig or fork the ground at all, don't even use the hoe. Clean the tools, oil them, hang them up in the tool shed and say goodbye to them, either for ever or for the time being. Then every autumn when the crops have been harvested, put a one-inch layer of sedge peat or fully rotted compost all over the surface of the ground. You will probably have to rill it first to make it firm. Then you leave it until the spring, that is to say until the normal seed-sowing time comes round again, and the small seeds, such as lettuce for instance, are sown in the peat, or in the remainder of the peat that the worms haven't pulled in. It is only necessary to scratch out a very shallow drill with the point of a draw hoe.

When it comes to the time of sowing the larger seeds like peas, French beans, runner beans, and so on, then you once again scratch out little furrows in the compost or peat, put the beans in position, and cover with a two-inch layer of more peat, or really fully rotted compost. You see, the seeds are sown in the compost rather than in the soil itself.

Now, of course, it much depends on the weather what happens. If by any chance there should be a very dry winter it may be that the peat will never get thoroughly soaked, and the compost, because of the winds, may dry out somewhat. But it's usual for the peat to get a really thorough soaking so that by the time the spring comes it is nice and moist. Therefore, the plan just is the sowing without the digging. Now sometimes you do get one or two weeds that will poke their little noses through the peat or compost and they do have to be pulled up by hand. If, however, you are very careful and you do get a complete cover of peat, then the weeds don't come through.

As far as planting is concerned the same kind of system is adopted. You put the peat as a layer all over the ground, and when you want to put out cabbage plants or cauliflower plants, plants of tomatoes and cucumbers, chrysanthemums, or whatever it may be, all you've got to do is to make a hole with the trowel—it needn't be deep—and once again put a good mulching of peat around. Of course, as I've already suggested in an earlier article, the peat does act as a mulch and that keeps the moisture in; it does smother the weeds and that prevents any competition with the plants; and of course this particular type of peat in itself has some value from the point of view of humus and plant foods. Then again, you use the fish manure to provide the ideal organic fertiliser.

I do hope that you will feel inclined to try this method even on a small crop. Those who have gone in for the scheme like Mr. A. Guest at Middlecliffe, near Barnsley, have been extremely successful and have for years now grown the most wonderful crops without any cultivations whatever. It isn't something therefore to think of as new-fangled or queer. It ought to be discussed, and those who are busy and haven't time to dig, or those who are disabled in any way and can't dig, shouldn't give up gardening by any means, but adopt this interesting method. I can't help thinking that there may be large numbers of busy parents who read this magazine, who will be very interested indeed in this no-digging idea, and I suggest they make a trial right away and let me know how they get on.



Feeding the Family

COLD SWEETS FOR HOT DAYS

by Mildred Gordon, B.Sc.

DURING hot weather we all enjoy eating cold, dainty sweets, and mother appreciates having something which will not entail a lot of baking in a hot oven, which seems to heat the whole kitchen.

Many of the cold sweets can be made during the evening when it becomes a little cooler. Jellies are best made the day before to give them time to set in a cool place.

If a party or picnic is going to take place it is a help to get certain things finished in advance so as to leave more time for last-minute preparations.

Tarts can be baked on cardboard or other unbreakable plates and cut up freshly at a picnic. Jelly or cream sweets can be set in individual cups or cartons. It is good to have the jelly Creams and Honeycomb moulds that are now back in the shops as these are more nourishing with milk added. Jellies made with water only have little food value, but can be improved by the addition of fresh fruit or fruit juices.

MILK JELLY

Dissolve a jelly in half the stated quantity of hot water. When cool, but not set, add the other half quantity of liquid in the form of cold milk. Stir well and allow to set.

JELLY FLUFF

Make jelly in usual way. When cool and just beginning to set, whisk with rotary or other whisk and pile into individual glasses. Decorate with fresh fruit slices.

LEMON CUSTARD SOUFFLÉ

1 pint custard (1 tbsp. powder, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 pint milk)

Juice of 1 lemon

1 egg.

Method. Make custard as usual and add egg yolk and lemon juice. See that the white of egg is

cold, free from grease, and on a clean plate or basin. Whisk until quite stiff, then fold into mixture with a metal spoon. Pour into glass dish and decorate with glacé cherries.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

Milk, 3 cups

Cocoa, 2 tbsp.

Water, 1 cup

Sugar, 2 tbsp.

Flour, 1 tbsp.

Eggs, 1 or 2 (separated).

Method. Heat milk and sugar, and thicken with flour and cocoa mixed to a smooth paste with a little of the water. Add rest of water and yolk of eggs and bring to boil. Flavour with vanilla.

Allow to cool slightly, then fold in whites of eggs beaten very stiffly. Decorate with real or mock whipped cream.

Fruit of all kinds can be bought now and many varieties of tarts, pies, or flans can be made.

Plate pies are useful for picnics.

Method. Line a tin or plate with short pastry. Cover with finely sliced or chopped fruit. Add sugar but no water. Cover with pastry, seal edges with water and decorate. Prick holes in top (this keeps pie flat). Bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes or until golden brown and fruit is soft.

Flans. Bake pastry blind in flan or sandwich tin. This can be done by covering with grease-proof or wax paper—filling with crusts, dried peas or beans. These cases can be made in advance and stored in an air-tight tin. They can then be filled when required with a variety of fillings:

1. *Fresh fruit* such as oranges, bananas, grapes, etc. Arrange in flan case and cover with cold jelly on the point of setting.
2. *Stewed fruit* strained and the juice thickened with cornflour.
3. *Custard* sprinkled with desiccated coco-nut.
4. *Caramel custard.*
5. Any of the sweetened packets of tapioca or other milk puddings.



A DOCTOR'S DIARY

by a Lady Doctor in General Practice

"GOOD EVENING, Miss Wilson. I hope you didn't get too wet on the way here tonight." "It is a dreadful night, isn't it? I don't think we shall have any neurotics in tonight! Only the genuinely ill patients will brave this weather."

"Yes, the genuinely ill or the genuinely worried. Worry is often too urgent to be deterred by the weather."

"Yes, I suppose it is. The first patient is a new one, and she has just come to live in this district."

"All right, send her in, please."

"Good evening, Mrs. Young. You're new to the district, I believe."

"Yes, I've just got married and we're living down Cambridge Road. I am rather worried, Doctor. You see, my mother tells me that I had Rheumatic Fever when I was a child and the doctor said it had affected my heart. I am wondering whether it would be safe to start a family."

"That is rather a problem. It all depends on how seriously your heart is affected. The commonest heart trouble after Rheumatic Fever is mitral disease, which means that one of the valves of the heart is diseased and doesn't work as it should. Do you get out of breath if you run for a bus?"

"No, not unless I run a long way."

"Do your ankles swell up towards the end of the day?"

"No, I haven't noticed that."

"Do you get any cough at night?"

"No, not unless I have a cold."

"Do you feel your heart beating fast at all?"

"Only if I am very excited."

"I think that your mitral disease must be what we call well compensated. That means that your heart can cope with the ordinary stresses and strains of life all right. Of course, pregnancy puts a big strain on the heart, but I have known people with mitral disease have two or three children quite safely. As long as you are prepared for the risks and you take things quietly, you should be all right."

"You must arrange to have the baby in hospital, because labour is the greatest strain of all for the heart. You must report any sign of decompensation immediately (that is, any breathlessness or swelling of the ankles, etc.). If your heart shows any of these signs of weakness you may have to go into hospital for a few weeks' rest. This may happen several times during your pregnancy. If the worst comes to the worst you might have to have the baby taken away, but that doesn't happen very often. As long as you are prepared for all these risks, I should say go ahead and have a family. If at all possible, live in a bungalow or flat, so that you don't add the strain of climbing stairs to the stress of pregnancy."

"Thank you for all your advice, Doctor. I shall have to tell my husband what you said and talk it over with him. It's rather frightening though, not knowing what is going to happen to me, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. But there are many people who cannot look into the future without feeling afraid. There is only one sure cure for fear, and that is love and trust. 'There is no fear in love but perfect love casteth out fear' (1 John 4. 18). If you have asked the Lord Jesus Christ to forgive you your sins and to come to live in your heart and take control of your life, then you can trust Him to look after you in the future whatever may happen to you. 'All things work together for good to them that love God' (Rom. 8. 28). Even death has no fear for those who truly love and trust God. For with St. Paul we can say, 'For me to live is Christ and to die is gain' (Phil. 1. 21); and 'We have a desire to depart and to be with Christ which is far better' (Phil. 1. 23)."

"I have never bothered a great deal with religion you know, but what you say is worth thinking about."

A few months later Mrs. Young came to tell me that she was expecting her first baby. Later on I had to send her into hospital for a rest. She hadn't thought much about what I had said to her, but in hospital a Christian nurse started talking to her about the things that matter most. Eventually she came to realize her own need of a personal Saviour and her outlook on life changed immediately. She was rather ill when baby was born, but she came through it all right and she was full of praise to God for the way He had preserved her life and the life of her little one.

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

THE EMPTY LARDER

PROBABLY you have often turned to this chapter (Luke 11), as I have, because there is so much in it for those of us who are struggling in the school of prayer. Our Lord, Who prayed as no man else has ever prayed, knew the danger of a wrong use of model prayers, when the lips move long after the mind or heart has ceased to co-operate, and so He prefaced His sublime model (as Matthew is careful to tell us in chapter 6, verse 7) with these words—"Use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking . . . after this manner, therefore, pray ye."

Prayer, the Lord Jesus reminds us, is based on relationship and is to be marked by simplicity and sincerity. Prayer is not dependent on beauty of diction. It is the attitude of one's heart that counts: fathers and children do not make fine speeches to each other!

Prayer is the simplest form of speech

That infant lips can try;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach

The Majesty on high.

But if the suppliant is not heard for his much speaking, his persistency may have much to do with his prevailing. That is, surely, the teaching of the story of the empty Larder which follows. It is a parable which, like that of the Unjust Judge, teaches by contrast, not by comparison. God is not reluctant to give, but throughout the New Testament there recurs the thought of insistence, intensity, wrestling in prayer. God is found of those who seek Him with their whole heart (Jer. 29. 13), and "The inwrought supplication of a life which is right with God is a mighty force" (another translation of James 5. 16b). The disciples

must often have wakened to find their Master missing, and they knew that He had been up before them again, asking, seeking, knocking, until He obtained all He needed for the new day. Often He spent whole nights in prayer to His Father, so that it was what He did regarding prayer, rather than what He said, which prompted the disciples' question (Luke 11. 1). Is that how our children first feel a desire to pray? Do they know we often go to the secret place, and that we come out different—more gentle, more understanding, more Christlike (Matt. 6. 6)? How different all this is from "saying prayers"! Live again in your imagination the story of the man who knew his need and his friend's need. He knocks, and knocks again, shamelessly knocking while all respectable people are in bed, and until the very dogs bark at him. But he gets what he wants—for to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

But the Lord Jesus has not quite finished. If God is not like the unwilling neighbour, He is like a loving Father (vv. 11-13). Prayer, He had said, was based on relationship, and it is unthinkable that the Heavenly Father should not give good things to His children. There is, of course, the possibility that a child will one day ask in his ignorance for something harmful, or knock at a forbidden door, but always his Father will continue to give the good things—He could not, by reason of His infinite love and superior knowledge, give a stone, a serpent, or a scorpion, and the day will come when the child will be profoundly thankful.

Father, I had been foolish and unblest

If Thou hadst granted me my blind request.

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY."

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR AUGUST*

	St. Luke	8	10.	13-24	16	12.	35-48	24	15.	11-32
1	..	8.	26-39	9	17	12.	49-59	25	16.	1-18
2	..	8.	40-56	10	18	13.	1-17	26	16.	19-31
3	..	9.	1-17	11	19	13.	18-35	27	17.	1-10
4	..	9.	18-27	12	20	14.	1-14	28	17.	11-21
5	..	9.	28-45	13	21	14.	15-24	29	17.	22-37
6	..	9.	46-62	14	22	14.	25-35	30	18.	1-17
7	..	10.	1-12	15	23	15.	1-10	31	18.	18-30

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

CURIOSITY OR CONCERN?

You can always tell when your children are asking a question out of curiosity or concern. I have a friend who, when her small son asks too many "curiosity" questions, turns them round on him, and he has to give the answers. But I notice that when he asks "concern" questions she will give any amount of care and time to giving him an answer. She loves to give of her best for "concern" questions. The Saviour, Who knows and loves human hearts so well, sometimes has to turn a question back on us. Luke 13, 22-30 is a case in point. The whole passage (vv. 22-35) is among the most solemn and the most touching in our Lord's teaching.

"Lord, are there few that be saved?" is the curiosity question this man asks. He has a speculative interest in other people's salvation, but no concern about his own. "Strive to enter in at the straight gate," was the Lord's searching reply. Evidently this is a matter of individual responsibility. One cannot drift through this "narrow door," or come in unawares. And if, shaken out of our superficial questioning by the earnest

and loving reply, we really want to find the door, we have our Lord's own clear direction in John 10. 9—"I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved." If we strive to enter in now we shall not need to strive in the day when the Master Himself shuts to the door (Luke 13. 24 and 25).

There are some who will claim an entrance on false grounds. They will claim a nominal association with our Lord. But contact is not necessarily connection. How near they had been (perhaps even communicants—"we have eaten and drunk in Thy presence") yet they had never trusted Him. They pleaded that Christ had taught in their streets. They had been hearers, but not doers (James 1. 22). The Gospel is not only to be heard, but to be obeyed. The chicks must run to the shelter of the hen's wings if they would be safe. (Did you notice the hen has no fear of the fox—verses 31-34?) Is there anywhere a more tragic lament—"How often would I . . . but ye would not."

UNPAID BILLS

He was a young man, in training for ministry in the Church of England, and he talked, as young folk will, of everything under the sun—holidays and working days, national and international problems, clergy and laity, and lastly (in the intimacy that grows as the evening slips away) we talked together of the Christian message itself and how to get it over in our own pagan Britain. "What we need," he said at last, "is ordinary men and women who know God, and whose day-to-day living will be of such a quality as to make other people want to know Him too." I liked that, and I hope that to the end of his college days, and beyond, he will keep that need before him.

I thought of this as I read the story of The Prodigal Son in Luke 15. Every man, woman or child who has turned his back on the Far Country and known the welcome of the Father's house, has learnt something of the heart of God. Each has proved for himself His reconciling grace, His compassion, His love. So what—? Are they to settle down in their best robes, content with their fatted calves, with never a thought for the Far Country in its famine and squalor? There was a time when they helped forward the generally squalid condition prevailing there. "The Sin of each sinner is a sin against every other sinner; it is a rebellion against the entire universe, an anarchy

against Society, an outrage upon everything, a crime against everybody." We are reminded of Dr. Boreham's pregnant question: "Is the Father's forgiveness the only forgiveness the Prodigal needs?"

The fact is, everyone of us who has known the grace of God in his own life owes a constant debt to the citizens of the Far Country, and our only hope lies in going back to share with them the good news that there is robe and ring and fatted calf for them also, and all the warmth and welcome of the Father's house of which these are just the significant tokens.

"Is it possible," asks Mildred Duff, "Is it possible to have the mind of Christ and not the missionary Spirit? . . . Those who have known the hunger and thirst for peace, for pardon, for all that Christ alone can give, can never think with indifference of those who have never tasted the Bread of Life." And all of us have scope enough for missionary labours just where we find ourselves each day.

*If any little word of mine
Can make the pathway clearer,
If any little thought of mine
Can bring a soul the nearer:
If any little deed of mine
Can clear away a sorrow,
God help me speak, and think, and do,
And wait not for the morrow.*

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- * "O praise ye the Lord" (to *Laudate Dominum*)
- * "Jesus, the Name high over all"
- * "Come, let us sing of a wonderful love"
- * "I am waiting for the dawning" (to *There's a Light upon the Mountains*)

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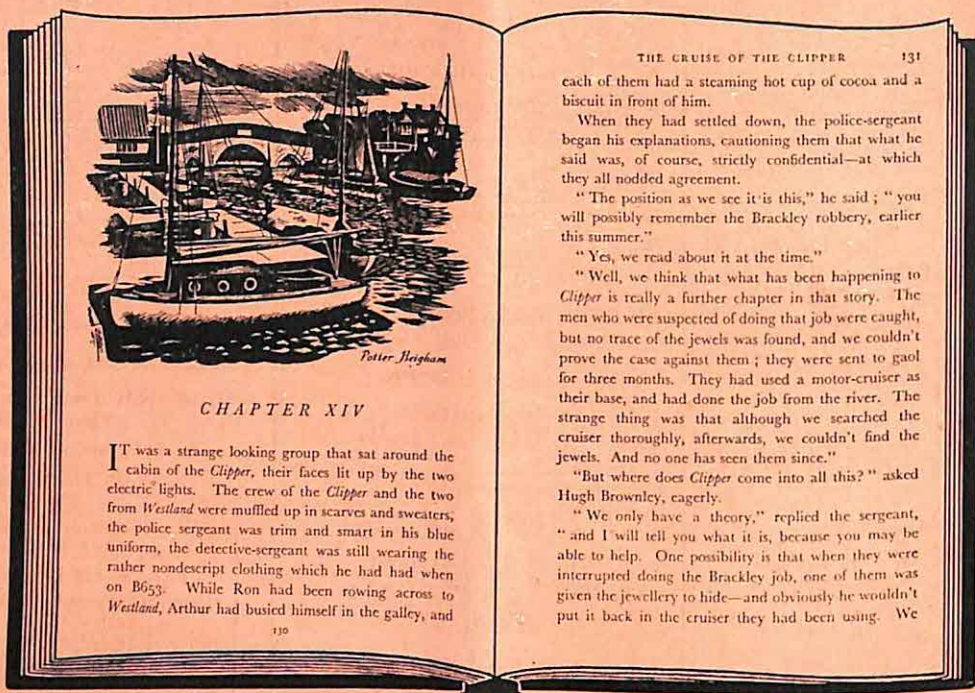
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CHAPTER XIV

IT was a strange looking group that sat around the cabin of the *Clipper*, their faces lit up by the two electric lights. The crew of the *Clipper* and the two from *Westland* were muffled up in scarves and sweaters, the police sergeant was trim and smart in his blue uniform, the detective-sergeant was still wearing the rather nondescript clothing which he had had when on B653. While Ron had been rowing across to *Westland*, Arthur had busied himself in the galley, and

130

each of them had a steaming hot cup of cocoa and a biscuit in front of him.

When they had settled down, the police-sergeant began his explanations, cautioning them that what he said was, of course, strictly confidential—at which they all nodded agreement.

"The position as we see it is this," he said; "you will possibly remember the Brackley robbery, earlier this summer."

"Yes, we read about it at the time."

"Well, we think that what has been happening to *Clipper* is really a further chapter in that story. The men who were suspected of doing that job were caught, but no trace of the jewels was found, and we couldn't prove the case against them; they were sent to gaol for three months. They had used a motor-cruiser as their base, and had done the job from the river. The strange thing was that although we searched the cruiser thoroughly, afterwards, we couldn't find the jewels. And no one has seen them since."

"But where does *Clipper* come into all this?" asked Hugh Brownley, eagerly.

"We only have a theory," replied the sergeant, "and I will tell you what it is, because you may be able to help. One possibility is that when they were interrupted doing the Brackley job, one of them was given the jewellery to hide—and obviously he wouldn't put it back in the cruiser they had been using. We

THE CRUISE OF THE CLIPPER

By Morgan Derham (Editor of "The Boy's Magazine")

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of the "Clipper" make many discoveries—all unexpected, and some very important indeed. The attractive scraper-board illustrations are by L. F. LUPTON.

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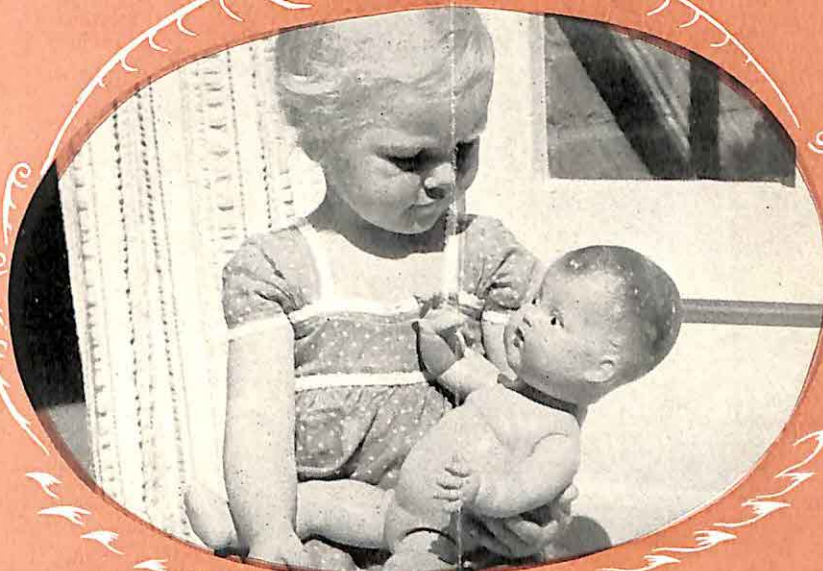
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A. Morgan Derham

Art Consultant: L. F. Lupton

"It's boo-ful,
Mummy!"



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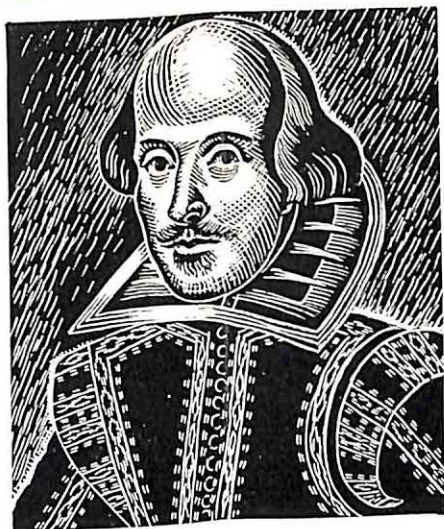
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PARENTS

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LET ME NOT to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
Oh no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:—
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnet, No. 116

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PUNISHMENTS

when and how

by Violet Burman



THERE are those who argue against punishing children for whatever misdeeds they may do. Any kind of punishment is wrong, they say. It sets up neurosis in later life, and, in any case, only proves that the adult has not full control of the situation, and that as far as immediate results are concerned the child either becomes cowed or stubborn.

Like many aspects of the business of bringing up children, what the 'progressives' suggest is no doubt right in part. The extremists among them even subscribe to the idea of allowing children to do exactly as they please. Whether as a long term policy this would prove to be a boomerang we are not yet in a position to judge.

But sensible parents have long since absorbed the fact that no amount of beating will do the trick if the child is incapable of what the adult demands. And no one would suggest that punishment will ever do the job as effectively as right teaching.

What so many otherwise excellent parents lose sight of is that a child does not *think* as an adult, and so should not be punished for acts which arise out of his inability to reason as an adult. It is useless to try to reason with a small child, or to foolishly lose one's temper when he doesn't understand. He must be shown cause and effect and be persuaded to abide by them. A child must be allowed clear-cut ideas, and not be bewildered by reasoning before his time.

Punishment, of course, takes many forms. Only in rare instances does it now flourish as a physical deterrent. The cane has lost its place in the classroom, public conscience is alert to acts of child cruelty at home, and the emphasis is now on corrective treatment. The old days of

'thwackings' are gone. Punishment now more often takes the form of surrendered privileges and the withholding of special treats.

Children are now encouraged to be outspoken, and it is no longer an unwritten law that they be seen and not heard. Modern youth enjoys privileges unheard of a short generation ago. That there are those among us who are loud in exclamation that the pendulum has swung too far we are well aware. But it was ever so. Each new generation, facing its own peculiar problems, brings its own palliative, and to offset doubts there is the comforting knowledge that there is a new closeness between parents and children never enjoyed before.

The answer is in the home.

It is for the individual parents to regulate punishments according to their circumstances and temperaments. What in one home would seem to be laxity, in another is perfectly normal and correct. But there are certain general principles governing family life that are applicable in every type of home. And children being what they are, they will disobey the rules and so incur punishment.

The first thing to remember is that a child should never be slapped in sudden anger. Your loss of control will frighten him more than the slap. Don't forget that his world revolves around you, and anything that can upset your control will certainly upset his.

He must always *know* why he is being punished, and this only after a warning. One warning

should be sufficient. It is a sign of weakness continually to threaten a child with punishment, then allow him to escape it. Never save up punishment until the end of the day, with such remarks as "Wait until your father comes home!" No mother can hope to control her family if such threats are necessary. Neither should punishment be put off for several days, thus enlarging a misdeed out of all proportion.

When you have said "I will punish you," do so as soon as possible. The rule should be—*short and sharp and over*. If there is any hesitancy the next time is that much more difficult. Never slap a child unnecessarily. He will become hardened and learn to dodge.

Punishments should vary. He will learn that a sharp slap will not always let him off.

I have a vivid recollection of a small child who stole a coin and would not own up. Instead of a slap he was sent to his room and denied an afternoon at the seaside which had been arranged as a special treat. His loud pleas and wailing were of no avail. I do not think he ever stole again. It was something of a shock to him and certainly taught him a lesson.

I use this illustration to point out that this is the sort of thing a child understands. There is no reasoning here. Merely cause and effect. In this way he will quickly learn that it doesn't help to be stubborn, and he will have the more respect for his parents who mete out such punishment.

It is not always easy to remain master of the situation, especially if you are a mother who has had a difficult day in which nothing seems to go right and the children have been particularly naughty. Also, there is a physical reason, doctors tell us, why people suddenly do not let you children see mounting tension. But if it is humanly possible do not let you children see you in a temper. Apart from frightening them and shaking their confidence, they will automatically pattern their behaviour on yours. The boy who is always being threatened and slapped in anger is well on his way to becoming the school bully.

One can always tell the home where punishment is kept well in hand. There is an absence of fuss when a child is naughty. Instead of an uproar the child is sent to his room and everything goes on as before. This is a blow to his ego. He is not the centre of attraction as he had hoped, but is put aside from the fun. He'll think twice about it next time.

In this society of ours every man must seek and find his place if he is not to become a misfit. Children must learn as they are growing that certain rules must be conformed to, without crushing individual talent and initiative. This is the parents' job. Neither by over-indulgence nor excessive harshness will they instil into their children the knowledge of the rules. It must be by patient example and corrective treatment. There is no other way. The rules must be learnt well and thoroughly, and they cannot always be learnt without punishment.

Always be quite sure that the punishment you mete out is justified. If there is the slightest doubt, give the child the benefit. If you can honestly say that the punishments you inflict on your children are done in order to strengthen their characters and not to work off your own displeasure, then you will find them growing less frequent. And because of this their effectiveness will increase.

Punishment should at all times be the last resort. It is sometimes an admission of failure. On the other hand, many a man and woman who have gone on to success later in life have blessed the discipline they learnt in youth. For this is the great gift of parentage. Guidance, love, correction; within these three lies success.



WORKING TOGETHER

by Eunice Close



I AM a teacher of five-year-olds, the admission class in a large Primary School. I often feel, especially at the beginning of a term, that parents are extraordinarily trusting in leaving their children in my care. They bring the children, say Goodbye, and off they go, feeling, I think, that because it's my job I shall know how to train and teach the little ones in the best way. But although this trust makes me feel, at times, very humble, at the same time I must admit that there are others when it makes me feel—well, frankly, furious! So many parents seem to imagine that once their child is in school someone else (in this case, me!) can safely be left to take over the responsibility of seeing that the children learn behaviour and good habits as well as reading and writing.

No belief could be further from the truth! Almost any teacher will tell you quite honestly that where home and school are at variance the home will win every time. No teacher, however experienced or conscientious he or she may be, can hope to compete against an inimical home influence. After all, I have the children under my care for only five hours a day, five days a week and forty weeks out of the year. How then, can I hope to do the best for your child if you do not co-operate with me? And unless, of course, we are agreed as to what is best for him? And unless, too, you realise that your child is only one of thirty or forty, or even of fifty children, all having the same claim on my care and attention?

How, then, can you and I work together for the good of the child whose upbringing we share? To begin with, a great deal of your part of the work must start before your child comes to school at all. It is your teaching which must lay the foundation for mine. As an outsider, as it were, I can regard your child far more objectively than you are able to do, and I can recognise his claim to be treated as a person in his own right and not just as "Mrs. Brown's little boy." I can, by getting to know your child, assess the success or failure of your early teaching. Does your child speak clearly? Can he manage simple things like finding his own peg in the cloakroom and putting on his own coat? Can he be trusted to take a simple message correctly? Does he take it for granted that he must put away his own toys and re-

frain from snatching those belonging to or being played with by another child? Can he manage his own buttons and use the toilet properly by himself? Will he occupy himself happily on his own initiative, or will he always wait for me to tell him what to do next? Will he be friendly towards other people, or will he cling to you—or to me, if you are not there—every time something a little out of the ordinary occurs? Have you given him plenty of opportunities for using his hands? Can he manipulate a pair of scissors, and does he know what to do with chalks and crayons and plasticene? Can he count, and is he used to looking at books and hearing you read from them? Can he tell a stranger his name and address?

It is on the answers to all these questions that I must base my teaching, and as you may imagine this is not an easy task when children differ so much, not only in natural aptitudes but in the kind and amount of pre-school training that they have received.

When your child has actually started school your help and co-operation is more than ever necessary to me. In any school, whether it be large or small, there must obviously be a certain number of rules. In my own school, which is a large one, we keep these rules to a minimum, but those we do have are reasonable and they must be obeyed. Otherwise chaos would rule instead of order.

If the rules of your child's school say that Dinner Money must be paid on a certain day, please see that the child takes the correct amount on that day. Only those who have experienced it know the amount of time and trouble that must be wasted when a simple rule such as this is disregarded. If your child has to take pumps or paintbox to school on a certain day please try to see that he does so. Encourage him to remember for himself, of course, but try to remind him if he should forget. Some children become really distressed when things like this are forgotten, and are often punished by having to miss the lesson in question.

Most schools have a very necessary rule regarding the proper marking of clothes and other property. Where uniform is worn this is absolutely essential. If parents knew the amount of time that is wasted in school in looking for lost caps or gloves or scarves

they would realise why some teachers refuse to be bothered with lost property unless the articles were marked in the first place.

These are all, I admit, small points, but they are important, not only because they help towards the smooth running of a very complex organisation, but because they help the child to develop a proper sense of responsibility towards the community.

More important still is the question of co-operation between parents and teachers over the health of the child. School to-day is a very interesting and often exciting place, and young children, particularly, expend an amazing amount of energy there. So it is hardly surprising that by the end of the week they are tired out. For this reason it is wise to restrict week-end outings, at any rate during term-time, so that you can be sure that your child gets enough sleep. Any teacher will tell you that she has only to look round her class on Monday morning—or any other morning for that matter—in order to see how many children went to bed early the night before. Only an alert and healthy child can gain the full benefit from all that the school has to offer.

Where physical defects are concerned I find that teachers often notice something that parents have failed to discover. This applies particularly to defects of sight and hearing, which are often not noticed until the child comes to school. If your child's teacher tells you that she thinks your child's eyes need testing, or that his hearing is not all that it should be, try not to feel offended and act as if she were criticising you. Her only aim is to help the child. A conscientious teacher is quite willing to incur your hostility if she thinks it is in the interest of your child to do so.

Never be afraid to consult your child's teacher if you feel you can clear up some little matter which is troubling the child. Most teachers are only too eager to help in this way. If the school has open days or other occasions on which parents are invited to attend make a point of being one of those mothers who can always be counted on to be there.

To sum up, then, give the teacher all the help you can. By working together you and I can give your child the best possible start on the long road that leads to the making of a worthwhile and responsible citizen.

5 YEARS OLD (Continued from next column)

It is a constant encouragement to find—both on my journeys in various parts of the country and from letters received from all over the world—that *Homes and Parents* is so highly esteemed. A friend in Australia, for example, sends these comments: "All absolutely unanimous in their approval of the magazine, which is very much enjoyed; very helpful, valuable, and interesting. Splendid material for Christians and non-Christians."

What more could one wish? Just this: that each of those who value *Homes and Parents* would get others to take it regularly. If only you could do this we should be saved many a headache here!

Reginald Hill



years old

NEXT month we begin our fifth volume with a number of new features bringing a fresh approach to the range of interests and problems with which *Homes and Parents* tries to help you.

1. **A serial story that is different.** It is not concerned with the eternal (but oh-so-hackneyed) triangle! There are no murders in it, not even a detective! But it does hold up a mirror to real life, and, as every good story should, it discovers its interest and drama in everyday situations, instead of in quite impossible places and people. It's a story that will help you to look again, perhaps, at some of your own ways and problems, and as you see these very human and likeable folk finding the right answers you will want to copy them.

2. The "My Parents" series is to be succeeded by another in which husbands and wives reply to a questionnaire about the ideas and ideals with which they entered upon courtship, marriage, and parenthood, and explain the conclusions they have now reached.

3. **"Mummy, WHY?"** How often have you felt harassed or embarrassed by the ruthless questioning of curious youngsters? The new volume will contain each month answers to children's questions—and you are invited to send to the Editor actual queries which you have found some difficulty in satisfying.

4. Like me, you must often have deplored the extent to which in the modern world admiration and adulation are lavished on worthless people and things. But it is useless to inveigh against this unless one offers a positive and constructive alternative. So I am including a regular page in which there will be items from nature, history, literature, art, and science, which really merit unstinted praise. We parents should find here many a starting point for worthwhile conversation at the table, round the fire, or on our walks.

In addition, there will again be, of course, a variety of individual articles, all enlivened by the illustrations from the fertile brain and skilful pencil of L. F. Lupton.

(Continued at foot of previous column)

Putting it right



by Evelyn Walters

THE house was very still. It was 10 o'clock, and Mrs. Dale sat knitting in the sitting-room, waiting for her husband to return, and listening also in case the baby, who was a little restless, should cry.

Suddenly the stairs creaked. Somebody was coming down—and it could only be Hilary, her eight-year-old daughter, for there was no one else in the house. Then a little figure in a nightgown, barefooted, passed the open doorway, but made no attempt to find her mother. Mrs. Dale was about to call out, "Hilary! What are you doing?" when something about the child's appearance and movements checked her. "She is walking in her sleep! Now," she went on to herself, "I must not wake her suddenly." She got up, then was suddenly inspired to hum a song they often sang together—a bridge across the silence between the sleeping child and everyday life.

She followed her, and certain little sounds directed her to the dining room. Hilary was intently setting the table for lunch, and certainly fast asleep. She took no notice of her mother, of whom she was completely unaware.

The bond between mother and child was a very close one, and into the mother's mind had flashed the meaning of the whole incident. The day before she had asked Hilary, on her return from school, to set the table for her; but instead of agreeing with her usual ready willingness and delight in helping, Hilary had said, "Oh, Mummy, need I? I came home specially early to go on with my paint book." Preoccupied, Mrs. Dale had answered, "Oh, very well, I must do it myself, only I *am* so busy." Since then Hilary's face had been clouded, and now her mother realised that her sensitive conscience had pricked her, and she had worried about her refusal until the whole affair had grown to great proportions and she could not face it. Her sense of guilt had finally caused her to walk in her sleep and to attempt to put it right.

So when the table was finished Hilary gave a great sigh of relief. Mrs. Dale, understanding, was moved to say gently, "Oh, *thank* you, darling—and now let's go back to bed." She took the child's hand and led her upstairs, tucking her up and kissing her as if for goodnight, and once again whispering, "That was my thoughtful Hilary." Hilary's answer was to curl up like a comfortable, satisfied little kitten, still fast asleep.

"And now," thought Mrs. Dale, "I wonder if that has put it right—really right, I mean—or ought I to tell her about it and say she has made up for refusing? Does she need that to prevent the idea of her guilt being buried in her mind? Or have I been able to convey that to her already, even though she was asleep?" She thought it over, and then out of her great understanding of children the knowledge came to her. "She is too young to have it explained, it might frighten her; I must believe that it has been put right." She watched for an opportunity to prove that this was so. And one day it came.

One morning she was specially busy, and said to Hilary, "I'm busy, Hilary. I've got to make John's birthday cake. Could you lend me a hand with something?"

"All right, Mummy. What shall I do?"

"Now, let me see," said Mrs. Dale . . .

"Shall I set the table, Mummy?"

"Oh, yes, please. That would be a great help, and then I shall just have time to finish the cake. Would you like to help me decorate it and put the candles on, after tea?"

* * *

Hilary did not walk in her sleep again, and the daily bond of love and understanding grew between them, the basis surely of a precious life-long relationship and of the normal, happy development of Hilary's sensitive spirit.

ONE of the most important units in the first baby's "trousseau" is his pram. He will sleep in it, be pushed out in it, and—as he grows older and tougher—rock and bounce about in it, for many months to come. In these days, when prams are so expensive, it is essential to think and choose carefully, and, having bought the pram of one's choice, to give it the greatest possible care in order to prolong its life and use.

We ourselves have had three children and as many prams. The first baby was born during the war, at a time when prams were very hard to come by. Consequently we bought a secondhand one cheaply from an acquaintance and "did it up". This "doing up" involved buying new tyres, having a new rivet put on, the brakes seen to, and some repainting done. Even after all that was done, the pram didn't look the thing of beauty I'd always hoped to have for my first child. But once baby had arrived, I forgot the pram's shabbiness in admiring what the pram contained.

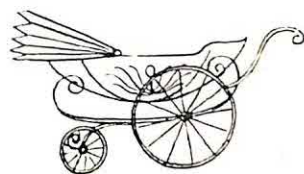
But, oh dear me!—what endless bother that pram was! The new tyres would suddenly come off in the street, so that you either spent much time wrestling till you had them in place again, or you pushed the pram home on three wheels, so to speak. And soon you found that the hood leaked, which meant buying a new hood—at considerable expense; the new hood cost more than the pram itself had done in the first place. The recently repaired brakes soon gave way and had to be mended again. The baby gained in weight and verve, and bounced vigorously till the rivet gave way and the pram collapsed into a lopsided shape.

The next pram, bought for baby number two, was a folding one. We found that this pram, while not giving the same warmth and protection as a larger, more solidly built type, is invaluable for holidays because it packs into a small and convenient shape. Ours has accompanied us on many occasions and to many distant places.

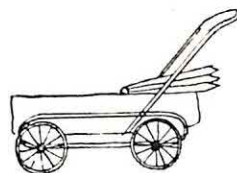
The first and so elderly pram soon gave up the ghost, and when baby number three arrived we realised that one small folding pram between two-toddlers-and-one-baby was not enough, so with sighs we examined our bank balance and somehow bought a new pram. ("If we look after it properly we can sell it secondhand later on—and make sure that whoever buys it doesn't have the bother we had with *our* secondhand one," we said to each other). This time we chose a medium-sized one on which two babies can travel, the smallest lying flat, the toddler with its back propped against a kind of adjustable partition (this part of the pram is, of course, equally useful for carrying the overflow from one's shopping basket).

The individual choice of pram must naturally depend on individual circumstances. If you live in a small house or flat with not much storage space, then a small pram is obviously essential; either the folding type, or—if you have slightly more room—the kind with a section that "lets down" at the end (for use when the baby reaches toddler age and wants to sit up, as in a push-chair). And if you live in a hilly district and

Choosing



Your



Pram



by Phyllis Meade Hall

have to push the pram long distances, then obviously the lighter pram you choose, the better.

Different people advocate different types of hoods. My own preference is for the mohair hood and apron; it is true the colour tends to fade, but I have found mohair stronger and less likely to crack.

Having chosen your pram, you will want to take care of it and keep it clean and good-looking. Give it a good clean-out once a week: wipe dirty finger-marks off the lining with a damp cloth (don't use soap more often than you can help; a good detergent is better for pram-linings). Fabric hoods and aprons can be brushed, or—when you feel energetic—cleaned with a vacuum-cleaner. For cleaning the body of the pram, a damp leather is good, and you will find liquid veneer better than wax polish. Always rub metal parts dry at once when the pram has been caught in a shower of rain, and sometimes treat them with lubricating oil. Keep the hood up when the pram is not in use.

And I wish your pram long life and many a happy journey!

YOUTH'S PROBLEMS

No. 3. CHOOSING A CAREER

by Montague Goodman, F.R.G.S.

IT is a great milestone in the history of a boy's life when he leaves school and goes to work. He contemplates himself as almost a different being from the schoolboy he has been hitherto. His environment has changed—completely, and with bewildering suddenness! In a very practical manner he feels himself at an end of boyhood, and far nearer manhood than he really is. He is tempted to *ape* the man rather than *play* the man. He is anxious to show himself no longer a boy, and strives to copy the talk, the practices, the pleasures, and even the vices of the men about him. It is a difficult and somewhat dangerous period, and much depends on the advice he gets (and accepts) as to the type of man he ultimately becomes. To begin with, he has to choose his business career. His range of choice varies according to his walk in life, but in any case he has some selection, and much depends on the choice he makes.

Now it is a curious fact that most of the critical decisions in life have to be made for better or worse at a period when the chooser is most inadequately equipped in knowledge and experience to make them. Someone has said, "The trouble about experience is that it comes at the wrong end of life!" Still, the choices—whether of profession or trade, or, later, of a mate for life—have to be made in early days, and the boy should not be left without such guidance as can be given him to assist his choice.

Of course, if he is fortunate enough to have a father who is following a trade or craft of which he is master, he is as likely as not to follow in his footsteps and benefit greatly from his experience. In olden times this would have been a normal course when trade guilds existed, and every boy started life by being a bound apprentice to learn a craft. Nowadays, however, craftsmanship has given place to a large extent to mass production, in which too often labour is confined to routine work regulated by trade union hours and controlled rates of pay. The temptation that results is for the boy to seek the easiest job, with the shortest hours and the

best pay as his main consideration. In fact, the money motive is the only one that many a working boy knows, and in these days of high wages it is a temptation hard to be resisted. And easy money too often leads to consequences detrimental to the boy's standard of living and morals, and ultimately to his self-respect as an honest member of the community.

To the lad from a Public or Grammar School the position is somewhat different, and the scope considerably wider. He may be so fortunate as to enter one of the professions, and his problem of choice is simplified. There are, however, certain principles that apply to every boy, and the parent should inculcate these as part of the preparation of his children for the life that lies before them.

CHARACTER MATTERS MOST

First and foremost, stress and stress again the all-importance of character. It is far and away their principal capital asset. In most cases it is the only backing they have. If they lose that they lose all. As Shakespeare says—

"Good name in man or woman . . . is the immediate jewel of their souls;

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed."

Tell them how easily reputation may be lost and how hardly regained. Point out how strongly they will be tempted to go with the stream, and how a stream always runs downhill. Point out that most evil habits are not formed deliberately or out of a perverse mind, but unconsciously as a result of compliance with practices generally adopted from fear of being thought peculiar and incurring unpopularity if one refrains. Do not inveigh against such things as Football Pools, smoking, cards, etc., but point out the wisdom of refraining from these and other like indulgences with a view to cul-



tivating a well-balanced, sober outlook on life. I often tell boys that if they have sufficient backbone to resist the natural inclination to smoke cigarettes until they reach maturity, in all probability they will never adopt the practice, and will be better off and better pleased with themselves. I usually add, "But I don't believe for a moment you will follow my advice!" And they rarely do!

WITNESSING A GOOD CONFESSION

Of course, if the boy is a Christian other and more important considerations may be urged.

It should be explained that on going to work he will find himself in daily contact with men who will not understand and probably not sympathize with his faith, that in fact he must be prepared to be in a minority throughout his business career. Explain that much depends on his making his position known at the very outset, and on his quite unashamedly confessing himself to be a Christian. Emphasize that the worst thing possible is to give the impression that he is half ashamed of being peculiar in this respect: rather let him make it understood at once, and also that he is prepared to take any consequences that follow. It is by far the easiest course in the long run (though difficult at the outset), if only because he will not be expected to join in many things that go on around him, or enter into much of the ribald talk of his fellow-workmen. He may not know it, but if he is firm in his position and consistent in his conduct, he will gain the secret respect of men who themselves are far from Christian.

EARNING A LIVING

On the general principle of "earning a living" teach your boys to put more emphasis on the *earning* than the *living*. That is, make them see that it isn't the sort of living that is the first concern, but the earning of it; that the quality of the work accomplished is more important than the quantity of money secured—and that the chief satisfaction of a pay packet is that it represents work well and honestly done.

If the career chosen is of a professional or higher technical nature, requiring special qualifications, encourage the Christian boy to cultivate an ambition to excel and to attain the highest standard within the range of his ability, in accordance with the Scriptural injunction—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Point out that his first duty is to qualify himself for his profession, and that until he has done so he should not allow even his enthusiasm for 'Christian service' to deter him. He has probably a long life before him, and should fully prepare for it so that his whole career may be a witness for his Lord, and form an integral part of his Christian service and ministry, whatever additional activities may become possible in course of time.

A FIRM FOUNDATION

Finally, seek to prepare your boys for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" which may well come their way. Life at best in these days is far from a smooth course, and adverse times may have to be faced through no fault of the boy himself.

Such days will test both the manhood and the moral character of the boy, who should be forewarned that he may be forearmed. Most men will go straight while things go well with them. It is when faced with trouble that the real test comes. Tell them that failure is not always disgrace, and that many men have found seeming disaster a blessing in disguise. But press upon them that the best preparation for the stress and strain of life's misfortunes is a firm faith in God, Who is "a very present help in trouble" and Who "knoweth them that trust in Him."

Many a boy at the outset of his career has been found peculiarly amenable to loving counsel from one he respects and trusts, and you may have a long-sought opportunity of leading your boy at such a time to commit his life to the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE FIGHTING FOUR!

What Can Distracted Parents Do?

THIS competition proved a popular one, and it was clear that those who entered did so more because their sympathies had been aroused than because they were anxious to shine in a competition.

One letter after another stresses the need for showing even to the worst children a deep, unwavering love, and asserts that this is the only final answer to this and every other family problem. One cannot quarrel with such advice so long as its true significance is given to the word "love." "God is love", and a consideration of His way shows that true love, having planned the best and highest for its objects, spares no time, energy, or suffering in order to achieve it. Whether the suffering involves the lover or the loved one, or both, it is borne, and inflicted, while the love goes on unsoured and undiminished. It seems clear that many, if not all, problems of discipline arise from indecision and inconsistency due to the fear of firmness and of pain.

But if distracted parents are to be really helped it must be not by arm-chair theorists, nor by parents of an only child, but by those who have faced the same problem—of bringing up four lively children. If they have both faced and solved it, they deserve to be listened to, and on these grounds the first prize must go to Mrs. Margaret McCowan, of Wellington, Salop, for the following letter:

Dear Fellow Parents,

My husband and I decided to have four children if we had any at all. They arrived only too easily! It soon appeared that even our children were going to be as detestable (if not worse at times) as everybody else's.

The war over, we emigrated, with the children growing more aggressive and out of hand daily.

My husband fell dangerously ill when the new baby was only three months. You can imagine my state of shivering fear. My sister arrived to foster the toddlers, and through her simple instructions I knelt to confirm my theoretical faith, and gave my husband willingly into the Lord's hands. Instantaneously, in accordance with His promise, He took my fear away. I was born again. With this new light I discovered that all the things most detestable in the family were my own natural faults reincarnated. This aids me to keep my temper, in pity for their poor heritage.

The experience of casting my burden of fear on the Lord was so sweet and lasting that He made me also cast the bringing-up of the four on Him. After four and a half years in His loving hands the difference in them is wonderful. My attitude has been changed from desperation to delight. I pray for them night and morning, and often between forming vessels to His honour. I am merely His humble and adoring agent. My husband is always away, but in spite of being single-handed God makes more than an adequate Father.

Another reader has had the same experience, and as she both describes this and summarizes the advice which is scattered through many other entries, she wins second prize. Here is Mrs. Annie Frampton's letter.

I am a mother who, six years ago, could have written an identical letter, but toward the end of 1946 I came to know God in a personal way, and I began to pray daily, telling Him all about the problems of home, and sharing the heartaches caused by the wilfulness of my two daughters. I have proved that 'Prayer changes things',—and people, and I have a confidence in my Friend that is unshakable. He has promised me that if I trust Him with my life He will bring good even out of present trouble. He will do the same for you.

So I say to you, 'Distracted Mother,' go with your family to Church, pray with them and for them, asking God for patience and wisdom to handle them rightly; and, most important of all, love them, in spite of everything. Make your home to be the place where they feel wanted, and love will eventually win, because "Love never fails".

Among other helpful entries mention must be made of the following. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Baker, Cardiff, point out that apparently the parents "have left God out of their lives while expecting their children to evidence 'the fruits of the Spirit,' such as 'love, peace, and gentleness'."

Mr. Michael Clark of Bristol, points out that: "It is essential to acknowledge that a family brings the tidy adult routine to an end. A new life has commenced. The old avenues are closed, but equally pleasant ones have been opened. Trying times are sure to be ahead, but with patience and a sense of humour these will be happily overcome."

Mr. David Phillips of Lymm, asks, very pertinently: "How many of the attributes which you would like your children to possess have you endeavoured to cultivate in your own lives, thus teaching them by example and practice rather than having to rely on influences (excellent though they may be) other than your own? . . . If you are inclined to try another family holiday choose a seaside resort where there is a C.S.S.M. House Party. These happy young men and women shed a new light upon practical Christianity, demonstrating that the influence and personality of Jesus Christ can become a living, radiant Reality to all who are prepared to accept Him as a personal Saviour. Under such an influence the four 'fighting, quarrelling children' may be the means of leading their distracted parents into a grand and glorious adventure for God."

We regret that space prevents us from doing more than acknowledging the many other interesting letters received, including one from Mr. H. S. Ponnuraj of India.



Five-year-old Michael has a "cooler" at one of the seventy play centres provided by the L.C.C. for the summer holidays, with a staff of 3,000

Family Portrait

by Lindsay Hughes

A MONTH ago when I sat down to prepare the last article in this series, our German helper Ingrid was upstairs packing her belongings for departure. Her permit for six months' stay in Britain was nearly up and she must return to Germany. This charming and intelligent girl had come to England full of fears and hesitation. Brought up in Nazi Germany, stuffed with anti-British propaganda during her most impressionable years, she had met few English people in her own country, and wondered what England would be like. She came to love this country, and our people. When the taxi came and she had to say goodbye to us and to the children, she flung her arms round my neck and cried. "I thought it would be so unfriendly here," she said, "and you are such a kind people."

On reaching home she wrote, "It is wonderful to be home; but I miss England so much. I shall never forget the friendliness of everyone, from the stranger who cycled half-a-mile out of her way to find for me the road I could not find, to the two old ladies who talked to me in the park and afterwards invited me to tea. Please give my love to all my dear, dear children. I must somehow come back to see you all—perhaps next year."

A few days later came a parcel. For Jane, an Austrian 'dirndl' (flowered blue-and-white cotton with a little red apron) and a bracelet of tiny glass hearts ("to wear to parties, as do the little girls in Munich"). For Robin, a glove-puppet—to take part in the next family puppet-show! For Bundle, a red ball with a pattern of yellow teddy-bears. For Baby Sue a pair of soft pink slippers. For my husband and me, a vast box of German cheese (the box was a great asset, Jane found, for the older girls at her school have a craze for collecting different cheese-labels and nobody had seen the label on Jane's box before—her stock has gone up tremendously high!). Ingrid decreed in her accompanying letter that the cheese was to be used for making Welsh Rarebit—her favourite supper-dish.

Now Ingrid has been succeeded by another German girl, Gabriele. Her first three weeks were very hard work for everybody because she was almost distraught with

homesickness. I was beginning to think I should have to send her back, but she seems happier now. We went to evening service together last Sunday evening; the sun was shining, the hymns were sung (most fortunately) to tunes she knew, and afterwards a lady who speaks German invited her to come and visit her daughter any time she liked. Gabriele cheered up enormously after this. A great help, too, was the discovery that in her schooldays she had encountered, while in Switzerland, a branch of the Scripture Union. She still has her badge, still reads the Bible (though not on the S.U. plan) and was delighted to see other young people in the church wearing the familiar green badge.

Robin can't cope with the name Gabriele. On her first evening he christened her 'Umbrella,' and 'Umbrella' she remains! The next morning there was another occasion for family laughter. Gabriele had been trying to teach the children a few German words, and when Robin said at breakfast, "I want a drink of water," she handed him his yellow mug and said, "Now you must say 'Danke,' Robin." "I want a *danke* water," said Robin obediently!

Bundle's new accomplishment is to go up and down stairs; this she never tires of doing, up and down, up and down, while one or another member of the family hovers anxiously in the background. Up goes the square little figure on its brown, sturdy legs; she reaches the top successfully and then comes down again, backwards. She has never stumbled or fallen yet. Her vocabulary is not large, but she enjoys using it. On fine mornings she sits in her pram outside our front door, engaging all passers-by in conversation and saying to everyone peremptorily, "Hello. Goodbye. SIT DOWN." Two Sisters from the nearby hospital who pass the house several times a day told me she is famous among the nurses as The Cheerful Baby.

And my Sue—surely the best-behaved and most contented four-months-old infant ever!—has given up her 10 p.m. feed already of her own accord, shows no decline in weight, and never, never cries—except once, and that was at her christening, when I think you could have heard her a mile away!

MY PARENTS
a
special series
of
anonymous articles

THIS article is, by its very nature, a tribute to my parents, written as it is in gratitude for all that they have been and have done for us throughout the years. Yet I do not think it is in any way biased. I try to give the impression of things as they are and have been—not of some ideal state which we were striving to attain.

I think it is true to say at the outset, what my parents themselves would be first to admit, that our home-life has been greatly influenced and enriched by the preaching and teaching of a true man of God, and through him we, as a family, each in his and her own way, came to see things more clearly, and to follow Christ more nearly, as year succeeded year.

The one outstanding thing which emerges in bold relief from all the maze and mist of the past, is just that all along, my parents have been "at the back of me." They have always provided that sense of security so essential for growing children and adolescents, and even in later years, our home has always been the "base" from which we could operate—the place where we could turn for rest and refreshment and new courage.

I shall never forget, when I was leaving home for the first time to work in another part, my father saying as the train slowly moved away—

"Remember, if you don't feel happy, COME HOME." Mother's letter, which awaited me along with some beautiful flowers at the journey's end, was equally assuring—

"If you are ill or ever need me, you have only to send for me, and I'll be there."

What wonderful words for one who is essentially a home-bird! But "alone and without its nest, must the eagle fly against the sun." It is then that we discover just all that our home really is, and we are able to appreciate it in an even deeper way than was previously possible.

Another thing I never cease to wonder at is the way my parents managed financially. They had comparatively little money, yet they gave us all a good education, and most years we had a "Family" holiday as well. My parents usually went away together for a few days in the Autumn, and we were put in charge of a well-meaning aunt. I used to hate this, and longed for their return. The days could never pass quickly enough for me!

We might have had to economise in clothes, but never in food. We were never allowed to have a snack or a sandwich lunch. I feel this paid in the long run, for we built up a good reserve of health and strength which stood us in good stead later on.

We were given a weekly sum of pocket-money, out of which we were expected to buy all Christmas presents and birthday presents. We had to pay for our own ice-creams, sweets and donkey-rides in the summer as well.

Perhaps we have had to do without many things materially, and yet as these have come more in latter years, we seek to hold them "on trust", as symbols of God's love and faithfulness to us all. "For it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth." Nothing essential—none of the real things was ever lacking. How rich we were in love!

I remember a composition written by my brother when he was about ten. The subject was "My Parents," and he described in minute detail father's occupation, in which he was very interested, and for which he is now training himself. This filled many pages, but poor mother was dismissed in a single sentence at the very end: "My mother cleans the house and cooks for us."

Though this was abundantly true, there was much more besides. Never a morning would pass, but we received a wave from the window on our way to school. Even as students Mother would see us off into the blackout of the war, as we hurried for a train at some unearthly hour of the morning.

"Do you mean to say you actually allow your mother to get up to see you out each morning?" a fellow student once remarked scornfully. I did not attempt to answer. It was not a case of "allowing". Mother regarded it as her privilege and her duty, and she was always at her post.

"I cannot get through the exams for you," she would say, "but I can help in this way." And she did. I sincerely hope that the high place she occupies in our affections is ample reward for her now.

There always seemed to be "order" in our household. Meals were ready "on time". As father came in at the gate at nights, the meal was brought to the table, and within five minutes we were all seated round, discussing the days' happenings. We girls all had to darn and mend our own clothes on Friday evenings—something we had to learn from the earliest years. And somehow Mondays meant

Denise Hayward

at the age of 12 months had taken 6 first prizes at Baby Shows. She also won the title of Miss No. 1 of Boreham Wood at a Popularity Contest.

Her Parents write :

"'Outstanding' is the word we use to describe the properties of 'Ovaltine' Chuckles and 'Ovaltine' Rusks. I am sure that these products have helped to make Denise the prize-winner she is."



Baby's First Solid Food



'Ovaltine' Chuckles make a nourishing and economical weaning food. They supplement the usual milk diet with vitamins and minerals and are fortified with additional vitamins B and D. Deliciously sweet and crisp they can be easily powdered for mixing with the milk feed.

OVALTINE

Chuckles

In Cartons 1/4

A Comfort to Baby at Teething-time

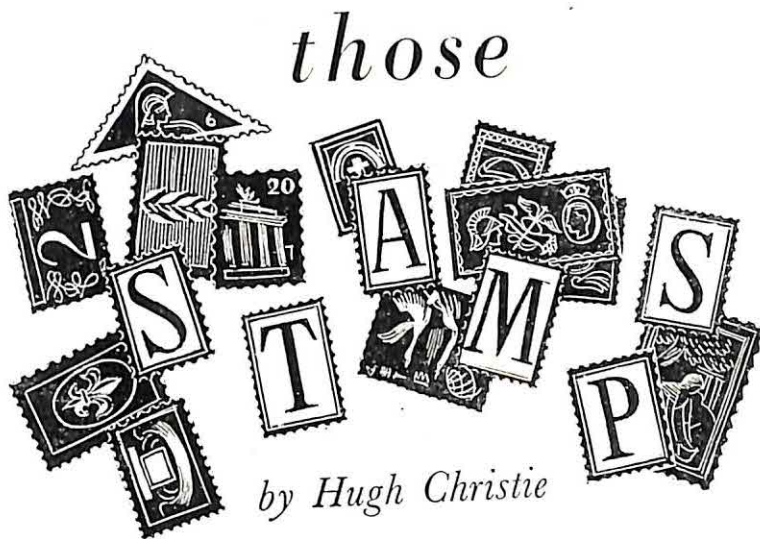
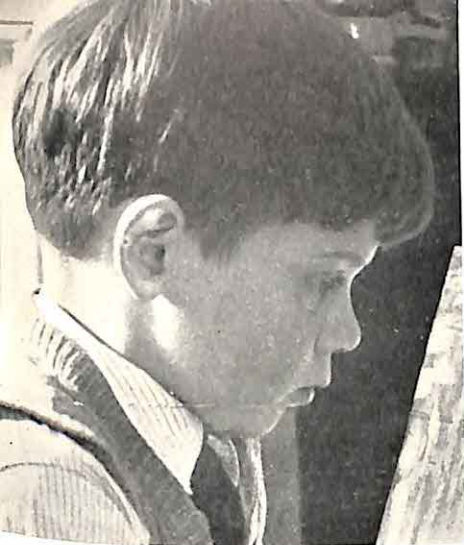


At teething-time give baby 'Ovaltine' Rusks to bite and chew. They help little teeth easily through the gums and assist in keeping them sound and regularly spaced. Made from the finest ingredients they are nourishing, delicious and easy to digest.

OVALTINE

Rusks

In Cartons
10d. & 1/7



IT will come. It always does. That time when your most highly polished table will be covered with soaking bits of paper dredged from water contained in your most valuable china dish; when you will sit on stamp tweezers (advertised, it would seem inaccurately, as blunt-nosed); and when your afternoon rest will be punctuated every five minutes by, "Look, mummy, look; here's one which the catalogue says is worth seventeen-and-six"! And, knowing very well that no stamp which your son has acquired can possibly be worth more than twopence, you sigh and pray for the time when *this* phase will go the way of all the rest, hoping against experience that the next will not be so bad!

And the pity of it is that very often the phase does pass, and is no more than a phase. For stamp-collecting is a hobby that is worth pursuing by almost everybody, in spite of the feeling common among adults that a man who collects stamps must be half an imbecile. "Collecting," they argue, "represents an acquisitive instinct which is, surely, childish. Children collect birds' eggs, butterflies, cigarette cards, matchbox lids, autographs, anything which takes their fancy. They grow out of it in time. The man who goes on collecting little coloured labels shows that he has failed to develop, has never grown up, and therefore cannot be relied upon to play his part adequately in adult life. The spending of fabulous sums of money on little bits of paper shows a lack of balance, to say the least." And so, the parent feels of his child, the sooner the phase passes, the better.

But the critic is wrong. He remembers too clearly his own stamp-collecting days as a child to realise that the adult collector approaches the hobby in a very different frame of mind from that of the child. He remembers how he began to collect, first, the stamps of the whole world, until, finding that he couldn't keep up with sticking the thousands he got into his entirely inadequate album, he limited his collection to the British Empire only; then he decided to lop off this country and that until he concentrated on Great Britain only; then he found that he got all the common ones easily, but could never afford to

buy the more expensive ones; and by that time, anyway, he was interested in something else, and so, although he still has "the album knocking around somewhere—used to have quite a decent collection, you know," he decides that stamp-collecting is "kid's stuff" and he will, if he finds the album, give it to his son until he, too, grows out of it.

But if, when your son begins to pass through the stamp-collecting phase, you encourage him and help him to approach the hobby in the right way, you will give him an interest which may be profitable (although that does not matter to the true philatelist), and last him all his life. First, discourage him from taking on more than he can possibly manage. Only a rich man can collect stamps of the whole world nowadays. But a small group of countries—for example, a selection of Pacific Islands, or the West Indies, or British Colonies in, say, Africa, will give him plenty of scope, but will enable him with limited resources to build up a representative collection.

Better still for the young collector is the thematic collection, especially if he can link it up with some other interest which he has. (A thematic collection is one not arranged by countries but based on a subject or theme.) Supposing he is interested in natural history, then he can form a collection of animals or birds or butterflies on stamps, with photographs of them and notes on their habits. There are flowers for the botanist, maps and ships and lighthouses for the traveller, railway engines (and porters!) for the train enthusiast, and countless other themes. Really admirable thematic collections can be built up for literally a few shillings. Recently I saw a collection on "The House of Hapsburg" which consisted of some twenty stamps, worth in all not more than ten shillings at the most, but so beautifully laid out as to be a thing of real beauty to the eye and interest to the historian. Each stamp bore the portrait of a Hapsburg monarch with a short biography written by it; there were also views of the Hungarian Parliament, royal palaces and crown on stamps, accompanied by photographs and pictures of the same subjects and short histories of them.

(Please turn to page 287)

MUMMY, WHY?

by
Laurence J. Harding



WHY is the sky blue? Why is the grass green? Why does the dog bark, and the cat miaow? Why must I go to bed? Why must I say my prayers? Why is the policeman so big, and the milkman so small? Why...? Why, Mummy, why, *why*? **WHY?**

The questions of childhood are innumerable, incessant, and remarkably intelligent, and they simply cannot be ignored by virtue of their very insistence. We can tell our fellows that a fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer,

but we must answer the child's questions clearly and truthfully. Not to do so would be to insult the child, and is one sure way of losing his respect for ever.

It is easy to get out of our depth unless we allow the simple principles of clarity and truth to colour our whole attitude to the child's quest for information. Unwise answers to four simple questions asked by a child of five, involved the writer in the difficult task of proving, to a frankly incredulous child, that cows do not wear swimming costumes on their annual holiday at the seaside. The reader might like to work out the questions for himself!

Yes, does it matter very much? They ask such difficult questions anyway, and if we answer them all, there will be no time for anything else. They are quite happy in their world of fairies, Father Christmas, storks, and other fanciful beliefs that they will speedily forget with the rapidly passing years.

Yes, it does matter—and matter very much, too! For one day the eager credulity of early childhood will change into the quest for reality of later childhood. Then all too soon this will change again, crystallising into the challenging investigation of hard-boiled adolescence. The false information, once freely imparted, will not be so much forgotten as indignantly discarded, and with it much truth of lasting value. It will all be associated in the youth's mind with the deceitful nature of the informant. Hence the youth who once eagerly listened will now merely despise the purveyor of falsehood. Young people see things as black or white, falsehood or truth; they have little conception of, or interest in, the shades of grey that adults adopt. A lie is a lie to youth; it is never a "white lie." In sensitive children the emotional upheavals produced, when some long cherished idol is found to have feet of clay that match a false tongue, can be intense and of far-reaching consequence.

This is not all. The attitude of putting off the child with any old story speedily becomes a habit, a habit that is really founded on a lack of appreciation of the child's power to grasp the truth. Thus his all-round mental development is retarded, and worse still, his character may become twisted and malformed.

How can we avoid these somewhat frightening effects? Simply by telling the child the truth! He may not be able to grasp it all, and it may be impossible and unnecessary to tell him all the truth. If we sow lies and deceit in his mind, let us expect a liar and deceiver to grow up before our eyes; but if we intelligently sow honesty and truth then we will just as surely produce a harvest of trust, respect and loyalty to the highest ideals of character. As parents we know which is the best way, and though it costs in time and effort it is still worth it!



Autumn Harvest

by Mildred Gordon, B.Sc.

FRUITS of every kind are available now, and many delightful things are to be had for the picking. Most children love a picnic in the country where they can help fill baskets with blackberries. Here are some suggestions for using the blackberries.

BLACKBERRY FOOL

Stew some blackberries with a little water and sugar. Sieve. Measure the pulp, add equal quantity of custard, and whip well. Serve very cold with single cream.

BLACKBERRY FLAN

Make a flan case of short pastry or sponge (special tins are sold for the purpose). Fill the case with raw dessert blackberries and serve with cream, or use the purée made as in previous recipe, and thicken with a little cornflour. Allow to cool and serve in flan case.

BLACKBERRY JELLY

Wash and core some windfall apples. Cover with water and simmer gently for half an hour. Strain off juice. Add the juice to your blackberries and simmer until soft. Strain and measure 1 pint juice, and 1 pound sugar.

Dissolve sugar in juice and then boil rapidly until a little sets when tested on a saucer. Bottle and cover. Label. Store in cool, dark place.

BLACKBERRY JAM

1 lb. blackberries
¾ lb. sugar. Very little water.

Method: Simmer fruit with just enough water to start the cooking. When soft add the sugar, dissolve, and then boil rapidly until some sets when tested on a cold saucer. Pot, cover, label and store in a cool dark place.

PICKLED BLACKBERRIES

1 pint vinegar
4 ozs. sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pickling spices.

Simmer all together and strain. Cover fruit with spiced vinegar and simmer for thirty minutes. Pot in small jars and cover well, as pickles evaporate and dry up.

BLACKBERRY AND APPLE CRUMBLE

Three-quarter fill a pie dish with sliced apples and blackberries. Sweeten lightly.

Rub 2 ozs. fat into 4 ozs. flour, mix in 2 ozs. sugar. Sprinkle over top of pie dish.

Bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve with custard or cream.

EDUCATION *by* CORRESPONDENCE

THE education of their children is one of the problems facing parents in small or isolated communities where schools are not within reach.

It may help them to know of the facilities offered by the Parents' National Educational Union, a non-profit-making organisation by which the children of members may be entered in the Parents' Union School, which is conducted by correspondence.

The programmes are planned for children from 5 to 18 years and include all the usual subjects, up to the General Certificate of Education. Advice on indi-

vidual problems is gladly given. One of the advantages of the P.U.S. is the ease with which children can be transferred from home-teaching to school or from one school to another without a serious break in the continuity of their education. Moreover, children who pass on to non-P.N.E.U. schools are found to be up to standard and able to adapt themselves readily to new conditions.

Full particulars may be obtained from the General Secretary, P.N.E.U., and callers are welcome at the office, 171 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

A GUEST HOUSE in a lovely part of Wiltshire on the Amesbury-Mere road, is open to those seeking quiet and rest. Miss O. B. Jeans, Old Rectory, Chicklade, Salisbury (late of Marlborough). Phone: Hindon 226.

South Devon. — Exclusive Private Hotel. Unrivalled position on coast between Dawlish and Teignmouth, overlooking Lyme Bay. Own farm produce. Hard tennis court. Games room. Apply owner, D. Gingell, East Down.

EASTBOURNE A delightful holiday is assured at Christian Guest House one minute from sea and Downs. Home comforts. Excellent table.—Miss Phillips, Lascelles Private Hotel, Eastbourne.



A DOCTOR'S DIARY

*by a Lady Doctor in General
Practice*

I HAD just got into bed one night when the telephone rang. "Please, Doctor, would you come at once. I think my little boy has croup; he can't seem to get his breath. I'm so worried—he's our only boy, you know."

When I got there I found little Peter had a severe attack of asthma.

"Is he very ill, Doctor? Will he ever get his breath again?"

"It's not very serious, Mrs. Pearson. It's just a bad attack of asthma. It's very distressing to watch, but not dangerous. I can give you some tablets for him to take when he has an acute attack like this, and some others to take for a week or so, so that he is less likely to develop another acute attack. Has anything happened to worry or upset him recently?"

"Well, his grandfather died a few days ago. He was very fond of him, you know."

"That could easily account for it. Asthma is going to be his way of reacting to the strains and stresses of life. Some children develop a rash, some have sickness or diarrhoea, others get severe headaches, but he has this asthma. You will find he will develop it when he is run down, or has any excitement, or worry, or upset. He is quite likely to get it when he starts school or changes school, or takes an examination, or if you move house, or he goes into the army, or

gets married. So long as you keep him fit and protect him from unnecessary upsets, the attacks should be few and far between. It is best to keep some tablets by you, then you are prepared for emergencies. Try to give him a happy home life, as any domestic tension will make matters worse for him."

"Thank you ever so much, Doctor; you have eased my mind. We will try to be sensible about it and make things as easy as possible for him."

A few days later I was in my surgery glancing through the cards of the patients who were waiting to see me, when I came across Mrs. Pearson's card. I wondered what she had come about, for I didn't think she should need any more tablets for Peter just yet. When it came to her turn, she came in and sat down rather nervously. It seemed as if she didn't quite know how to begin to tell me what she had come about.

"My husband and I have been thinking about what you were saying about protecting Peter from domestic tension. We don't know how we can produce a peaceful atmosphere in the home. You see my husband and I love each other all right, but we are always quarrelling. I think our sex relationship must be at the bottom of it all. We seem to have such different desires in this matter, and we don't seem able to strike a compromise which will satisfy both of us."

"I am very glad you have come to tell me about it. Usually a little discussion and a bit of advice can help to put these matters right. The trouble with so many people is that they think that they are the only people with any problem and they dare not mention it to anybody. I wish more people would be frank about their problems; something can usually be done to help them."

We had a talk about her problems, and I gave her some advice for herself and some to pass on to her husband.

"But I don't say that following this advice is going to cure all your problems. The sexual side of the marriage relationship isn't everything. For this kind of partnership to be successful both partners must want to make it work. They must be prepared to confess their weaknesses and faults and mistakes to one another and to God. In fact the happiest marriages are those where God is put first. God's will should matter more than what you want or what your partner desires. Try to make a habit of praying together. Pray for each other and for your children, and ask God's guidance for every decision you have to make."

"I am sure you are right, Doctor. We used to pray together when we were first married, but somehow since we have had children that time has got crowded out. I can see now that we have just got to make time for prayer together. It's our duty to our children, as well as to God and each other."

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

A RICH FAILURE

LUKE 19. 1-10

"CHIEF among the publicans and rich" is how Zacchaeus would have described himself (v. 2). "Hug-money", his neighbours called him behind his back—"an old sinner, if ever there was one" (v. 7). "Lost", was our Lord's description (v. 10). Strange how opinions differ!

Zacchaeus would probably have friends of a sort. I don't think of him as the lonely man some have imagined him. For one thing he was alert and inquiring—"He sought to see Jesus Who He was." And he was a man of determination. Unable to see the Lord because of his short stature, he ran before and climbed up into a sycamore tree to ensure a good view. He was hospitable—"he received Him gladly." Such a man, alert, determined, hospitable, would very likely be popular among a certain set.

The dislike, amounting to venom, with which the little Jew was regarded by many of his own race, was due, of course, to the fact that he was the chief among the tax-gatherers, and rich. Each district was placed by Rome under a chief publican. Rome fixed the rate of taxation per head of the population, and the chief publican was responsible to hand over the required amount. Then Rome looked the other way. For a man to be rich in the position Zacchaeus held meant that he had lined his own nest by extorting more than was due from his own countrymen.

Now we understand our Lord's description of

Zacchaeus—"lost". Dr. Morgan tells us that this is a most interesting word. It does not merely mean lost in the sense of mislaid; but "of no value". Because of the way he lived and thought, and because of his outlook on life, Zacchaeus was lost to God and to his fellow men—of no value to either. By his own calculations and in the judgment of his friends, he was rich. By God's reckoning he was spiritually and morally bankrupt. How wonderful that the Saviour stopped at that sycamore tree and looked up! All Zacchaeus's past life, all his dishonesty and guilt, all his neighbours' dislikes and prejudices did not for one moment turn our Lord away from Zacchaeus or Zacchaeus's house, and they passed through the courtyard into the privacy of the guest-chamber together.

We are not told what the Lord and Zacchaeus said to one another that day. Such things are not for publication. But the tax-gatherer came out a changed man. (*A religious experience which does not profoundly affect our mode of living is valueless.*) He is standing now on the threshold, visible to, and within earshot of the crowd, and we can catch his words. "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything by false accusation, I restore fourfold." Zacchaeus had spent all his past life in getting—now it is, "I give". "Old things are passed away; Behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5, 17). And all this is surely indicative of the mission and purpose of the Saviour from that day to our own.

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR SEPTEMBER*

St. Luke	8	20.	27-47	16	22.	54-71	24	24.	36-53
1	18. 31-43	9	21. 1-11	17	23.	1-12	25	2. 1-18	
2	19. 1-10	10	21. 12-24	18	23.	13-26	26	3. 1-12	
3	19. 11-27	11	21. 25-38	19	23.	27-43	27	3. 13-27	
4	19. 28-40	12	22. 1-13	20	23.	44-56	28	4. 1-17	
5	19. 41-48	13	22. 14-23	21	24.	1-12	29	4. 18-30	
6	20. 1-18	14	22. 24-38	22	24.	13-24	30	4. 31-44	
7	20. 19-26	15	22. 39-53	23	24.	25-35			

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

I ONCE heard a royal doctor say: "Don't waste energy—far too many people waste their energy in little ways. Don't say 'Yes, Yes,' when 'Yes' will do!" Anyone reading the Gospel narratives carefully will see that our Lord never wasted words, and yet there is that very repetition every now and again. I have been thinking over these instances.

1. "*Martha, Martha*" (Luke 10. 38-42). Kind, bustling, efficient housewife that she was, Martha wanted above all things to make the Master welcome to her house. Everything must be at its very best. She is ceaselessly active, and the meal gets put later and later. The word Luke uses for Martha's activity means quite literally that she was "dragged around" by her self-imposed duties (v. 40)—you know that feeling? Then, unable to cope, she flares up at Mary, who has stopped helping now and is sitting with the Master. "*Martha, Martha,*" He says, "thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful." It isn't that He is displeased by the many things, but that they are having quite the wrong effect on her because the "one thing" is lacking. Reproof mingled with great tenderness was in this repetition of Martha's name, and we are sure Martha remembered from that time to let all her activity be subject to what she learned in quiet moments with her beloved Guest.

N.B. Probably she found that some of the "many things" were not as necessary as she had thought they were, and they dropped out altogether.

2. "*Simon, Simon,*" (Luke 22. 21-34) is, I think, warning mingled with a great understanding. Our Lord did not pray that Simon Peter should not fall, but that his faith would not give way under the strain of his bitter failure and repentance. Some of us have known how necessary it is to let our little folk fail in an endeavour in which they were too cocksure of success. Let this "*Simon, Simon*" remind us that we have the same Mediator praying for us (Hebrews 7. 25), so that after some deep-dyed failure in discipleship, we may be turned about and know, as never until now, how "to strengthen our brethren" (v. 32).

3. "*Saul, Saul,*" (Acts 9. 4). On the Damascus road Paul was apprehended of Jesus Christ, to use his own word in Philippians 3. 12. The word suggests "an arrest laid upon liberty—a capture." In this compelling repetition is an arrest with a great purpose. Saul, goaded for some time past to a reconsideration of his whole life and beliefs in the light of Stephen's martyrdom, is convicted of the truth of Stephen's witness. "*Saul, Saul, it is hard for thee to kick against the goad,*" said the Saviour—and 'he went over at once, horse, foot, and dragoons, into the army of the Lord!' For what a noble purpose Paul was apprehended his missionary journeys and the priceless heritage of his inspired letters bear witness.

There is only one adequate answer when the Saviour calls with the repetition of reproof, or warning, or arrest. "*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?*" (Acts 9. 6). To make no response can end only in the most utter desolation (Luke 13. 34).

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME THIS WAY

SOMEONE has said, "God must be very fond of common people—He made so many of them." I like that. It is most comforting. In Luke 24. 13-35 we have a story about two ordinary people, on an ordinary road, going to an ordinary village home. But the Saviour was able to give such a beauty to their life-story, that it has been loved all the world over for nearly 2,000 years.

Cleopas and his companion (I like to think they were husband and wife—John 19. 25), had been up to Jerusalem for the Passover feast, and had probably looked forward to a week-end in the company of the Lord Jesus. Instead they had heard that He had been betrayed and was in the hands of the priests and rulers. They had stayed in the city through the long, tragic hours of the Friday, and through the settled despair of Saturday. True, the early hours of Sunday morning had brought news that certain of the women disciples had seen a vision of angels which said that the Master was alive, but to a man's way of thinking that was no proof at all (vv. 23 and 24), and, sad and disconsolate, Cleopas had bidden Mary come along home. He wanted the quiet that only home can give.

Then, as they walked, talking back and forth about the awful details of the past days, Jesus Himself drew near and went with them. The story is beginning to take on a radiance where all had been gloom and

despair. You may be in a veritable Slough of Despond, but Jesus is near all the time, and when He comes alongside the long miles of the ordinary road pass so quickly that you will wonder how you travelled them at all.

Cleopas and Mary were puzzled and disheartened, but the Master in a never-to-be-forgotten unfolding of the Old Testament Scriptures, explained how these same Scriptures were the key to all their problems, until they wondered how they could have been so dull-witted as not to have seen it all the time. What an Interpreter He is! And whenever humble minds explore the Scriptures in loving dependence on the Lord Jesus, the jig-saw pieces of life begin to take shape, and hearts are warmed and satisfied (v. 32).

Cleopas and Mary just couldn't let this Stranger go. They knew Him to be their Friend. And (just as you would have done) they asked Him in to their quite ordinary home, as it was getting late. At supper they asked the Stranger to say Grace. And as they took Him to their hearts and into their home, and as they made Him the honoured Host instead of Guest at their simple meal, they saw His Hands—scarred Hands—and they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight. It doesn't say, "He was gone," but just that they could no longer see Him. He never leaves the home that so willingly and so warmly welcomes, but stays to make its story beautiful for ever.

MY PARENTS

(Continued from page 279)

letter-writing. So much so that even now, I still associate Mondays with letter-writing and Fridays with darning!

Sundays were planned so that there was the minimum of work. We each made our own beds and did the washing-up, so that there were certain jobs which we looked upon as our responsibility. For in other ways Sundays were very busy. Always there was Church twice and Sunday School. We were all occupied, and we gave hospitality to speakers and Christian workers whenever we could, while during the war we entertained people from the Forces who came to Church. Our friends, too, were always made welcome there, and indeed we were proud to invite them.

And now I must finish on a serious note, and mention something which will be with me for ever. Once when sorely tempted to choose the better instead of the best, and to walk on a path which was

not of God's choosing, I was finding it very difficult to turn from the temptation. I knew what I ought to do, but could not make myself want it until one Sunday morning in Church. From where I sat in the Choir, I could look up to my parents' seat in the gallery. As I saw them standing together singing, and thought of all that they meant to me, I knew that I could not let them down. It would be unworthy of our home and all it stood for.

*"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care."*

So I write with gratitude for all that my parents have meant and still mean to me. Though they may have sown in tears, I pray that they may now reap in joy, and know something of the true satisfaction resulting from the knowledge of a job well done.

And I do not forget the other side too—that unto whom much is given, of *us* shall much be required. I have been given much in this and every way. Do I live a life that daily shows forth my gratitude to God? I wonder.

THOSE STAMPS

(Continued from page 281)

A collection of this kind will never lose interest, and value is quite a secondary consideration. No one will deny that it is pleasant to come across a valuable stamp, especially if one finds it in a job lot offered for a shilling or two. But that is not the philatelist's chief business. If an expert were asked why stamp-collecting was something to be maintained by children into adulthood, he would probably give the following reasons.

1. *Interest.* The study of postal history, airmails, plating of stamps, flaws, forgeries, and many other subjects quite impossible to deal with in one article, give scope for research and discovery undreamed of by the non-collector.

2. *Aesthetic training.* The arrangement and writing-up of a collection can give delight to both the collector and any who view his efforts at arrangement and

description. It is probably in this field that junior collections are usually worst, and the help of a parent with some artistic instinct would prove invaluable.

3. *Investment.* Stamps are one of the safest investments, besides which, a child who lays out his money in this way is less likely to waste it on such things as cheap "comics", too many sweets and the like.

Proper encouragement may mean rather harder work for the parent. It will not be enough for him or her to say, in that discouraging way parents have, "Very nice, dear; now run along and wash your hands." Real interest and encouragement may reap two advantages: you may find yourself growing genuinely interested, like the father who, having sent to a stamp-dealer for a collection for his son's birthday, became so fascinated that he bought his son something else and began himself to collect stamps! And secondly, you will find the birthday-present problem solved for ever!

THE OTHER WOMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF *Homes and Parents*.
SIR,

Did Mr. Coleman post his article *The Other Woman* off to you with a wry smile, and a chuckle that said, 'this will bring in the letters from indignant wives'?

I have waited for my fever and that of a happily married friend to pass, and now with my temperature perfectly normal may I make two comments?—1. Not all husbands and fathers of young children will agree that a happy marriage and home life depends entirely on their wives, and their ability to keep their hair curled with invisible curlers. Most happy marriages owe something to the husband's contribution!

2. There is a strange incongruity between those things for which this husband looks in his wife—understanding, and Christ-likeness; and the things which satisfy him on the Underground—sugar smiles and nestling kittens.

Some brisk wives might suggest that this husband should seek out an open-air route to and from the office, and do some deep breathing *en route*. Fresh air and exercise are good for his complaint!

Yours, still trusting my husband in spite of his being a man!

(signed) A. WHITE

Banstead, Surrey.

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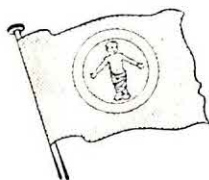
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HOMES



& PARENTS

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by Diana Clarke

CHAPTER ONE

"WHY not a Registry Office?" suggested James. "And save all the fuss and bother and publicity and expense? After all, a wedding is primarily a civil contract—in fact in these days—"

But Carolyn interrupted him in a little gasp of dismay.

"Oh, Jimmy, we *couldn't*. Think of all our friends! Besides, I'm sure my Mother wouldn't agree. Would yours?"

"She'd come round to it if that was the way we wanted it. But she wouldn't prefer it, of course. Women always like a Church wedding."

Carolyn laughed lightly.

"Well, I'm a woman and that goes for me, too. I want a white wedding, with all my relatives and friends—and yours too—to give us their blessing and wish us joy. Besides—I'm sure I shouldn't feel properly married in a Registry Office!"

"Funny little darling! Why not?" James' voice was amused and indulgent.

The lovers had stopped by the stile, and Carolyn lifted her face to the after-glow of the sun which had gone down in a glory of molten gold.

"Well—because—" She broke off. It was too

difficult to explain, even if she knew exactly why not—which, upon reflection, she didn't.

Tradition? Custom? Convention? Yes, but more than these. A vague feeling that this big step, this big change in her life, should have some sort of Divine blessing and sanction. She struggled with her thoughts for a moment, and gave it up.

"Just because!" she declared like a baffled child. It was then that Jim's arms went round her and held her close as he kissed her; and then that, stilled by the awareness of their deep mutual love and all that it promised of bliss, they turned, hand in hand, to gaze at the deepening gold of the sunset.

Silently they gazed, and with awe.

"Jimmy!" Carolyn demanded presently, "do you believe in God?"

"You asked me that once before," James answered, "and I think I told you then what I still feel. Honestly, I don't know if I do. I don't know that I *can*. I think I'm what you'd call an honest agnostic. But I'll admit it's easier at a moment like this—with you beside me, and that glory of the sunset up there. But why? Do *you*?"

"I think I must do in a vague sort of conventional way. I'm wondering whether that's why I want to be

married in church. Do you remember the first sentence of the marriage service, Jimmy? 'We are gathered together here in the sight of God?'

"But wouldn't we be in the sight of God, always supposing there is a God, just the same in the Registry Office?"

"Well, yes, of course, I suppose so. But surely not quite in the same way. It's like—well, it's rather like having a celebration with mere acquaintances in an impersonal café instead of in your own parents' home, with all the folk you love and who love you around you."

James was thoughtful, his eyes on the new colours spreading across the sky.

"How can we know?" he asked. "How can we be sure of anything we cannot feel and touch? The only thing I can be certain of at this moment is *you* at my side—the flesh-and-blood *you*—and my love for you and my need of you. Something tangible. Something I can see and hold and touch and kiss. We've got the *real thing*, Lyn, you and I. Isn't it enough? Why should we go hankering after unrealities and uncertainties? We've got the biggest gift in the world—true love—true human love."

"Gift!" exclaimed Carolyn quickly. "Yes, Jimmy. But you can't have a gift without a giver. Who is the giver of Love? Couldn't it be God? And who is the giver of Beauty? Beauty like that." She indicated the sky. "So beautiful it makes you want to weep."

"We're getting out of our depths," said James, smiling down at her. "And the beauty is beginning to fade already, anyway. One more kiss before I take you home. And roll on the weeks until the time comes when good-bye kisses won't be needed any more, because we'll be together for always, and belong to one another for keeps!"

* * *

Carolyn had her way. It was a white wedding, celebrated in the church which her Mother quietly and regularly attended, whether the girls accompanied her or not.

There was dear old Uncle George to 'give her away', for Carolyn's mother had been a widow for many years; and eighteen-year-old sister Rosemary to be her lovely bridesmaid.

James's younger brother Desmond, with his twenty-first birthday just behind him, made a gay, handsome and competent best man, and relatives and friends on both sides rallied round to wish the young folk long life and happiness.

"O perfect Love, all human thought transcending— Could *any* love transcend theirs?"

"I, James, take thee, Carolyn—"

"I, Carolyn, take thee, James—"

"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

Carolyn found herself paying closer attention to the familiar words than ever before. Every faculty seemed to her keener in the heightened sensitivity which the approach to the solemn moment had built up.

Now the ring was on her finger; and presently, as though in a dream, she was walking down the aisle on Jimmy's arm to the strains of the Wedding March; pausing on the church steps for the photographer;

then, at Jimmy's side, receiving the congratulations and good wishes of their friends at the reception.

"On behalf of my wife and myself—"

Carolyn glanced up and met Jimmy's eyes as he pronounced for the first time, with pride of possession, the endearing word.

Jimmy's wife! She returned his smile, as happy and proud as he. Then the farewells; and presently the little group on the platform, the train slowly steaming out, and Desmond sprinting along beside them while the others laughed and cheered, until his buttonhole bounced out of his lapel, and he was left panting and laughing and waving while the train bore them out of his sight.

Laughing affectionately, Jimmy sank to his seat, and encircled his bride with his arm. They had a carriage to themselves. Desmond had seen to that.

"Is Desmond going to miss you terribly?" asked Carolyn with sudden insight.

"I'm afraid so," answered James with a moment's gravity. "But never mind Desmond just now. Let's think of ourselves. What does it feel like to be Mrs. Sutherland?"

"Wonderful!" laughed Carolyn. "Quite wonderful. What does it feel like to be my husband?"

And though the words were joking, for the life of her Carolyn could not keep out of her voice, as she pronounced the two magic words, a sort of wonder and awe.

James looked down into her upraised face, and struggled for words.

"I can't quite believe it," he said at length; "can you?"

She shook her head, speechless. For some reason she couldn't explain there was a lump in her throat and tears pricking at the back of her eyes. She swallowed the lump, but her eyes brimmed all the same.

"But oh, Jimmy," she managed at length, "I meant every word I said in that lovely service."

"Same here, darling. Oh, Lyn, I'll be good to you. I swear I'll be good to you."

He took a new handkerchief from his pocket and gently wiped away her tears. "You're tired, my little darling. My little darling wife. You're tired. Never mind. The wedding is over. Now we can relax for a whole ten days and think of no one but ourselves and nothing but how much we love each other."

CHAPTER TWO

THE little house on the new estate was bathed in the mellow light of September as it came suddenly into their eager view when their taxi rounded the corner. What would presently be the front garden was, as yet, an uneven wilderness of clay and stones and rubble and builder's materials; but the sight of "The Haven", their first home, waiting for them, gave them a thrill which brought their hands together in a tight clasp of mutual understanding.

The taxi jolted to a stop on the unmade road, and the driver, sensing perhaps the significance of the occasion, carried the two heavy suit-cases up the path of crazy paving which led, through the desert on either side of it, to the front door.

James paid him, adding a generous tip, and the man smiled as though the radiant happiness of his

"fares" had lit a candle in his memory and warmed his heart.

"Thank you, sir. And all the best—to you and your lady."

"We must look terribly newly-married!" exclaimed Carolyn with a gay little laugh, as James fumbled in his pocket for the new and shining Yale key.

The next moment she found herself swept off her feet and being lifted bodily over the threshold.

"James!" she expostulated. "James! Put me down this instant. The neighbours may be looking!"

But Jimmy only laughed as he bent to kiss her.

"Let 'em look," he said recklessly. "It's an honourable, ancient and salutary custom which indicates the complete mastery of the bridegroom and the complete submission of the bride!"

Laughingly Carolyn struggled free.

"You aboriginal old horror—you're nothing but a cave man," she remonstrated.

James laughed, and she loved the ring of exultant happiness in his voice as he said, "And I *do* like our cave, don't you? Hello, what's this?"

But Carolyn was already reading the slip of paper on the hall table, propped against a bowl of glowing chrysanthemums.

"Welcome home, my dears. Both James's mother and I thought you would prefer to arrive and have tea on your own, but we are all coming round later to give you an official welcome. Meanwhile, the kitchen boiler is alight, and the tea is all ready for you in the dining-room. Mother."

Hand in hand they toured the little house. The gay, shining kitchen; the large, cheerful lounge-cum-dining-room, where, in the curtained-off recess, tea was laid—home-baked scones and cakes and the new yellow tea-service—with the fancy Irish linen cloth which was Aunt Pamela's exquisite handiwork laid corner-wise across the gate-legged table; and the cut-

glass bowl, which was Jimmy's Aunt Susan's gift, with fragrant September roses in the centre.

"Dad's choicest blooms, quite evidently," exclaimed James, deeply touched. "Doing us proud, aren't they? Bless 'em!"

"I'm so happy I shall burst into tears any moment," declared Carolyn, as they went up the staircase together, Jim's arm around her.

In their bedroom more roses!

"And mother's got the curtains up everywhere," said Carolyn appreciatively. "We just couldn't manage it before the wedding."

The bathroom, with its pastel tiles and fittings, and shining chromium taps and towel rail, was any woman's dream.

"And don't you go untidying it, Mr. Sutherland," Lyn said severely, "and leaving towels around in wet heaps instead of on the rail. There'll be no excuse!"

"If she hasn't started hen-pecking already!" exclaimed Jim in mock despair.

The spare room looked rather bare, as spare rooms are apt to do in the houses of newly-weds who have bought the minimum necessities in the way of furniture, and as for the 'little' room adjoining their own, it

(Please turn to page 8)



YOUR CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS

answered by
Kathleen Cundy



Why couldn't we have a fine day for my birthday? I did ask God last night to send one.

TOMORROW'S outlook . . . fine at first, but rain will spread from the west, reaching most areas before nightfall . . . "Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Brown as she put the finishing touches to her small son's birthday cake. "I *do* hope it won't rain until after the party tomorrow."

Mrs. Smith paused in her vigorous stirring of the jellies. "Oh, I shouldn't worry. You've got a large playroom, and there are plenty of indoor games you can play with five-year-olds. In fact, I often feel an indoor affair is better when they're in their party best. Last year, little Betty Jones came to Moira's party in a lovely white frilly frock—and got it covered with green marks from the grass!"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Brown, "party frocks in the garden are a bit nerve-racking. But Johnny's set his heart on a 'garden party,' and, of course, he'll want to try out the new tricycle we've got him. Besides, this evening he prayed most devoutly for a fine day tomorrow, and if it rains—well—he may feel prayer's no good."

"Yes, I can see it might be a difficulty. But he doesn't really regard prayer as a sort of magic talisman which will bring him all he wants, does he?"

"No, not exactly," replied Mrs. Brown. "I've always tried to teach him to pray about everything, though, and small children always expect concrete answers, don't they? You and I probably wouldn't pray for a fine day, just like that, but it seems quite natural for a child to do so."

"Oh, I think it's quite natural—and right. Johnny's birthday is an extremely important day for him and he is quite right to expect God to know all about it, and understand how nice a fine day would be! To grow up with the feeling that God knows and understands and is interested in the most trivial details of our lives is a tremendous help. But don't you think, too, that even little children can understand that their *wants* and God's will for them may not always coincide?"

"I think Johnny's a bit young for that! His prayers are always rather chatty, and to tack on 'if it be Thy will' would be quite unnatural—and quite meaningless, probably."

"Yet," argued Mrs. Smith, "when he asks you for anything, you teach him to say 'please' which is really the same thing, isn't it—a short way of saying 'if it pleases you'?"

"I suppose it is. I never thought of it in that way."

"Another point. Johnny usually accepts your 'No' when it comes, for he knows you don't say it unless you have some good reason. I think most children (unless they're abominably spoilt!) think it quite reasonable that God should sometimes say 'No' to them. I don't think it has ever worried mine, and I've taught them along these lines right from the beginning. They're always ready to pray about things, but they do see their wants may not be possible, or the best thing for them. Of course, they are a little older than Johnny, but I think they'd pray rather along the lines 'we'd like a fine day tomorrow, but if you do send us a wet one, help us to have a jolly time indoors, and give us some good ideas for games . . .'"

"I see," said Mrs. Brown thoughtfully. "Perhaps I have rather shirked this question with Johnny; I was so anxious that he should be natural in his prayers. Do you think I ought to try to explain things if it is wet tomorrow?"

"I certainly think you might say something, even if Johnny doesn't ask," answered Mrs. Smith. "Sometimes they don't ask, and yet the question is at the back of their minds and a seed of doubt may be sown. On the other hand, you don't want to make a difficulty if it hasn't occurred to him."

"No, but I suppose if I show him that God's answer can't always be 'yes' it will make things easier for him to understand later on."

(Please turn to page 8)

Sixteenth Century MARRIAGE

by Frank Reed



IN the middle of the sixteenth century John Rigmarden, aged three, was married to a girl of five. He had to be carried in the arms of a clergyman who coaxed him to repeat the words of matrimony. Before the end came, the child struggled to get down, saying he would learn no more that day, but the minister said he must "Speak a little more and then go play you"!

Although this was an extreme case it was by no means an isolated one. Child marriage had been a common and expected thing for centuries, and the reformed Church was at first as much in fault in its practice as the Mediaeval Church. Indeed, in 1582 we read of Bishop Chaderton marrying his only daughter Joan, a girl of nine, to a boy of eleven "with bad results." It must be said for the Bishop that he was merely following out his beliefs to their logical conclusion. The Church, although it did much to protect women, had looked upon marriage as a lower state than celibacy; it was not considered that the relationship of husband and wife reached a high spiritual plane. Hence the sincere sanction of child betrothal and marriage with all that they implied.

It was looked upon as a perfectly natural and decent thing that children should be regarded as counters in the game of family fortune. Money, property, influence—children were betrothed to obtain these for their families. William Molynes, a descendant of a well-known Norfolk family, wished to buy the Manor of Gresham at short notice. He had insufficient capital, so he took his wife's advice and arranged that his young son should marry the daughter of T. Falconer, a London merchant, when the children were of age. In return for this agreement he obtained enough money for his purpose. As it happened, he obtained it under false pretences, for the agreement was never fulfilled.

When the children were actually married they were usually taken to the boy's home. He was often sent to school while the young wife was brought up in the house of her father-in-law. One such bride complained that she had insufficient food, and her own father sent her a locked chest of victuals. When this was taken from her and it seemed likely that she would suffer from starvation she returned home again. At the age of consent (twelve for a girl, fourteen for a boy) either

could annul the marriage by suit in the Bishop's court. Between the years 1561-66 there were twenty-seven suits under review in the Diocese of Chester, but it should not be thought from this that the children concerned were so unhappy as to desire a "divorce." Rather would it be the case that their parents had some new and more attractive marriage proposal in view and wished the children to be free of the previous attachment.

It is not strange that many of these marriages turned out happily. Children are very adaptable creatures, and if they were of an age, and had come to expect such arrangements, there is no reason to suppose that they should not be as happy as many a modern couple. Indeed, many of them were very happy.

About five hundred years ago Thomas Betson, a prominent wool merchant, was betrothed to Katherine Ryche, a relation and ward of the Stonor family. When she was twelve or thirteen he wrote to her from Calais, where he was often resident. "... And Almighty Jesu make you a good woman and send you always many good years and long to live in health and virtue to His pleasure. Written at Calais the first of June, when every man had gone down to his dinner, and the clock smote noon and all our household cried after me and bade me come down to dinner. And what answer I gave ye know of old." When she was fifteen Katherine married honest, lovable Thomas, and we may rest assured that theirs was a God-fearing and happy life.

Where a great disparity in age existed happiness was, of course, more difficult. It is easy for instance, to imagine the sorry plight of Ela, a girl of eleven, who was forced to marry the 47-year-old William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.

After the 16th-century the practice of child marriage became less common, but still not unusual among the middle and upper classes. Its death was put off by the royal prerogative of disposing of an orphaned heir or heiress in marriage. The child was generally married to a family who would benefit by the match, and to avoid this many fathers betrothed their children as soon as possible. Then, in case of their own death no part of the family fortune would be lost. The practice of royal disposal was in operation as late as the reign of James I.

In 1673 Lord Arddington's grandson, seven years old, was married to his cousin of thirteen. A year earlier John Evelyn, the diarist, witnessed the marriage of two children of five and seven years by the Archbishop of Canterbury. These were exceptional cases, however, and the practice died a natural death in the years that followed. This gradual improvement was

largely brought about by a new estimate of the worth of children based on Christian teaching. Nevertheless, it was not until 1920 that the custom was finally made illegal, when the age for marriage for both sexes was raised to 16. Many authorities consider that it could be raised with advantage to 18, but legislation to this effect does not seem to have much chance of being passed for several years yet.

THE REAL THING

(Continued from page 5)

was, as yet, completely unfurnished. Just bare boards and bare walls. But the same happy thought came to them both as they surveyed it and then turned to smile at one another.

"There's room for a cot *and* a little bed," said Carolyn practically. And there's a splendid cupboard here—for toys. Oh, Jimmy, dear, aren't we *lucky*?"

James grinned and brought her down to earth.

"If we can keep up the Building Society payments," he retorted.

He moved over to the window and surveyed the rough ground behind the house. "Give me a year," he said hopefully, "and I'll have that wilderness blossoming like the rose."

Carolyn came and stood beside him.

"Why, Jimmy," she said, "that's the Bible you're quoting, I do believe. It seems to ring a bell, anyway." James smiled down at her.

"Is it the Bible? I wouldn't know," he admitted.

A little tremor of apprehension assailed her.

"Jimmy," she whispered, "Are we *too* happy? Can it last? Can it possibly last?"

To be continued.

YOUR CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 6)

"Yes—and in this particular case it is easy to suggest why God had to say 'No.' Johnny's been watering those seeds he set and he knows they can't grow without water. You could point out that we haven't had any rain for over a week, and lots of seeds and plants with no one to water them are very thirsty and even dying. The farmers need rain badly for their crops, and God has to order things to be the best for others besides Johnny."

"That would certainly be a good line to take," exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "At the moment he's determined to be a farmer when he grows up! I'm beginning to hope it will rain, to give me the chance of explaining things! . . . Well, let's put those jellies away. The food is all ready for tomorrow, anyway—we can sit down for five minutes before you go."

"What about making out a wet weather programme? Couldn't we organize a surprise item like a treasure hunt? If the indoor party goes with a swing Johnny will be thanking God for a wet day instead of asking 'Why?'—he'll begin to realise that God knows best."



"Mummy, I know I mustn't eat any more—
but may I just stroke it?"

The Editor has asked readers some searching questions. How would you answer?

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY

1. How long have you been married?

1. Over twenty years.

2. How many children?

2. Five.

3. Had you any very definite ideas in your minds as to the sort of person you would marry?

3. I cannot remember that I ever listed all the qualities that I should expect my wife to possess. My chief anxiety—and prayer—was that I should not make a mistake, so I was prepared to wait until I met 'Miss Right'; and when I did, I *knew*, though I never exalted her to the position of 'the most wonderful person in the world.'

4. What do you most admire in your partner?

4. I admired *her* for what she was, not for any outstanding characteristic. She was—and is—sweet, modest, even-tempered, capable—and a *real* Christian.

5. Had you any very definite ideals in your minds at the time of your marriage?

5. To set up a Christian home, and to devote ourselves to the service of God, using our home as an influence for good, without minding much if our furniture and carpets suffered in the process.

6. When you began to have a family had you any special hopes or fears for them?

6. Our one great desire was that they might grow up to serve God in any sphere to which He might call them.

7. Have you had any conscious aim in front of you with regard to their training?

7. See the previous answer.

8. Have you had to modify your views as your experience has grown?

8. I have found that it is a mistake to expect the family to fall in naturally with one's ideals for them; this has called for sympathetic understanding of their outlook in these days of rapid change in so many realms of life and interest.

9. Have you had to treat the children differently because of differing temperaments?

9. Quite definitely. The sensitive, more delicate child (one, for instance, suffering from nervous reactions due to asthma) cannot be disciplined as the more robust, happy-go-lucky ones can.

10. Do you think it is any use trying to modify a child's temperament?

10. If it is possible, I have not discovered how it is done; and I doubt whether it is wise to try.

11. What do you now want most for your children? Has this changed during the years?

11. I still want God's best for them, whatever that may be in individual cases; that has been true from the beginning, and has not changed, though my ideas of what that might mean have undergone revision.

12. If you had to begin again is there anything you would do differently?

12. Broadly speaking, I think not.

13. Have you noticed anything in other families that has struck you as (a) very wrong; (b) very desirable?

13. (a) I have always disapproved strongly of the practice I have observed in some families of criticising before young children those for whom the boys and girl ought to have been taught respect—preachers, teachers, and so on. Undue familiarity ought to have been taught respect—which become evident later on. (b) I cannot recall to parents brings its dangers, which become evident later on. (b) I cannot recall seeing in other families desirable features that we have not tried to inculcate in our own circle, though we have not always been conspicuously successful.

14. What do you feel is the most important piece of advice you could pass on to new parents?

14. Constant prayer and watchfulness lest the children should in later years be able to justify ungodly practices because they have seen them in their parents' inconsistent lives as professing Christians.

PAREN

Some fundamental principles:

"MY father," said Sir Winston Churchill as a boy, "is a very great man. The thing I want most is to be as honest and as fearless as my father."

It was out of this respect for his father that there grew a determination to be a credit to him which not only helped the youth through some difficult years but became the mould of his character as a man. And it is the same with our children. Every father is teaching his children incessantly—silently and unconsciously, it may be, but nevertheless effectively. Therein lies the solemn responsibility of parenthood. Wise parents, therefore, stop occasionally to review the position and to ask, "What are our children learning as they watch us? What comes spontaneously to their minds when they think of us—honesty and fearlessness, as with Churchill? Or golf, or newspapers, or efficiency, or love, or noise, or argument, or nothing—or God? What would we like them to think?"

A recent broadcast described the skill and courage of the pilots of a certain jet-fighter squadron. Their briefing officer seemed almost nonchalant, they were cool to the point of casualness, yet they executed the most complicated manoeuvres in bad weather with the utmost precision. "While we have young men like this," said the commentator, "England has nothing to fear." But Germany had young men like that in the 1930's, and the rest of the world first despised her and then learned to fear her! It is because the Russians have men like this that they have been feared by so many. Evidently skill and courage are not enough: you can have clever devils!

When we consider our own children we usually think immediately of their physical health, and doubtless feel thankful that we live at a time when general standards of health are so high. We are glad when none of our children is ailing or handicapped. With this foundation they are ready for a good education, and we must do our best to see that they pass the examination at eleven-plus which will ensure their place in the grammar school. It will be too bad if they miss that! But if only they can go to a good school, and perhaps become Scouts or Guides, all will be well, won't it?

It will certainly be fairly comfortable for us, as parents, for we shall have succeeded in shuffling off so many burdens and responsibilities on to other people's shoulders. The children will be so well occupied that they will make far fewer demands on our time and energy, and indeed, we shall be able to live almost normal lives again! What a relief!

That is what civilisation, so called, is doing for us: convincing too many of us that children are a burden and that it is a relief when someone else takes them off our hands! But it is our hands that can do for them what no one and nothing else can do. It is only in

our company that they can experience the love and security for which their natures crave. Only as they share in the family life which we are creating can they be deeply influenced by the things we believe in, the things we live by and live for. Clearly we must watch lest our children are stolen from us, and lest we take too small a view of our share in their education for life.

If we concentrate on healthy bodies and alert minds we are doing no more than a dog might do for its puppies! But if we may adapt the words of a famous advertisement, the truth we have to reckon with is that "Children's *souls* have far to go!" It is in our consideration of this fact that we rise above the animals. It is the soul that will determine the use to which the mind and the body are put; whether their lives are really worth living; whether they are truly successful. Here is the test of our parenthood, and yet here there is so often a gap in our conscious provision and example for our children.

Talk about souls and spiritual welfare!—why, it's less embarrassing to talk about sex! Yet the question 'where from?' is clearly less important than the questions 'what for?' and 'how?' and 'where to?' But here is an example of the effectiveness of spiritual training.

Little Anthony Cooper ought to have become a frustrated, anti-social problem child, interviewed by a mystifying succession of policemen, probation officers, and psychiatrists! He grew up dreading his father's sternness and his mother's indifference, a lonely, lost little boy in a vast house, starved of love and sometimes of food. Yet this boy became a man about whose life Cardinal Manning wrote: "It is a noble and unique Christian manhood . . . It makes me feel my life has been wasted." And the Hammonds, though devoid of sympathy for things religious, wrote, "He did more than any single man, or any single Government in English history, to check the raw power of the new industrial system."

What intervened in the life of the unfortunate little boy to produce so magnificent but so unexpected a result? A household servant, Maria Millis, became his spiritual foster-mother. She "adored Anthony and fed his starving affections; but she did more—very much more. Like Nancy Lincoln, the mother of 'the First American', she used to take the eager child upon her knee and read long and relevant passages of the Bible to him, storing his fertile little mind with thoughts too deep for words, till finally the religious experience of Scripture characters became to him a living heritage; while also Biblical imagery was gradually colouring his thought; and the Spirit of Jesus was increasingly invading his heart. In the nursery, when he climbed on her knee she taught him to say his prayers, too, and



T H O O D

by the Editor

to rely for joy and peace, not on outward circumstances or on the things he himself might do, but on Christ's nearness, on a personal sense of His redeeming love. Indeed, Maria Millis will always be remembered and honoured as Shaftesbury's spiritual mother."

Clearly our children's spiritual welfare matters even more than their physical well-being. If we would be ashamed to turn them out in poor clothes or to give them a niggardly education, should we not reproach ourselves still more if we let them go down the street of life as spiritual paupers or spiritual ignoramuses?

The schools cannot undertake this responsibility for us. Much of what they teach emphasizes in the child mind the supremacy of material things and of human achievement. Even if, in the words of the Spens Report, they successfully fulfil their duty and make scholars "aware of the religious interpretation of life", they cannot provide the compelling example and constant emphasis that is possible in the home. We must each be a Maria Millis to our own children. and in order to be so, we must be as convinced as she was of the absolute priority of spiritual training.

Preparation for life involves more than preparation for a so-called "good job", where good means nothing more than well-paid. It involves more than such an education as will enable people to spend their leisure in an enlightened way. A car may be fitted with a first class engine and filled with top grade petrol, but everything depends on the driver and on his choices and decisions about direction and speed; and children may have healthy bodies and well-trained minds, but everything will still depend on their choices and decisions—and these are made neither on the physical nor mental level, but on the moral. Life constantly involves our relationships with others. Whether to take more than one's share of something desirable; or to be lazy, or impure, or deceitful; to be generous or courageous; for these and similar decisions the '3 R's' are not enough. A moral imperative is required which is to be found only in 'the 4th R', religion—a right relationship with God, which recognises Him as entitled to reverence and worship, and feels His will for oneself and one's relationship with others to be absolutely binding.

How impressed we all were at the Coronation with the reality of the Queen's dedication of herself to God and to her God-given duties! The sincerity and solemnity of it held tired crowds in quiet attention for over two hours on a cold, wet day!

Parents owe a similar dedication of themselves to God in respect of their God-given duties. As we become parents God allows us to share, so to speak, in His prerogative of creation—that is the significance

of the term procreation, and its seriousness should drive us to our knees in humble prayer for guidance and blessing.

The effect of so doing was well illustrated in our recent competition in a letter which is worth quoting again.

"My husband and I decided to have four children if we had any at all. They arrived only too easily! But it soon appeared that even our children were going to be as detestable as everybody else's—if not worse at times!

"The war over, we emigrated, with the children growing more aggressive and out of hand daily.

"My husband fell dangerously ill when the new baby was only three months. You can imagine my state of shivering fear.

"My sister arrived to foster the toddlers. Through her simple instructions I knelt to confirm my theoretical faith; and gave my husband willingly into the Lord's hands. Instantaneously, in accordance with His promise, He took my fear away. I was born again. With this new light I discovered that all the things most detestable in the family were my own natural faults reincarnated. This aids me to keep my temper, in pity for their poor heritage.

"The experience of casting my burden of fear on the Lord was so sweet and lasting that He made me also cast the 'bringing-up' of the four on Him. After four and a half years in His loving hands the difference in them is wonderful. My attitude has been changed from desperation to delight. I pray for them night and morning, and often between times, and it is a marvel to see God moulding them and forming vessels to His honour. I am merely his humble and adoring agent. My husband is always away, but in spite of my being single-handed God makes more than an adequate Father."

She knelt to confirm her theoretical faith—there was the secret. She took God at His Word when He said: "Draw near to me and I will draw near to you," and so she knelt and prayed. She believed the words, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins . . . Jesus Christ is the propitiation for our sins," and so she sought and found forgiveness for her failures. She committed herself entirely to this Lord and Saviour of her life, and theoretical faith became experienced fact in a new life which made her use the phrase "born again." And so she finds continually that she can cast each care as it comes on the One Who cares for her—and "*the difference in the children is wonderful!*"

Our children need us, and we need God; these are fundamental principles of parenthood.

KEEP THINKING UP

THOUGHT OF THESE THINGS ★ WHATEVER IS TRUE ★ WHATEVER IS RESPECT ★ WHATEVER IS JUST ★ WHATEVER IS PURE ★ WHATEVER IS LOVABLE

Facts about the Worthwhile Things in the World

by G. G. Staines

THE GIANT SEQUOIA

The Giant Sequoia, or Big Tree, which grows on the mountains of the Californian coast and on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, is the oldest and most massive living thing in the world. When the Tower of London was founded by William the Conqueror many of the Giant Sequoia standing to-day were already over a thousand years old. The longevity of this tree is doubtless due to the fact that it has no natural enemies, and no specimen has ever been found which has died from disease or the ravages of insects. Trees which fell before the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the Atlantic and which still lie on the mountain slopes to-day are undecayed and perfectly sound. To pass into a forest of the Giant Sequoia is to pass into a realm where time is measured not by decades but by centuries. Here there is a sense of timelessness. Here there is a realisation that God is sublime in all His works.

Growing at 4,000-8,500 feet above sea level the Sequoia attains a height of 300-330 feet, while the trunk, whose bark is 12-14 inches thick, may measure as much as 25 feet in diameter at its base. It is estimated that one of the largest specimens would weigh two or three thousand tons. The trees are never bare, since the leaves last for several years, turning brown at the end of the second or third season.

It is interesting to note that although it is so massive and powerful the Sequoia is often dependent upon the agency of the squirrel for the dispersal of the minute seeds from its cones. After emerging from the bud, the cones reach their full size, but it takes two years for the seeds to reach maturity. The ripened seeds are not scattered, however, since the cones remain closed for as long as twenty years while still adhering to the parent tree. As the squirrels move amongst the trees they cut away the cones, so releasing the seeds, which are so small and light that more than three thousand go to the ounce! The greatest and strongest and most enduring things do not always spring from the eminent but often from insignificant and unnoticed sources.

JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD

Josiah Wedgewood was born in 1730, the thirteenth and youngest child of Thomas and Mary Wedgewood. His school life came to an abrupt end with his father's death, and at the age of nine years Josiah began work at Burslem in his eldest brother's pottery, where he soon showed himself an expert. However, an attack of smallpox left him weak and affected permanently

his left knee. This handicap was the means of directing Wedgewood's attention to other branches of the potter's craft, since he could no longer work at the throwers' bench. But for this illness he might never have gained a wide insight into his craft, nor have worked along the lines which were to make him famous; a reminder that frequently there are potentialities for good in seeming disaster, especially so when God is in control of a life.

After gaining experience with other potters Josiah decided, in 1758, to start business for himself. He had set himself a goal: to achieve in his work a finer finish and a greater precision than was customary. Until that time the products of the potteries were not well finished; plates could never be stacked without fear of breakage from unequal pressure; handles came off; spouts would not pour. Wedgewood's plates were so uniform in size and substance that dozens could be stacked together without dire consequences; the handles of his cups could be held safely; the spouts of his teapots poured; the lids of his pots fitted. About this time Wedgewood introduced the practice of marking all his pottery. He was "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

In 1762 Wedgewood was appointed Queen's Potter, and the next year Queen Charlotte ordered a service of his cream-coloured ware which was henceforth called "Queen's Ware." Eight years later the Empress of Russia ordered a dinner service. On each piece there was enamelled a different view of English scenery. One of the plates can be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

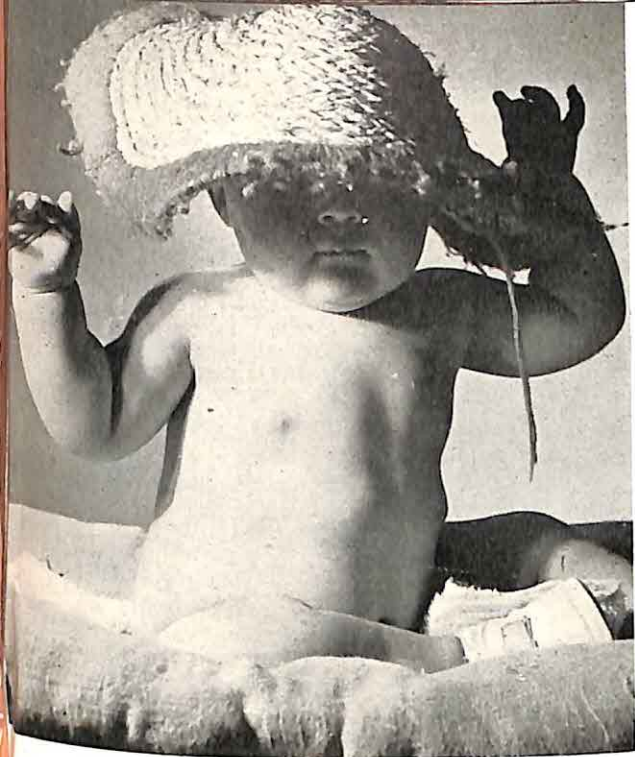
Wedgewood is famous for his jasper ware, the most popular of which has always been the white relief, in classical style, on a blue ground. The first jasper was made in 1775. The ware from that date until 1880 is that which is valuable to-day and which is sought by collectors.

By the time of his death Josiah Wedgewood had built up a large export trade and had made English pottery world-famous. In the chancel of the church at Stoke-on-Trent, where he is buried, there is a monument which records his contribution to, and influence upon, the potter's craft:—

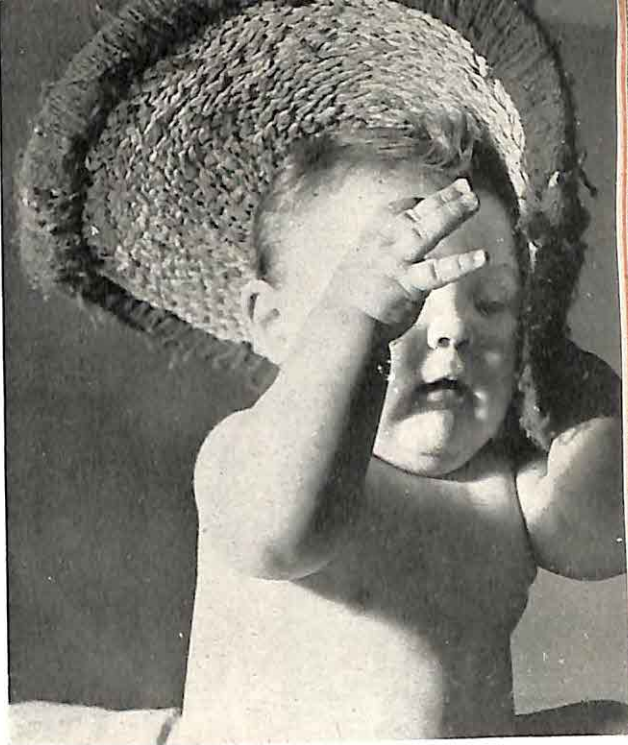
"He converted a rude and inconsiderable manufactory into an elegant art and an important part of national commerce."
A fitting epitaph to one who, starting with no material advantages, made himself a master of his craft through the discipline of hard work, and who put English pottery into the markets of the world.

IF THERE IS ANY VIRTUE OR ANYTHING DEEMED WORTHY OF PRAISE ★ CHERISH THE

★ WHATEVER IS OF GOOD REPUTE ★ IF THERE IS LOVABLE ★ WHATEVER IS LOVABLE



"These new fashions . . .



are a little difficult . . .



but at just the right angle . . .



it suits you perfectly, Madam!"

TOP STANDARD

by Joan Wateridge

As a mother, Sunday School teacher, and leader of a Junior Guild, I have had many opportunities of studying the behaviour of children.

I am especially interested in the early teen-age boy of to-day, for these reasons: it is between the ages of twelve and fifteen that boys begin to "feel their feet," and consider themselves too old for Sunday School, and that it is "sissy" to belong to a Bible Class, and so on. Also at this stage of their education they are acquiring much scientific knowledge and, no doubt, a great deal of information on evolution and similar subjects.

The combination of these things can result in much confusion in the young mind, and indeed lead to actual disbelief in God. What is a young boy to think, when given the following information?

"Nobody really knows that there is a God. The Anglo-Saxons were the first people to think it would be a good idea to have one, so they thought Him up for themselves." (This is an actual remark, made by a History master who is an acquaintance of mine.) And again, "It is ridiculous to say that everything in the Bible is true; most of it is legendary."

I feel that the outlook for these school-boys is tragic, unless the parents are confirmed Christians who are steadfast in their own faith, and enthusiastic enough to impart their own beliefs to the children.

Another stumbling block in the way of our young people is the behaviour of their contemporaries, who have never been brought up to know God as a Friend, or to attend Church or Sunday School. I was recently confronted with this problem. Mark, my young son, came running in one Saturday evening. "Oh, Mum, Bruce is staying next door — just for the week-end. I've been asked in all day to-morrow, and they're taking me to the pictures," he told me breathlessly.

(Bruce, I should explain, is the nephew of our neighbour. He lives in London, and now that he attends boarding school, his visits to this Aunt in Gloucestershire are few and far between. Previously, when he went to day school, he spent part of each holiday next door to us, and he and Mark have been friends for as long as they can remember.)

I took a moment to digest Mark's news, then I said, "Of course you are not going to the pictures on a Sunday, Mark!" I managed to keep calm about it, and tried to sound incredulous rather than shocked.

"But Mum, just once couldn't hurt, please," Mark said, with pleading in his voice.

"Look, Mark — you know we don't do that kind of thing, and what is more you don't really want to go, do you?"

"Well, no Mum, I don't. I know I shouldn't enjoy it, but I do want to see all I can of Bruce, and he goes back on Monday morning, and he'll think I'm being a prig if I have to say I can't go," Mark explained desperately.

"Bruce will admire you for having some pluck and sticking up for what is right," I told him.

"Well, Bruce is a good chap and if he thinks it's all right—" began Mark.

"I am not going to argue about this, Mark," I told him, "but you are not going to the pictures on Sunday."

He looked perilously near tears of frustration. "Well, will you tell them I can't go, then?" he asked hopefully.

"I will, but I should think more of you if you did your own explaining," I said.

Mark looked thoughtful. "All right," he said, "but I expect Bruce will fall out with me over it."

"You go and see," I suggested.

He went off. After a few minutes he came back, his face beaming. "It's O.K., Mum. I told him I didn't like the idea of doing that sort of thing on a Sunday, and he said he'd never thought about it like that, but he didn't feel he wanted to go any more, so we're going for a country walk instead."

I said a prayer of thanksgiving. Mark had managed to face up to a temptation, which seemed harmless enough in some ways, but which would have undermined his respect for the Sabbath had he been allowed to give way to it.

It is giving our children an ideal to live up to, which helps them to face up to the adverse influences which surround them in the formative years.

We must always be alive to our responsibilities in setting good examples, and show by our own behaviour that there is only *one* standard of behaviour, and that is the top standard.



"Sissy to belong to a Bible class"



"thought Him up for themselves"



"Incredulous rather than shocked"

Sunshine Chart

by
Dorothy R. Pape

I WONDER how many people have trouble getting their children up in the mornings? I had always known it was a proverbial failing among adults, but hadn't met with it in young children until it began to develop in our own two girls, aged seven and three, some time ago. It wasn't merely that they didn't want to leave their warm beds, for they had already done that to come into our big one, but just that every circumstance seemed to become a cause for tears, whining or argument. They might both want the same spot in our bed; one would want Daddy to tell a story when the other wanted to sing; when their clothes appeared it was always a different pair of socks which was wanted; if a skirt was brought then dungarees had been expected that day, and vice versa!

We got so tired of these miserable beginnings to the day that we did some serious thinking. They had usually completely recovered by after breakfast, so we thought it might be due to hunger. Biscuits and fruit juice as soon as they woke up didn't improve matters much, however.

Then my husband had an inspiration—the Sunshine Chart. He carefully marked out the circles on a nice sheet of paper, did the lettering in attractive colours, and stuck it up on the wall behind our bed. The next morning he explained the system. No whining or crying at all until breakfast would earn a smiling face on the chart, just one lapse, a half smile; anything else would be completely down at the mouth! Ten smiling faces in a row would merit a reward such as a small notebook or pencil, a whole chartful would mean another book in the series the older girl is collecting.

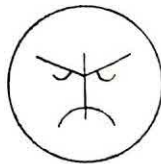
For the first few days the results were fairly erratic; two or three smiling days, then a bad lapse. But gradually they developed a real interest in watching the faces being filled in, with the added embellishment of curls on Sunday, for instance; and now, after having gained two small awards on the first chart, Janet, the elder, is well on the way to getting a complete set of smiles on the second chart.

Jill, the younger, doesn't quite understand what it's all about, and still has a few lapses. However, I was interested to see in a magazine the other day some characteristics of the three-year-old. One of these was whining and irritability first thing in the morning if they are not taken to the toilet on first waking up. If she did not ask to go I had waited until she was dressed before taking her, as the temperature is sometimes down to 9° where we are living now. But I find this now makes quite a difference with her, and the fact of her sister's new cheerfulness has also had its effect on her, so we are really rejoicing over the early morning change of atmosphere in our family.

SUN



MON



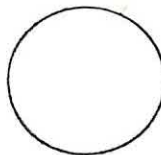
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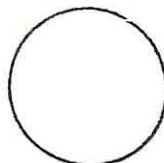
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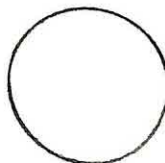
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C.R.5*

ONE doesn't need to be a Scotsman to grow heathers! In fact, one can almost say that it isn't necessary to have any special soil for heather growing; but that isn't quite true, because those who have land that is chock-a-block with chalk or limestone will find it necessary to grow certain varieties only, and even then for their continued success a good dressing of sedge peat has to be given as a top dressing each year. For such soils one has to stick to *Erica Mediterranea*, *Erica carnea* and its varieties, and the hybrids between the two; the larger growing *Erica terminalis* could also be included.

However, let's get away from the gardens that have to cope with an excess of lime and consider the hundreds of gardens up and down the country that can grow any type of heath. Remember what I am offering you—a plant that is not attacked by pests and diseases—a plant which will go on growing without any attention at all—a plant which doesn't need staking or disbudding, or even pruning—in fact, the ideal plant for the busy person. If the heathers are planted fairly thickly they soon cover the ground, and then they smother the weeds and there's no hoeing to carry out.

If a careful selection is made it's possible to ensure an almost continuous display of flowers from January to December. It must be remembered that there are the taller kinds, known as the tree heaths, which can be used as a background if necessary, or even as a kind of "wild" hedge. I am thinking of *Erica arborea*, Mr. Robert, with its waxy snow-white flowers, or *Erica lusitanica*, known as the Portuguese Tree Heath; or even *Erica Veitchii*, which is covered with white flowers in April and May. As a matter of fact, Mr. Robert is not quite as hardy as others, and so should only be grown in the more sheltered parts of the garden.

You can divide the heathers up into two big groups, the winter-flowerers and the summer-blooming types. In the former we have the Carneas and the Mediterraneas, and of the Carneas I should like particularly to recommend King George, a dark-red; Prince of Wales, a pale pink; Queen Mary, a deep pink; Ruby Glow, a good bright red; and Springwood White. Among the summer-flowerers plant the Cornish heath, and particularly Lyonesse, the white with brown anthers, and Mrs. D. F. Maxwell, the large deep cerise which is so free-flowering.

The Irish Heath will be in flower from June to October. It's a rosy purple with bell-shaped flowers. There's also a white and crimson purple, as any good catalogues will disclose. Don't forget the Ling, or Common Heather, which usually flowers from July to October. Once again, there's a white, and a late-flowering white known as Serlei as well as a crimson—Alportii. I haven't said much about *Erica Tetralix*, the rose-coloured bell heather, which with me flowers all the summer.

The whole point of a heather garden is to plan it so that it looks absolutely natural. It can be almost any shape you like. It's possible to have glorious beds of heather in the front garden,



HEATHERS FOR YOUR GARDEN

by W. E. Shewell-Cooper
M.B.E., N.D.H., F.R.S.L.

(Principal, The Horticultural Training Centre, Thaxted)

and thus make it unnecessary to do any bedding out at all. Heather could be used to edge a border and keep it looking nice and trim; heathers are grand as a frontispiece, so to speak, for a shrub border. I have what I call a little river of heather flowing down from the terrace, right the way through the shrubs to the lawn below. A "stream" of heath is quite exciting!

Some people say that it's rather expensive to plant a heather garden because you want to put the dwarfer plants in about a foot apart, but the answer is, of course, that once you've spent the money you've got a good show in your garden for 10 or 15 years with the minimum of labour. Heather is grand as a table decoration, it's first class for a button-hole or a lady's spray; white heather is always right.

It's difficult to find a large amount of information about heaths and heathers in gardening encyclopaedias, and, in fact, in one of the best of these, almost the whole section devoted to this subject talks about cultivation under glass. The reason undoubtedly is that as heaths are so easy to grow out of doors, there's very little to be said about them. They are very happy in the poorest and driest of soils, though they will grow in quite stiffish clay. In both cases it helps greatly if sedge peat is added to the soil at about 2 bucketfuls to the square yard. This should be well forked in. After planting the top dressing of this, sedge peat should be given at one bucketful to the square yard. This mulch will not only keep down the weeds but will gradually be pulled into the soil by the worms.

The planting is best done as a rule in October, though most nurserymen offer specimens that have been raised in pots, and can be put out almost any time in the winter. Spring planting is sometimes carried out in the North, but this must be done very early and only in the case of the later-flowering kinds. Firm planting is essential, especially in the lighter soils, and it pays to put one's heel on the roots, and press down really hard. As to distances, it very much depends

CAN A MISSIONARY BE A SUCCESSFUL MOTHER?

MY MISSIONARY MOTHER

by A Reader

MY first real memory of my Mother was as a little girl of five-and-a-bit. The evening shadows were closing in, I had been tucked into bed, and we were looking at the picture above my bed as she explained it to me. It was Holman Hunt's searching picture of Christ, the Light of the World, standing outside a fast-closed heart's door, knocking for admittance. When I knelt by my bed that night I added a new request: I asked the Lord Jesus to come into my heart. I can still remember the quiet joy on my Mother's face and the special goodnight kiss.

She was a missionary mother and we always had to share her with others. In fact, for us it was boarding school at eight, or even six, and then only a month or six weeks in a year at home. Home life we knew little of, for we had so little time actually at home. But where mother and father were, that was home, and their letters brought that same atmosphere to us. They seemed to have a special gift for giving us, by their companionship, prayers and interest in all our doings even though we might be seas apart, the security that a happy settled home life usually gives to children. The furlough years were always particularly thrilling, for it meant being with our parents and having more of them to ourselves, even though it was a year full of much travelling and visiting in others' homes.

On the mission field our home was always the refuge for those who were discouraged, unwell, lonely, or just without a home of their own. My mother had the priceless gift of making everyone feel at home; stiffness and strangeness melted in her presence. My memory book pages turn to my teens, where there is the oft-repeated picture of her gathering a few old, and new, friends in to give them "elevenses." It was a central mission station with many passing through, and others kept there because of ill-health or difficulties. She loved to talk with them, to hear of what they had been doing on their stations and how God was working. She loved to talk of her family, too, for she was a real mother, and how often when we were at home did we give her 'curtain lectures' on not talking about her children so much—"everyone knows all about us!" But now, years after she has left that mission field, in all parts of the world we are still meeting those who had enjoyed not only the warmth of the "elevenses" but the warmth of loving interest in themselves that she had shown, and we, her children, are reaping 100 per cent. dividends on her loving interest in others. In one eastern post there was a stern, crotchety business man who showed us nothing but the utmost kindness because years before, when he was leaving to go to a difficult post, alone and without friends to see him off, my father had found time in a very busy life to see him on board his ship and bring him a box of home-made ginger-snaps!

Hers was no deep intellect with comprehensive

grasp of the great doctrines of the Bible. In fact there were times, in the callowness of youth, when I almost despised her simplicity and the strictness of her practical applications of the truths of the Bible. I thought she was 'small' in her refusal to go on a public conveyance on Sunday, or to post a letter on Saturday night and so give the Post Office work on Sunday. I thought she was narrow in her views on 'modern' clothes, but did acknowledge that in all this she did not insist that I follow her. Yet she did so thoroughly enjoy buying us pretty dresses, and took real pride in our being the best dressed girls in our circle, though she made sure that when she had any hand in buying them modesty and simplicity were the keynote.

It became almost an axiom in the family through the years that what Mother prayed for, she got. As I grew older I understood why. It was that same simplicity in taking the promises of the Bible and believing that they were true and for her. It was not only small things that Mother prayed for; she prayed me through university, she prayed a car into the family possession. She was so sure that it could be used to help many others—missionaries home on furlough who needed to be shown the loveliness of the countryside, old folks to be taken to church, and an endless list of all who could be benefited. She prayed for a wireless, in the years long gone when they were not in everyone's home. She thought it would be so nice for the folks who came to live with us and were too tired to go out to church! Of course, Father prayed too; but somehow we got into the way of just taking for granted that her prayers would be answered no matter what they were!

One prayer that was answered I did my best to sabotage for some years; that was that her children should be missionaries, sent by the Lord Jesus. She had served God on the foreign field in a time when to be a missionary meant very real hardship and danger. She had left a tiny grave in a very tiny cemetery in a foreign land. And in spite of that she prayed us out to the mission field. When old age came to her and she was practically bed-ridden with only my father to care for her, we were tempted to think that perhaps one of us should stay at home to care for them, but the only answer we got was, "If any one of you shall give up . . . children for my sake he shall receive in this life a hundred-fold." And again they staked their claims on the promises of God and found them to be full of riches, for during those years the Lord gave them children, homes, loving friends, doctor specialists, much that if even all of us had stayed at home with them we could never have afforded to give them . . . "a hundred-fold in this life"!

No wonder that Proverbs 31 is such a familiar ground to us. "Her children rise up and call her blessed . . ."

ABOUT



BOOKS

PICTURES FOR YOUR HOME

OUR first note must be not about books but about the prints of pictures by famous artists which are now being produced by Penguin Books, Ltd. Ten of these prints have been published, including such titles as *Courtyard in Delft*, by de Hooch, *Still Life with Bottle, Chair and Apple*, by Cezanne, and *Yacht Approaching Coast*, by J. W. M. Turner. These are remarkably faithful reproductions, measuring 9 x 13 ins., and costing 6s. or 7s. each. They afford an unexpected opportunity of hanging some good pictures in the home at minimum cost.

From the same publishers comes one of the Puffin Story Books at 2s. 6d.—*King Arthur and His Knights*. This is one of a series which includes *Treasure Island*, *A Puffin Book of Verse*, *The Radium Woman* (Madame Curie), *Elizabeth Fry*, and *The Insect Man* (Fabre). All good books at unusually cheap prices.

A 'MUST' FOR ADOLESCENTS

And now we must draw your attention to one of the latest C.S.S.M. stories—*The Making of Stephen Hall*. We feel we can hardly speak too highly of this book, with regard to both its plot and its teaching. As to the plot; it is a school story, in which the hero is seen running in the schools sports, stricken with polio, overcoming handicaps, becoming a prefect, taking over a "dud" house and making it count for the school again.

This is a story in which there is always something

happening, but the unusual skill of the author is shown in his ability to combine action and movement with Christian teaching on a wide range of subjects, and to give this clearly and adequately in the language of the boys in the story. The author is an Australian doctor, and if you want a present for your own or anyone else's 'teen-age boy or girl, this is the book. (C.S.S.M., 5s.).

A BOOK FOR PARENTS

Practical Motherhood and Parentcraft (Odhams, 12s. 6d.) is a most comprehensive volume, a true "enquire-within" for new parents on the many points on which they feel their ignorance and lack of experience. With 320 pages and 150 photographs and diagrams it is claimed to be the most comprehensive, fully illustrated book of its kind, and was written by a team of experts with the Nuffield Professor of Child Health in the University of London as its advisory Editor. It deals with every age and stage from babyhood to adolescence.

SCARLET PLUME

This is the tale of a Huguenot lady's adventures after her release from prison. The plot depends on the substitution of a feeble-minded baby for the true offspring of the Marquis, and we are not surprised to find that it is through the Huguenot that all wrongs are righted! The Christian teaching of the story is clear and, within its setting, admirably conveyed. (Constance Savery. Victory Press, 7s. 6d.)

ANY COMMENTS?

SIR,

Professor Charles Galton Darwin (*Time*, Jan. 19) has only to look out of his study window at the Western nations to see that a sure way to reduce the birth rate is to raise the standard of living.

It isn't only that the men and women in a rich and highly developed civilization have many other diversions besides breeding children; it is also because the raising of a child in such a civilization is a much longer, more costly and responsible process than it is in poor and primitive societies, and that parents in our Western societies, intent on giving their children even a higher standard of living than they have got, limit their families to the point where they hardly reproduce themselves.

There are forces at work in our times which Malthus couldn't possibly dream of. And the rapid dissemination in our time of the example of our constantly rising standard of living will result in a concomitant decline of the birth rate all over the world.

Prophets are sometimes misled . . . And T. S. Eliot's prediction has been upset by the atom bomb, which threatens to end our world not with a whimper but a bang—not, Professor Darwin, with a whimper of starving multitudes, but the bang of bombs dropped by our well-fed only sons on each other. And in less than a million years!

IRVING FINEMAN
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

(A Letter to the American magazine, "Time".)

FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

MODERN MIRACLES

THE Second Book of Kings continues the history of the divided kingdoms—Israel in the North and Judah in the South—until the Nation is brought into captivity. In all it covers a period of about 300 years. I and II Kings were originally one book, beginning with King David and ending with the nation subservient to the King of Babylon; beginning with the building of the great Temple, and ending with that Temple in ashes. The reasons for this disastrous decline may largely be found in the fact that of twenty-one kings we read—"He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." During this period of national declension Elijah and Elisha fulfilled their ministry as God's spokesmen to the nation.

The two books of the kings bring us right up against the whole subject of miracles—a subject which our older children may well question us about. "Do you believe that Elijah was really taken to Heaven in a chariot of fire?" I was asked only recently. Well, as a matter of fact, the Bible doesn't say that he was, but by a whirlwind (II Kings 2. 11). But the fact remains that many miracles occurred during this period of about 300

years. Miracles are divine acts, and are for signs (see Deut. 11. 2 and 3, John 2. 11, Acts 2. 22, etc.), and there are long periods in which there is no recorded miracle.

If we believe that God is omnipotent, and personally concerned in the lives and circumstances of His children, it is not unlikely, but extremely probable, that He will intervene, when it is for the highest good, on their behalf. By an act of will and physical strength, an athlete may vault over a bar or throw a ball high into the air, and so temporarily overcome the law of gravity, making it subservient to another law. Our God is able similarly to overrule, for His own great purposes, the laws by which we are accustomed to be governed.

The introduction of Christianity was a period marked by miracles which attested the person of Christ and His doctrine, but God has not ceased to intervene on behalf of His people during nearly 2,000 years of the Church's pilgrimage since Apostolic days. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. His heart is no less sympathetic for the sorrowing and distressed, and there have been those in every age who have proved Him able and

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR OCTOBER*

1	2 Kings	8	10.	18-31	17	18.	1-12	25	22.	11-20
2	5.	9	11.	1-10	18	18.	13-25	26	23.	1-9
3	5.	10	11.	11-21	19	18.	28-37	27	23.	10-20
4	6.	11	12.	1-15	20	19.	1-4	28	23.	21-30
5	6.	12	13.	14-25	21	19.	5-20	29	24.	1-16
6	6.	13	14.	1-14	22	20.	1-11	30	24.	17-20
7	7.	14	17.	1-19	23	20.	12-21	31	25.	1-12
	7.	15	17.	20-28	24	21.	1-15		Psalm	
	9.	16	17.	29-41		22.	1-10		116.	1-19

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

willing to do exceeding abundantly above all they have asked or even thought (Eph. 3. 20).

Regarding the raising of the dead—when our loved ones pass through the veil of death it is our Lord's intimation that it is His will to take them to Himself, and all our prayers are to be subject to that Divine will. While they live we may pray,

and nothing is impossible, but we have the fuller revelation of the New Testament by which we are assured that when the trusting soul is called away it is great gain (Philippians 1. 21 and 23).

These Old Testament records are surely fuel to kindle our faith afresh. "This God is our God for ever and ever," and "He only doeth wondrous things" (Psalm 48. 14 and Psalm 72. 18).

A FARMER'S WIFE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

As a child—and childish impressions have a way of sticking—I pictured the Shunammite woman as large and bustling, well-to-do, and rather "over-dressed"—a large frog in her small puddle! I was wrong. She was, as these records so rightly describe her, a truly "great woman." Her womanly characteristics are in evidence at once—kindness and consideration for others (4. 8). So are her spiritual insight and perception (v. 9). In a day when there were not a few bogus prophets she recognised the true servant of God. I like her sympathetic understanding of her guest (v. 10). A man of faith and prayer such as Elisha, simple and disciplined in his habits, would be glad that his room was so simply appointed.

Of course, every woman notices the Shunammite's bravery. Beneath her bright manner and her thoughtful service she hid a great sorrow.

She had no child. She had not told the prophet about her grief, but God knew and had not forgotten. And she was determined. Unhurried and deliberate when necessary, she was not to be hindered by the remonstrance of her husband, or the leisureliness of her servants, or the interference of Gehazi. She could face the heat of the day for 16 miles along the valley of Jezreel in an attempt to get help for her son. And, best of all, she was great in faith. In the "Westminster Abbey" of the Bible (Hebrews 11), she has her place in the Roll of Honour—"Women received their dead to life again" (v. 35), and in her darkest hour she could say: "It shall be well." Such faith never goes unrewarded.

I shall often visit this kindly farmer's wife again. My childish impressions have faded into oblivion now that I see her through a woman's eyes.

THE REAPING OF THE AFTER YEARS

CHRISTIAN parents want above everything else to see the awakening of spiritual life in their children. The raising of the Shunammite's son reminds us in action pictures of many important things relating to this awakening. It is clearly useless to relegate your responsibility to someone else—especially to a Gehazi! Gehazi was no man for sacred confidences. He showed a real want of understanding. Instinctively this mother knew that a prophet's staff in a Gehazi's hand would effect nothing. And anyway, wooden, stereotyped methods are useless to give life. See what Elisha did, and what we should do.

(1) He prayed. Shut in with God he pleaded for the life of the child. Like Elijah, he knew the value of fervent prayer. And he not only prayed *for*, but *with* the child—"Them twain."

(2) He had close personal contact with the child. Be at pains to understand your child. We must learn to speak a child's language, and

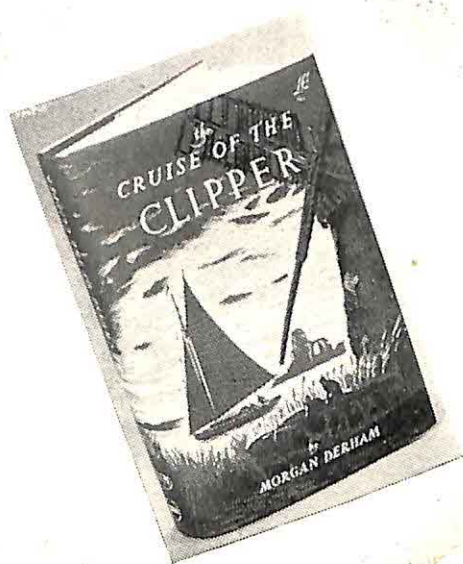
see things through his eyes, to join in his play. Perhaps Elisha kissed those little unresponsive lips as he leaned over the child. If we care like that things will begin to happen (34 b).

(3) The prophet was patient and persevering (v. 35). How all-important! You cannot force an entrance to the citadel of child-soul.

(4) He was quick to see the evidence of new life—the child sneezed seven times. Little signs of spiritual awareness may be cause for great encouragement.

*"... Great is your trust,
Oh! let the reaping of the after years
Be of the sowing of your patient love,
And many prayers.
Look up for strength;
The God Who placed that child within your care,
Will give you all you need to teach of Heaven,
And guide it there."*

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C.S.S.M., 5 Wigmore Street, London, W.1

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For Active Children

For Breakfast



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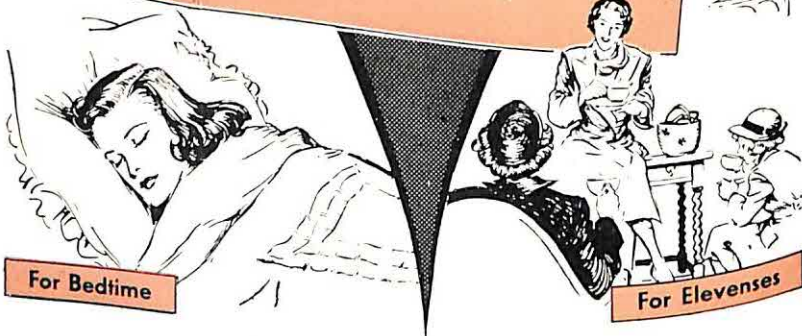
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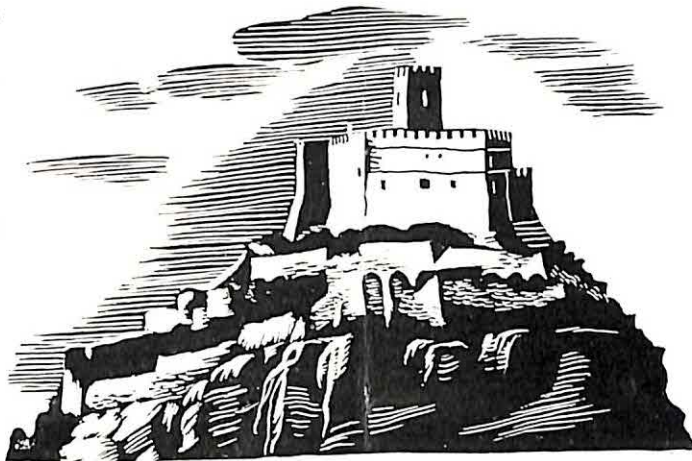
HOMES



& PARENTS

NOVEMBER, 1953

the magazine for parents who care



*'The house built upon a rock' from a painting in the National Gallery
by Giovanni Bellini*

F O U N D A T I O N S

I would like to add, with my fullest conviction, that it is on the strength of our spiritual life that the right re-building of our national life depends. In these last tragic years many have found in religion the source and mainspring of the courage and selflessness that they needed. On the other hand we cannot close our eyes to the fact that our precious Christian heritage is threatened by adverse influences. It does indeed seem to me that if the years to come are to see some real spiritual recovery the women of our nation must be deeply concerned with religion, and our homes the very place where it should start; it is the creative and dynamic power of Christianity which can help us to carry the moral responsibilities which history is placing upon our shoulders. If our homes can be truly Christian, then the influence of that spirit will assuredly spread like leaven through all the aspects of our common life, social, industrial and political.

*From the Queen Mother's Message to the Women of the Empire,
broadcast in April, 1943.*

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By Evelyn



WHEN Martin was eighteen months old he already showed signs of being a fearless and adventurous child, often getting into dangerous situations. So they bought an old playpen, and John painted it up and mended it. It was not a very strong one, perhaps, but it would do until times were easier and they could afford a better.

Martin soon made short work of this; he somehow managed to get out of it, and when his mother came in was outside it, proudly using his strength to lift it up and down off the ground! He grinned widely, as if to say: "Aren't I clever?"—but this she did not understand. She was busy and hot and tired, and, alas, she was quick-tempered and lacking in the patience needed with children, and in understanding of their needs. She smacked him sharply. "You naughty boy!" she said crossly, and with a rough shake she lifted him back. "There now, stay there; and don't dare do that again!"

He did not, of course, understand the words, but he felt their anger, and the small firm lip drooped. When this adventure had been repeated several times, a defiant but worn-out baby sobbed himself to sleep in the corner of the play-pen, his satisfying feeling of achievement and the pleasure of using his muscles and strength washed out in her displeasure.

A child knows from his parents' voices whether they are pleased or displeased, and that is his first guide to an understanding of what 'good' and 'naughty' mean; naughty something to which 'No' has been said, 'good' something which pleases them; and he is happy when he has pleased them. How important to give him the right ideas to start with! Treating as naughty something that at Martin's age is not so is the most certain way to make him really naughty.

In early childhood, then, you must sometimes meet his 'naughty' actions with distraction; sometimes with comfort as when he has the terrifying experience of breaking something; at others, you realise that there is lack of opportunity or material for experience in his environment, and you try to supply them. You may give him large wooden bricks to carry about and build with; or sand and water to play with, bottles and tins to empty and fill, or a miniature dust-pan and brush! And, of course, there are times when you say

'No' and exact obedience, but always with patience and gentleness. Perhaps the most important thing is to remind oneself to try to understand his motive: is it, for example, an urge to use his strength, or to experiment, or that he has accidentally discovered a way to make an impact on his surroundings, or is it due to sheer high spirits?

When one day Martin dropped a piece of bread and jam over the side of his high chair, peering with interest to see what had happened to it, he was again smacked; and, when he persisted, was locked in his cot and left to cry. What should his mother have done? She might have picked up the bread, saying, "No" firmly; and, looking at it, explain, "Dirty." Then she could have given him something to eat, and perhaps a spoon to play with. Instead of which she had impressed the incident on his mind and frustrated his legitimate curiosity.

How, then, is one to teach a child what 'good' means? How can these nursery words be made the basis of his character training?

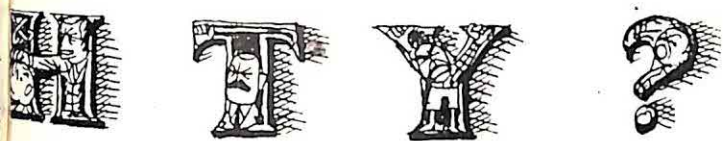
Fortunately Martin's grandparents lived near, and they were wise and understanding of children. Martin adored them, especially 'Grandpa.' He was often left with them for a few days, and there is no doubt that much of the wrong treatment in his home was counteracted.

One day just before his second birthday, he rediscovered a certain cupboard that had held great charms for him, a kitchen cupboard full of cooking utensils and dishes. He had pulled everything out on to the floor and it had had to be kept locked since then. They had found him a little cupboard of his own with which he had been well satisfied; he would play for hours with the bottles, tins and boxes they had put inside. But to-day the original cupboard had been left open by mistake. Forgetting or ignoring the firm 'No' that had been said, he settled down to empty it once again and to enjoy the contents.

"Oh, Martin!" said his grandfather, "have you forgotten Grannie said, 'No'? We must put the things back." But as soon as his grandfather left him, out they all came again.

"What!" cried Grandpa coming in. "Naughty Martin!"—and he carried the child on to the verandah with a favourite toy. But the call of the fascinating cupboard was too great for Martin, and back he went to it. It had to be





Walters

locked, at which he flew into a passion, lay on the ground and screamed. His grandfather ignored him entirely. Such disobedience and temper could only be punished by making him feel that it was completely unacceptable.

An hour passed. Martin sobbed for a time, then got up and wandered disconsolately about, but could settle to nothing. From time to time he looked at his grandfather reading on the bench on the verandah. Finally he went and stood beside him. Grandpa did not look up. Martin sucked his finger; he could bear this ostracism no longer. Slowly he clambered on to the bench and slid along it. And then he did a very beautiful thing; struggling to his feet he put his arms round his grandfather's neck and kissed him full on the mouth.

His grandfather put down his book. "Ha! You're good now? Is that what that means?" They went off hand in hand.

"Martin loves G'anpa."

"Yes, and Grandpa loves Martin—always."

So it was that Martin learnt his first lessons about 'goodness'—he felt the close connection between goodness and love.

* * *

"Have I been good?" seven-year-old Jeremy was heard to ask his mother as they came out of church one hot morning after he had been told to be good and to sit still through a long sermon. And I suppose that in so far as he had tried to comply with his mother's wishes, he had been good.

But, of course, as children grow older we try to give them the experience of feeling the real pleasure and happiness that comes from doing a good action.

Sally went to an infant school. How easily she might have been lost amongst the thirty children who formed her group! But her teacher knew that in spite of this much too large number, she must care for and train each one as an individual, as far as this might be possible. She had invented a wonderful game to teach the children, small as they were, to tidy up. They called it the Brownie Game, for many of them had sisters who were Brownies or Guides, and they all knew what a Brownie was from seeing the company in the Junior School, admiring and envying their uniforms and longing to be Brownies themselves.

This was the game. The afternoon

session was over, and it was time to go home, but the room was strewn with toys and bits of handwork material; paint brushes were standing unwashed in jars, cupboard doors were open, small tables and chairs were displaced.

Miss James called for the children's attention. "In a few moments we must all go home," she began. "Oh-h," moaned the children, for no one ever wanted this moment to come.

"Can we play the Brownie Game?" asked Sally.

"Certainly."

Miss James sat in her chair and began the game. She must keep to the usual words or they would be disappointed in the manner of young children.

"Dear me," she began to herself aloud, "What an untidy room! And it's all got to be tidied up. If the children go home without tidying I must do it all alone, and I am so tired . . . Oh, how I wish some Brownies would just come in and see it and do it while I have a little sleep. . . ." She lets her head droop—lower and lower; by now the room is breathlessly quiet as they all watch her: Now her head rests on her arms on the table in front of her . . . She is asleep!

Then there is a rustle—and then a bustle! It begins very quietly, but gradually the noise of hastening feet, sweeping brushes and the movement of furniture mounts. Still Miss James 'sleeps'. The noise lessens—stops—the room is perfectly quiet and beautifully tidy. She stirs in her sleep as they watch her, lifts her head, opens her eyes.

"Why! What is this I see? Why—how—have some Brownies been here?"

"No, it was us," they cry delightedly.

"Oh! how lovely! What a lovely surprise! How very kind of you all! I do thank you."

But do not think they did not know it was a game, for had not Miss James said originally, "I know you don't like tidying up very much, but still it must be done, mustn't it?—and by the people who have made the mess. Shall we make a game of it sometimes to help us through?" Then she had described the game, and through their play—a little child's most common way of gaining experience—they learnt something of the joy of helping and of being 'good.'

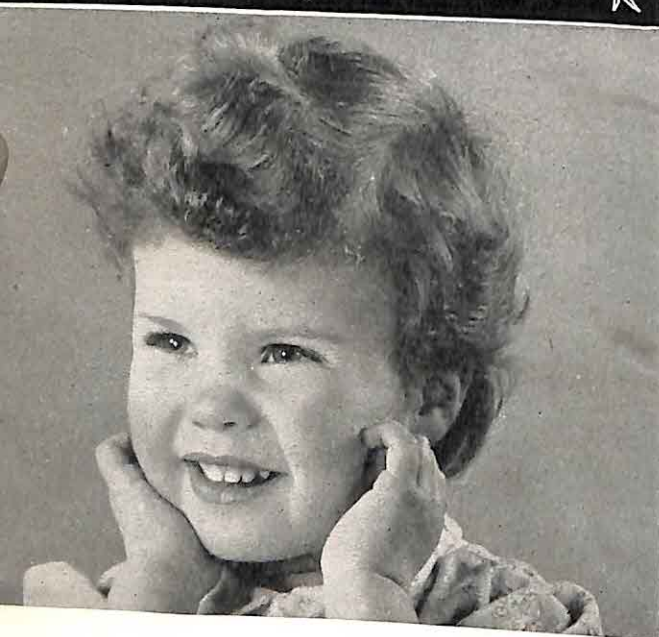
So, very gradually a child learns the meaning both of the negative 'naughty,' and also of the positive, constructive, 'good.'



YOUR CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS

answered by

Kathleen Cundy



Why do we go to church?

"MUMMY, can I go and play with Tom? He's come round to fetch me because he's got a super new kite and he's going to try it out!" Six-year-old Peter paused breathlessly.

"I'm sorry, Peter," replied mother. "You can't go now because it's nearly time for church—I was just coming to tell you to get ready."

"Oh, Mummy, *must* I go to church?"

"Yes, of course, Peter. We're all going as usual."

"Why do I have to go, Mummy? It's such a lovely windy day . . . Tom isn't going," he added hopefully.

"Well, Peter, there are several reasons why we go to church—there isn't time to tell you them all now, but we'll see how many we can all think of this evening. Run along now and tell Tom you're sorry you can't come—ask him if he can come to tea

after school tomorrow. And then scrub those hands and tidy up or you'll keep us all waiting!"

That evening, after tea, when the family were gathered round the fire for the usual Sunday story, mother remembered Peter's question.

"Peter wants to know why we go to church. Can anyone tell him?" she asked.

There was a moment's silence; then nine-year-old Mary remarked: "Well, the rest of us all go, don't we—we couldn't possibly leave Peter behind, he might get into mischief."

Father laughed. "Well, Mary, that's a very good reason for Peter going, I must say. But what about the rest of us—why do we go?"

"Is it because we have to think about God on Sunday?" asked Andrew.

"That is part of the answer, certainly. Sunday is kept specially as God's day and so we want to meet Him and give more time to thinking about Him than is always possible on a busy week day. You would probably find it difficult to pray by yourself for an hour, but joining with other people in a special building helps us."

"Yes, you can sing hymns better with a lot of people," broke in Angela. "Miss Jones said at Sunday School that God liked to hear people singing because it showed they were glad."

"Yes, hymns are one of our ways of praising God and saying 'Thank You' to Him. What else do we do at church?"

"We say prayers, don't we—'thank You' and 'sorry' ones."

"And we have the Bible read to us," added Mary.

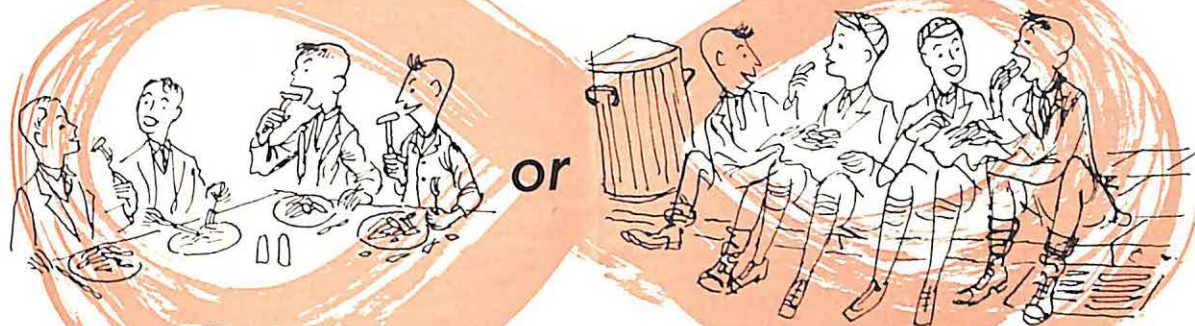
"Do you remember those words of Jesus—if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven?" asked Daddy. "There is great strength in joining together when we pray. And the more we read the Bible—or have it read to us—the better we come to know God and what sort of people He wants us to be. The minister also tries to help us to understand the Bible and to teach us about God. Perhaps you don't always understand very much yet, but you will as you get older."

Peter was not yet satisfied.

"But Daddy, not *everyone* goes to church. Why don't they? Tom's Mummy goes sometimes, but his Daddy doesn't, and Tom only has to go to Sunday School."

"Well, Peter, we can't say 'why' for other people. I don't expect Tom's Daddy knows what he's missing. He just doesn't understand how much God loves him and wants him to come and worship Him. Perhaps he wasn't taken to church or Sunday School when he was a little boy and so he never had much chance to learn about God. But I am sure God would like him and everybody else to come to church. That really brings us to another point—going to church is one of the ways of showing other people that we belong to Jesus. Mary belongs to the

THE BATTLE of FISH AND CHIPS



THE HERD v. THE HOME

by Gina Watson

A CHILD does not want to be different—nor do we always want to encourage him to be so. Neither inferior nor superior feelings are good for the character. But it is not always easy to allow a child to do as his friends are doing.

Our problem is based on the fact that not all other parents of our sons' school friends think as we do. Our boys attend a council day school. It is an excellent school, with a very good headmaster and an enthusiastic staff. But we live at the edge of a rather opulent London village, and the school is a bit away in the adjoining working-class district. Most children around us go to boarding schools or select private schools, so the majority of our sons' playmates at school are from the other district. Their parents are no less loving than we, nor is less care given to their children. But parental standards differ. We do not want our children to read any comics, but they do not bother. We have set a reasonably early bedtime, while their children are allowed to stay out very late. They permit cinema visits as often as twice a week, while we do not want our children to grow up used to ready-made entertainment. There is a very wide difference in our approach to these matters.

The children see it. And they object! They do not want to be different. And those privileges we forbid appeal to them. *Why* can Johnny go to the cinema when they are forbidden? *Why* does Mike see television night after night, while they are only allowed to see Children's Hour plus an hour of newsreels on Saturday?

It would be simple to explain that we have our rules based on what we think best, and to insist on adherence. But that would not make the child feel less different, nor could one do so without avoiding a criticism of other boys' parents. We do not want our children to grow up as snobs—and it is easily done if one makes it plain to a child that he and his family's standards are better than those of others.

There seemed to be no other solution but compromise. Our ideals are important to us—

but so is the child's adjustment to group life. So while we still have regular early bedtime hours, we make allowances when the children attend Cub meetings with other children, or go swimming at night with their fellow choir-singers. We permit one selected children's paper weekly—and explain that any more would cost too much, though we spend a lot more on books for the boys. We allow four cinema visits a year—and again hide behind the cost of tickets as our excuse. We try to provide other entertainments which will also induce other boys to follow suit. Thus the plea, "Please do let me go to Saturday morning pictures—Johnny is going," brings a suggestion, "Would you not like instead to take the boat out in the park? Johnny may like to come with you instead." And mostly Johnny goes.

Language was another point. We did not forbid slang or the ubiquitous "shut up" completely. With other boys we let them speak as they like. But I made it plain that I do not like hearing it and nothing like that must be said in my presence. Now the boys are quite bilingual!—the slangy talk with their friends and decent speech in the more discriminating company of adults.

Where clothes are concerned we let the boys dress just like their friends. We allowed them to go to school on their own long before my maternal cowardice admitted that they were ready for it, because the friends went alone. It is only where mental habits and things affecting educational outlook are concerned that we stick to our own approach. We think that the risk of making them feel a bit different in these matters will do less harm than acquiring really bad habits or seeing unsuitable films. But there are difficult moments. My biggest headache was over the matter of plain fish and chips!

The boys went weekly to Cub meetings with two friends who always came to fetch them. The expeditions called for a few pence for subscription and fares.

"J. and D. also get threepence for chips," our

sons informed us. "We buy them at the shop on the way back."

Now I do not want my sons to eat greasy chips from a dirty newspaper. And it may be sheer snobbery, but I do not want them to eat in the street. It does not seem right, quite apart from any matter of manners and aesthetic outlook, to allow a child to go on a bus eating chips, making the handrails greasy and perhaps staining other people's clothes.

I refused the chips, giving the last as a reason.

"But J.'s and D.'s Mummy allows them!"

"Well," I said, "perhaps I allow you some things she would not like. No chips for you."

Next week they asked again, pleading hunger. I even gave them enough sweets to eat on the way back home to offer to J. and D. in the hope that the other boys would refrain from purchasing chips. But week after week my boys came home with greasy fingers: "J. and D. shared theirs."

Nice boys, J. and D.!—but how was I to explain

to them that what they think normal fun is looked down upon by me?

I promised home-made chips for supper—with an invitation for D. and J. to come to it, in spite of late hours. Not that we think chips ideal food for a child before bedtime, but here again was the compromise. Now the two other lads call weekly for a few minutes on their way home. Steaming chips are awaiting. "Is it not more comfortable to eat at home?" we suggest cunningly.

The battle of fish and chips is at last over. And I hope to bring up my sons with reasonable manners, but what is more important—without having made them feel that they are so very superior to others. Manners are social education—but so is learning to live with the others.

* * * * *

The "battle of fish and chips" has to be waged on various battlefields, and readers are invited to send their comments or personal experiences on the points raised in this article.

THE BEST SCHOOL *(Continued from page 33)*

homes in which we grew up, and it is certain that much of the unrest in young people to-day, and the increase in juvenile delinquency, is the direct result, not of poor education, nor of cinemas nor of war conditions, but of a deterioration in the

spiritual quality of the home life of the country. The future of the nation is in the hands not of the schools nor of the probation officers and welfare workers, but in the hands of those who assume the weighty responsibility of parenthood.

YOUR CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS *(Continued from page 30)*

Girl Guides—she'd never think of missing their meetings on Thursdays, would she? Church is the meeting place for all Christian people."

"What a lot of things there are!"

"Yes," added Mummy, "and no one's mentioned the most important reason of all: God has told us to meet together; and when God tells us to do something, then, of course, we must do it, mustn't we?"

"Does it say we must go to Church in the Bible, then, Mummy?" asked Mary.

"Yes. First we have Jesus' example—we often read that He went to the synagogue, which was the

Jews' Church. Then later on we read about the early Christians meeting together. In Hebrews 10. 25 we are warned not to neglect meeting together. When you are older you will be able to go to the special service which Jesus Himself told His disciples to hold. In the Old Testament you will find a great deal about how people were to worship God together, so you see it has always been one of the things that God has wanted us to do. Are you satisfied, Peter?—we've found a lot of reasons for you!"

"Yes, I think so," answered Peter. "But I hope it will still be windy tomorrow!"

FORCED MARRIAGE *(Continued from page 36)*

for whose disposal the usual business negotiations had been proceeding, must have been a girl of great courage. Not only did she marry for love, but no commercial agreement could be added since Richard Calle had neither money nor property. After her secret betrothal to her lover she was bullied for years, firstly to marry someone else, and when she revealed her attachment, in order to make her renounce it. Betrothal was almost as sacred and binding as the marriage vow itself, and although the Church disapproved of the custom it was bound to endorse it where it had already been undertaken. Indeed, not even the Bishop of Norwich could find a way out for the Pastons, who appealed to him in their extremity.

He examined the lovers separately, and such was the strength of their love that, when asked to repeat the actual words of betrothal plucky Margery added: "If those words made it not sure, she would make it sure ere she went thence, for she thought in her conscience that she was bound whatsoever the words were."

Under these circumstances, where neither Church nor family could prevail, there was nothing for it but to allow the marriage. While there is no evidence that Calle was taken into the family, he remained bailiff, and a reconciliation of sorts took place between Margery and her mother.

Such was the course of true love in Mediaeval England.

A CHILD receives only a small part of his education in school. How he absorbs that small part is also largely determined by the surroundings from which he comes, and the influences which he brings with him from his home into the school.

Teachers can easily pick out the children who come from successful and from happy or unhappy homes. That does not mean the same thing as luxurious or poverty-stricken homes. A child is, of course, fortunate if his parents possess a reasonable income, and are able to provide him with pleasant surroundings, books, toys, and a fair standard of comfort—such as a room of his own. It is of supreme educational value for a child to have a place which belongs to him, and in which he can be alone to think his own thoughts and to work out his own problems. Far more important than creature comforts, however, for the growing child, is an atmosphere of love and happiness, in which his spirit can develop peacefully and without any threat of insecurity.

Children who come from homes where there is disagreement or estrangement—even without actual quarrelling—between the parents have a big handicap. They present all sorts of difficult problems, for their unhappiness and unconscious sense of insecurity manifests itself in different ways. One boy might prove to be backward at reading or arithmetic, another might be disobedient and defiant, another might have no sense of truth, and delight to tell lies for no obvious reason. Another might seek to impose his will on others, or court the limelight, or be a bully. Many disciplinary troubles in school are the result of unsatisfactory home conditions, and the naughty children are not really to blame. Faced with a large class of forty or sometimes fifty children, the teacher cannot possibly seek for the root cause of each child's behaviour, but must simply demand conformity to an accepted standard of conduct. Though this may be rigidly enforced in the classroom, it does not solve the child's problems, nor advance his ability to learn. If your child gives trouble at school, or is not making progress, don't necessarily blame the school or his teacher. Look for the root of the trouble at home.

It is well established nowadays that the child's very earliest years have a profound influence on the characteristics which he will develop in later life. This vital part of a child's education is, of course, entirely in the hands of his parents, who unfortunately do not always realise the terrible results which may accrue from such simple things as showing preference for one child over another in the family, or from allowing a young child to be frightened, or to feel unsafe.

Many parents are very eager to secure the best possible education for their children. They

THE BEST



SCHOOL

by J. R. Batten, B.A.

select their first school with great care, and try to supplement the instruction given by the class teacher. While it is good to take a keen interest in what Tommy is doing at school, it is bad to drive him too hard. Don't attempt to give him extra reading lessons at home. You will only confuse him and defeat your own ends. In later years, it is more important to see that he has every facility for doing his homework in peace, than to try to help him with his Maths, or his Latin. The school curriculum is the specialised job of the teacher. Leave him to it.

Education, however, is a much wider thing than any school syllabus. The child receives most of his education, even during his school years, at home—from his friends, from the books he reads, and from the films he sees, yes, and from the wireless. It is here that the parents must *unobtrusively* exercise supervision, and see that he learns good things. At home they will cultivate a spirit of willingness to help, and to be one of a family, as well as training him in good manners and consideration for others. He should be encouraged to choose the right kind of friends, without, of course, being allowed to feel that they are being chosen for him. In the same way, he should be encouraged to read the right books and listen to the right wireless programmes. To forbid the reading of certain types of literature is only to awaken a desire to explore the forbidden territory, and so definite prohibitions must be avoided if possible. The average child, if provided with plenty of the best sort of entertainment, will not seek out what is unsavoury.

Some of us owe all that we are to the Christian



Furnishing the

by Margaret

In our March issue Margaret Forster advised a young couple who had in mind the possibility of going abroad. This month she writes for those who are setting up a permanent home in this country.

IN the furnishing and fitting up of a new home the first thing to remember is to be strictly down-to-earth and business-like. Most of us, especially the women-folk, have some very fanciful dreams about what we would like in our homes, but we must resist the temptation to sacrifice something which is almost indispensable in order to satisfy our longing for some frippery or other. Practicality must be our main consideration if we are to get real value for our expenditure.

To begin with, there must be a definite decision as to the overall amount to be spent on furniture, carpets, and curtains. Then certain sums should be apportioned to each room. Obviously, if the home is to be for a young couple starting in a two- or three-roomed flat, but with the same amount of capital, they will be able to be a little more lavish in their expenditure per room. But whether the home be a house or a flat, it is wise to assume that the main sitting-room is the most important room and the one which should have most money spent on it. For instance, in the sitting room it is not an extravagance but an economy to have a really good (and probably rather expensive) carpet, because it is going to have constant hard wear and must be capable of standing up to it. Personally, if I could afford it and I wanted a carpet for hard wear I should choose a super quality Wilton seamless. A carpet size 4 yards by 3 yards costs about £58. It is worthwhile looking for a seamless carpet since carpets usually first start to wear down the seams. Of course, if such a large amount cannot be apportioned for the carpet there are the lower grades in Axminster, Wilton, or Indian, ranging from about £18 for a 3 yards by 4 yards. But remember that the carpet in the living room is seen more and used more than the others, and if you expend a little more there, you can economise by having a good quality haircord on the stairs and hall, and even in the bedrooms. This looks most attractive, especially when fitted, and gives years of apparently wear-less service. The price for best quality haircord is around 16s. 11d. a yard.

It will be a matter of opinion whether you arrange your living room colour scheme round your beautiful carpet or buy your carpet to match your furniture; but either way, don't be too anxious to match everything as long as you don't have colours which actually clash when put near together. For a first home you will obviously be starting with more or less the bare necessities, and if your colour scheme is fairly elastic, items bought later on, simply because you happen to like them, will fit more easily into the general scheme.

A very comfortable three-piece suite can be had now for about £65, and I do think it very important to have a really comfortable chair in which to relax at the end of the day. A couple of easy chairs, together with two or three odd fireside chairs—the latter varying in price from about £3 10s. to £21—are adequate in the sitting room of an ordinary family; but if you are thinking of using the settee as a spare bed, then have one. It will be worth its weight in gold. There is, of course, a three-piece suite on the market with a settee which converts into a very comfortable double bed.

Dining suites range from about £28, and odd oak chairs can be bought for about 45s. You might be fortunate enough to be able to beg an old gate-legged table from a relative to match. A sideboard dresser costs about £21, and an oak dining table about £7 upwards.

If you have a young family it is useful to remember that light coloured furniture



first



ome

Forster

(light oak or maple, etc.) seems to stand up better than dark to the scratches and finger marks inflicted on it by toddlers.

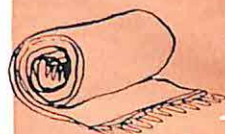
Now for the bedrooms. I have seen many young couples expend their last penny on expensive furniture for their own bedroom, promising themselves that they will furnish at least one other bedroom when they can afford it. That time never seems to come, and two bare unfurnished bedrooms become rather depressing after several years! So my advice is to make a total estimate of expenditure for at least two bedrooms, unless your home is a small flat which in any case will not enable you to accommodate visitors. Try, by ingenuity, to avoid the expense of a full suite. Divans range in prices from about £10 for double bed size, and are good space savers; mattresses costing from about £9 14s. 6d. for double bed size and headboards are extras. I saw recently a most attractive dressing table made from an old wash-stand. With a swivel mirror on a stand and a frill of pretty cotton or chintz this stand. If an ancient piece of furniture was made to look like a dressing table fit for a queen! If an old wash-stand is not available, an ordinary deal dressing table or even a plain table could be painted and adapted in the same way. If you buy a dressing table try to find one with a long mirror so that you have somewhere to see yourself full length before facing the outside world! You might pick up a longish mirror which would manage not to look top heavy on the wash-stand, but if not, then decorate one of your walls with a long mirror. By the way, although the fashionable mirrors edged with wrought iron are very expensive, it is possible to have your old or second-edged with wrought iron brought up-to-date in this fashion for roughly a third of the cost of a new one.

It is far cheaper to make fitted cupboards than to buy a wardrobe—that is if one is able to use a saw, a hammer and nails! Enough beech wood to make shelves from floor to ceiling in a very roomy alcove, with hanging space alongside, would cost only about £4-£5. With a curtain to match window curtains and dressing table only about £4-£5. It is possible, although not quite as comfortable to dispense with a carpet in a bedroom. If you cannot afford haircord or even a rubber backed felt, the floor could be stained and rugs dispersed at strategic points. A good buy for this purpose, and far cheaper and more attractive for a bedroom than the mohair, are the washable and reversible rugs, made of cotton waste material and costing about 45s. for quite a good-sized rug.

The kitchen requires the minimum of furniture usually on account of its size, but if there is no fitted cupboard either have one put in or invest in a kitchen cabinet costing from about £8 upwards. If this room is to be used for meals at all, it is sometimes a good idea to have a table with stools which can be kept underneath when not in use. This is another way in which the home handyman could save money. Otherwise there are sets with painted table and four stools at the price of £13 10s.

Here are some general tips. Do plenty of window shopping all over the place before choosing your furniture. Do not allow yourselves to be hurried into buying something you are not sure about. You have to live with your furniture and fittings for a long time! Try to imagine the piece of furniture you admire set in the room for which you intend it. And don't forget to make good use of the Sales—both auction and bargain sales in shops to pick up such things as reduced towels and sheets, cushions, and remnants for covers, and so on.

And if you are moving into a new house and can choose your own type of grate, do invest in one of the modern all-night burning types which are wonderful fuel savers, keep the room at an even temperature night and day, and are most satisfactory for heating the water when used with a back-boiler.



FORCED MARRIAGE

by Frank Reed



THE Middle Ages are often thought of to-day as the golden age of love and chivalry. This view takes no account of the poverty and squalor in which many of the poorer people lived, but even in knightly and middle class families these emotions do not appear to have existed in practical form. Marriage, for instance, was seldom undertaken for love.

Love might, and often did, grow out of marriage, but in the great majority of cases partners were chosen by parents or guardians with no thought whatsoever for the feelings of the young people concerned. Girls in their teens were married to crabbed old bachelors in order to cement a business contract, and young men (though not nearly so often as the girls) were similarly forced into unequal alliances by considerations of family fortunes. It should not be thought that because a child escaped marriage in his early years that he would be allowed to choose when he was older. The custom still held; young people would marry the person of their parent's choice.

Even "favourite daughters" of the great could not choose their own partners. Lady Mary Churchill, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, was married to John Montagu in the Spring of 1705 in order to strengthen her father's political position. Tradition says that she had set her heart on a private gentleman, but for all that her father loved her, he still required her to marry the man of his choice. Trevelyan says of these later political marriages, as opposed to the old "family fortune" marriage, that they "proved of dynastic importance to England and even to Europe." Royalty, of course, were far from immune. Almost any choice of bride implied friendship with one power and enmity with another, and the Sovereign's advisers always had great difficulty in settling on a suitable partner. When the Council of Charles II, whom they said should marry in the interests of the succession, was considering the matter of a bride, the offer which made the best impression in London was that of the Queen Regent of Portugal. She proposed her daughter Catherine of Braganza, with £800,000 in cash and her possessions of Tangier and Bombay.

Another type of forced marriage went on around the Fleet, the infamous debtor's prison in London. Here and in other low places were to be found down-at-heel parsons, many not in regular orders, who would marry any couple brought before them. Many were the cases of unfortunate young men and women of property abducted and married under duress to scoundrelly adventurers by these ruffians. One "Fleet parson" is said to have earned about £75 a month in this way, while another conducted 6,000 such "weddings" in a year. The matter assumed the proportions of a public scandal, and in 1753 Lord Chancellor Hardwicke brought in his Marriage Bill to end the injustice. Henceforward, no marriage would be valid unless due notice ("banns") had been given in the parties' Parish Church on three successive Sundays. It also required the ceremony to be conducted in the Church by an Anglican clergyman. Quakers, Jews, and Royalty were excepted, but no provision was made for dissenters or members of the Church of Rome.

Among other forced marriages was the peculiar case of the blind woman of Clerkenwell. She became acquainted with a young tradesman and made him a present of a silver watch and a loan of ten pounds to help in his business. When he informed her that he was leaving London she had him imprisoned for debt, but offered to forgive him if he married her. He did so, and the men who had arrested him gave away the bride! They apparently enjoyed years of happily married life.

This was by no means the only forced marriage which turned out well. Indeed, it seems that, for the main part, the system worked as well as the modern system of free choice. As with child marriage, the custom was quite usual, and most young people made up their minds to make the best of what they were given.

Not all young people were to be intimidated, however, and several cases of real "love matches" are on record. A notable instance is the devotion of Margery Paston to Richard Calle, her father's bailiff. Margery,



Darning Daddy's sock demands all the concentration that four-year-old Hazel Robson can give!

The Editor has asked readers some searching questions. How would you answer?

FOCUS ON THE **FAMILY**

1. How long have you been married?

Twelve years.

2. How many children?

Two.

3. Had you any very definite ideas in your minds as to the sort of person you would marry?

No. I met my husband in his nursery, and there never seemed a possibility of life without him to share my crises.

4. What do you most admire in your partner?

A very difficult quality to describe. It is his ability to make something better of me than any other human being can—e.g., his attitude shouts that he just cannot stand gossip and similar doubtful chatter. In short—his power to raise me (I hope and believe!) nearer to his standard of conduct, rather than that he should sink to mine.

5. Had you any very definite ideals in your minds at the time of your marriage?

Best expressed, perhaps, in our wedding text: "Let us exalt His Name together."

6. When you began to have a family had you any special hopes or fears for them?

Of course! My hopes (at that time) were that they'd be good at games and not too bad at work. Fears—that they'd be spineless 'I-don't-know,' 'I-don't-mind' people (like me).

7. Have you had any conscious aim in front of you with regard to their training?

Yes—that they may never be consciously unbelievers—i.e., that they may know and love and reverence the holy Name of Jesus from their earliest days. This aim is honestly before all others.

8. Have you had to modify your views as your experience has grown?

Not very much—probably because we never held any very strong views except in so far as (s) was affected. Our attitude is rather one of *solvitur ambulando cum Deo* (if that is what I mean!)

9. Have you had to treat the children differently because of differing temperaments?

Yes, a thousand times yes!

10. Do you think it is any use trying to modify a child's temperament?

Certainly—both our children's temperaments need quite a lot of modifying we think.

11. What do you now want most for your children? Has this changed during the years?

The thing we wished for them before they were born has remained unchanged—that God will help us to train them to fulfil His purpose in each of them.

12. If you had to begin again is there anything you would do differently?

How difficult! I daren't say No, and I can't say Yes!

13. Have you noticed anything in other families that has struck you as (a) very wrong; (b) very desirable?

(a) Fathers who allow children to be rude to their mothers, and who allow the children at the smacking age to beat their mothers about!
The "you-know-best-darling" attitude.

(b) A freedom to speak on all subjects, particularly of spiritual things, in open conversation.

14. What do you feel is the most important piece of advice you could pass on to new parents?

Feeling very unqualified to give any I would just say, pray for them—through every twist and turn and moment of their lives; give them every opportunity to hear the Gospel; and "put your foot down with a firm hand," or you will ever live to regret it.

KEEP THINKING UP

THOUGHT OF THESE THINGS ★ WHATEVER IS TRUE ★ WHATEVER WINS RESPECT ★ WHATEVER IS JUST ★ WHATEVER IS PURE ★ WHATEVER IS LOVABLE ★ WHATEVER IS OF GOOD REPUTE ★ IF THERE IS ANY VIRTUE OR ANYTHING DEEMED WORTHY OF PRAISE ★ CHERISH THE

Facts about the Worthwhile Things in the World

by G. G. Staines

HAYDN AND HIS MUSIC

Franz Joseph Haydn was born of humble peasant stock in Rohrau in 1732. His father was a cartwright, kept busy by the carriage traffic of his day. Haydn's early musical education was undertaken by a cousin who taught him to play the violin and the harpsichord. At the age of eight he entered the choir school of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, where he remained until the age of seventeen when his voice broke. After leaving the choir school Haydn was almost destitute and friendless. Continuing his study of music on his own, he obtained various musical engagements which enabled him to earn enough to keep himself from starvation. After holding one or two minor musical posts he eventually became music director to the Eszterházy, a Hungarian noble family. Haydn held this post for over twenty-five years.

Haydn's work was wide in its range, and much of it shows how the composer made use of folk tunes. Some of his finest compositions were his symphonies. One of the most dramatic is *The Farewell Symphony*. When he wrote it Haydn was working for Prince Nicholas at Eszterhazy for the summer season. Members of the orchestra were required to go to Eszterházy without their families. Separation from their wives and children was hard, and the musicians went to Haydn with their grievance. He solved their problem by writing *The Farewell Symphony*. In the last movement the players one by one blew out the candles lighting their scores and silently left the stage until there were only two violinists left. The Prince understood and the members of the orchestra were released.

Haydn paid two visits to London, and showed no little courage in leaving the Continent to cross the Channel. As he wrote in a letter, "I must now tell you that on New Year's Day . . . I went on board at 7.30 a.m., and 5.0 in the afternoon arrived safe and well at Dover." Haydn's creative powers found full expression in the writing of the twelve London, or Salomon, Symphonies which were written for these two visits. Some of the best known are *The Surprise Symphony* and *The Clock Symphony*. The latter takes its name from the accompaniment of bassoons and plucked

strings which sounds like the tick-tock of a big clock. Later this is taken up by a flute so that a tiny clock seems to replace the big time-piece.

The oratorios, *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, were written when Haydn was over sixty-five but still at the height of his powers. He approached his work each day in the spirit of prayer. "Never was I so devout as when composing *The Creation*. I knelt down every day and prayed to God to strengthen me for my work." The oratorio was first performed in Vienna at the Palace of Prince Schwarzenberg in April, 1798. The draft, or sketches, of this work are extensive and are preserved in the libraries of Vienna and Berlin, showing how much altering, revising and improving Haydn did as the work developed.

Time is a test of any man's work; the mediocre disappears while the great lives on. Haydn's work has survived the vicissitudes of war and social upheaval, and the disintegration of nations. The secret of this survival is to be found in the fact that his was a God-implemented genius which, by long hours of hard work, tenacity of purpose, and perseverance, Haydn made his own and brought to perfection.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

In 1949 the installation of the world's most powerful telescope camera at Mount Palomar, in the United States of America, was completed. This camera has a reflector of 200 inches and is capable of photographing the heavens far more extensively than has heretofore been possible. A four-year survey of the sky is nearing completion, but after only a few weeks' study objects 1,000 million light-years distant from the earth were revealed for the first time. This is twice the distance of the furthest penetration into space ever made by the 100-inch telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

From photographs taken it is now thought that the Milky Way contains some 200,000 million stars. Still further out in space thousands of new nebulae have also been revealed, each containing thousands of millions of stars. Yet all are in control; all have their appointed place; all are part of God's planned universe; all declare His glory.

(A light-year is the distance travelled by light in a year, i.e., about 6 million million miles.)



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C.R.6





You Need a Change

by Jean Richardson



ONE day last year, when I was doing the ironing, I thought how cabbage-like I was becoming!

Running a house and bringing up two small children seemed an endless round of washing, feeding, housework and shopping, and I decided that something must be done before my brain became too rusty to do anything at all.

Full of enthusiasm, I perused the syllabuses for a B.A. degree, but came to the conclusion that with the time at my disposal it would take me at least ten years to do it! I was almost returning to my rut when a friend of mine said: "Why don't you take a course of Bible Study?" It seemed a worthwhile sort of thing to do, and so I decided to take a Correspondence Course with the London Bible College.

I chose "Introduction to the Bible," a course consisting of twelve lessons with a Test Paper at the end of each. The lessons involved quite a lot of reading and study, and here I found the local library most useful. The standard was high, but the papers could be completed in one's own time, so that when various domestic crises occurred, such as the children catching measles at Christmas, I was able to put my work on one side until there was time to finish it.

The first two lessons were rather hard going. I found it difficult to concentrate and to remember what I had learned, but after that the brain stopped creaking and began to run more smoothly!

And how fascinating it was to learn how the very first copies of the Bible were written—on papyrus, a material made out of the pith of a plant, cut into strips, joined by glue, water and pressure into sheets which were fastened together to form long rolls. Such rolls have been found dating back to very early times.

How amazing that the most ancient manuscript of the New Testament was found by a German in a waste-paper basket in a monastery at Mount Sinai, and subsequently bought from the Soviet Government by the British Museum for £100,000! And how amusing to learn from ancient inscriptions that even great conquerors like Ashurbanipal, the last of the Assyrian kings, had their little weaknesses just like ourselves. One of these inscriptions might be the heartfelt cry of any schoolboy; it reads, "I struggled with the learned masters. I worked at the laborious problems of division and multiplication, which were not clear. I learned to read the cuneiform script, which is hard to master. . . . At times I was angered because I was stupid and addled by the beautiful script! At the same time I was learning royal decorum, walking in kingly ways."

Throughout the lessons on the Old Testament, which included contemporary non-Christian history, it was wonderful to find how little human nature has

changed since those far-off days, and how the problems which beset us to-day are not so very different from those which confronted Moses, Rameses the Great, David or Sennacherib.

And what fun the geographical lessons were! How I looked forward to the evenings when I could settle down with my old school atlas and my small son's crayons, and lose myself in the Palestine of Abraham's day or go across Asia with Paul on one of his missionary journeys!

As I came on to the New Testament and really got down to a study of the Gospels, the life of Christ became more real to me, and His message more applicable to myself. My general knowledge of the Old Testament led me to a fuller understanding of His words and appreciation of the smaller details of description. I seemed to be reading the familiar story for the first time. It became so much more vivid when I knew where all the places were that are mentioned in the narrative.

One day we were very worried over the baby, who was ill. No one seemed to know what was wrong with him and even the specialist at the hospital couldn't say definitely what was the matter. I came to the evening feeling too tired and depressed to concentrate, so I thought I would just read through the Epistle I was then studying. I opened my Bible, and at once came upon those magnificent and encouraging words in Paul's letter to the Philippians, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." I realised then how worthwhile my winter's work had been. It occurred to me that we all compliment ourselves on being good wives and mothers—we look after our husbands and see that the children have their cod-liver oil and orange juice, and send them to the best schools we can afford—but aren't we inclined to forget that we are all made up of three parts, body, mind and spirit, and sometimes to overlook our spiritual needs? We read articles on Cookery, Housewifery and "How to be a Good Wife"; we read all the latest books on babies and child care; but don't we rather neglect the oldest and most authoritative text book of all for daily living—the Bible?

I know that as a result of my Correspondence Course this winter I have formed a habit which I shall find it very hard to break, of reading my Bible, not haphazardly picking out a few verses at random, but systematically and prayerfully, so that I can guide my children when they come to read it for themselves, and so that I may find daily help and comfort for daily needs.

the
REAL
thing

An unusual new serial story

by Diana Clarke

CHAPTER THREE

SHOALS AND REEFS

JAMES SUTHERLAND looked up from his newspaper with a frown.

"Look here, Lyn," he said irritably, "I do think this is a bit too much. It's the third time this week that the porridge has been burnt and the bacon shrivelled!"

"Then you should get down in decent time," retorted Carolyn tartly. "I have everything ready on the tick of eight, as you asked me to. If you don't appear until twenty minutes past, what can you expect?"

"You might have called me again!" James reproached her in self-defence. "I went off to sleep again."

"I have more than enough to do," Carolyn pointed out coldly, "without taking the responsibility of getting you out of bed in addition."

James pushed his plate away in disgust, and rose from the table with an anxious glance at the clock.

"I shall probably be late to-night," he informed her in freezing tones, and went into the hall without kissing her, or wishing her good-bye.

"All right," thought Carolyn resentfully. "Two can play at that game."

James seemed to be a long time putting his coat on; waiting, no doubt, for her to rush out and apologise, and ask him to forgive her. Well, this time there was nothing doing. It was time he did a little more in that line. The trouble with James was that he was always in the right—or thought he was! She strained her ears. He

would come back, no doubt, to say good-bye to her. He *couldn't* go off for a whole day without a word. What a dreary morning! Fog again!

The front door slammed. James had gone. Gone out into the cold and fog with hard words on his lips, hard words in his ears, and hard feelings in his heart. And she had *let* him. Carolyn put her head down on her arms, and wept.

"I knew it wouldn't last," she sobbed passionately. "Men! All the things they say when they want you to marry them! And then, when they've got you, they don't care any more!" Her thoughts churned bitterly round. "And we thought ours was the perfect love! No love is perfect. It's just a delusion—a delusion and a cheat. Perfect love! Look at us!" But as she repeated them the words brought back a memory.

"O perfect Love, all human thought transcending." Carolyn rose from the disordered table, and going to the desk (Uncle George's present) opened a drawer. She drew out from it a sheet of paper—the printed order of service which was used at her wedding, and sitting down again she turned the page and began to read slowly and thoughtfully:

"O perfect Love, all human thought transcending . . ." And the next verse,

*"O perfect Love, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death."*

Tender charity—tender love—steadfast faith.
In what? In their own human, perfect—as they

had fondly supposed—love? But that had already failed them in the little biting tests and irritating pin-pricks of everyday life. The steadfast faith must mean in the “Perfect Love, all human thought transcending.” Well, and what did *that* mean? It must mean God. But what, after all, did one know about God? *Really* know? What *could* one know about God, as James always said. What help is it to me, in a foul temper with poor Jimmy, to think of some distant God up in Heaven?

As though in answer to that question a verse floated into her memory: “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”

The *Life*. ‘O, perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance of tender charity and steadfast faith, of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance, with childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.’ Then Jesus Christ Himself must be both the Way and the Life.

Carolyn rose once more, and took from the bookshelf her neglected and dusty little Bible—the one she had long ago, when as a schoolgirl she had attended a Crusader class for a brief time. She wiped the dust from it, and opened it at random. And there was a long-forgotten pressed pansy, relic of a schoolgirl ‘crush,’ so that the Bible opened automatically at the fourteenth chapter of St. John’s Gospel at the very words underlined, as they had been underlined in her unconscious mind until this present hour.

“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.” Carolyn wiped away her tears and read the whole chapter—carefully, thoughtfully, critically. “If a man love Me he will keep My words . . . My peace I give unto you.”

Carolyn had forgotten how to pray, though in the evenings (when she remembered) she went down on her knees according to her childhood habit and gabbled off “Our Father”—her mind usually busy meanwhile with other things. And

even this had lapsed lately, since long ago it had ceased to have much meaning. But now she went through the verses of “O perfect Love” again, making them into a prayer, and altering the pronouns ‘their’ and ‘theirs’ to ‘our’ and ‘ours.’

“That *ours* may be the love which knows no ending . . . Be Thou *our* full assurance . . . Grant us the joy which brightens earthly sorrow . . . Grant us the peace which calms all earthly strife.”

There was ‘tender charity’ in Carolyn’s voice when presently she went to the telephone and dialled the number of Jim’s office.

“That you, Jimmy? This is Carolyn. I’m sorry about this morning, darling. Please forgive me. Don’t be later than you can help to-night, dear. I’ll have some food ready for you M-m-m-- And not burnt! No, it wasn’t your fault, really. It was mine. All right then, it was both of us! Yes, and half a dozen of the other! Yes, in dust and ashes! You, too? Oh, my dear. Aren’t we idiots? Could you believe it of us? No, neither could I. What’s that? We’re only human? Too true, Jim. So we must expect little failures? Jimmy . . . I’m not so sure about that. I’ve been thinking. Yes, quite a change, as you say! Yes—I’ll tell you tonight. ‘Bye, darling. Good-bye.”

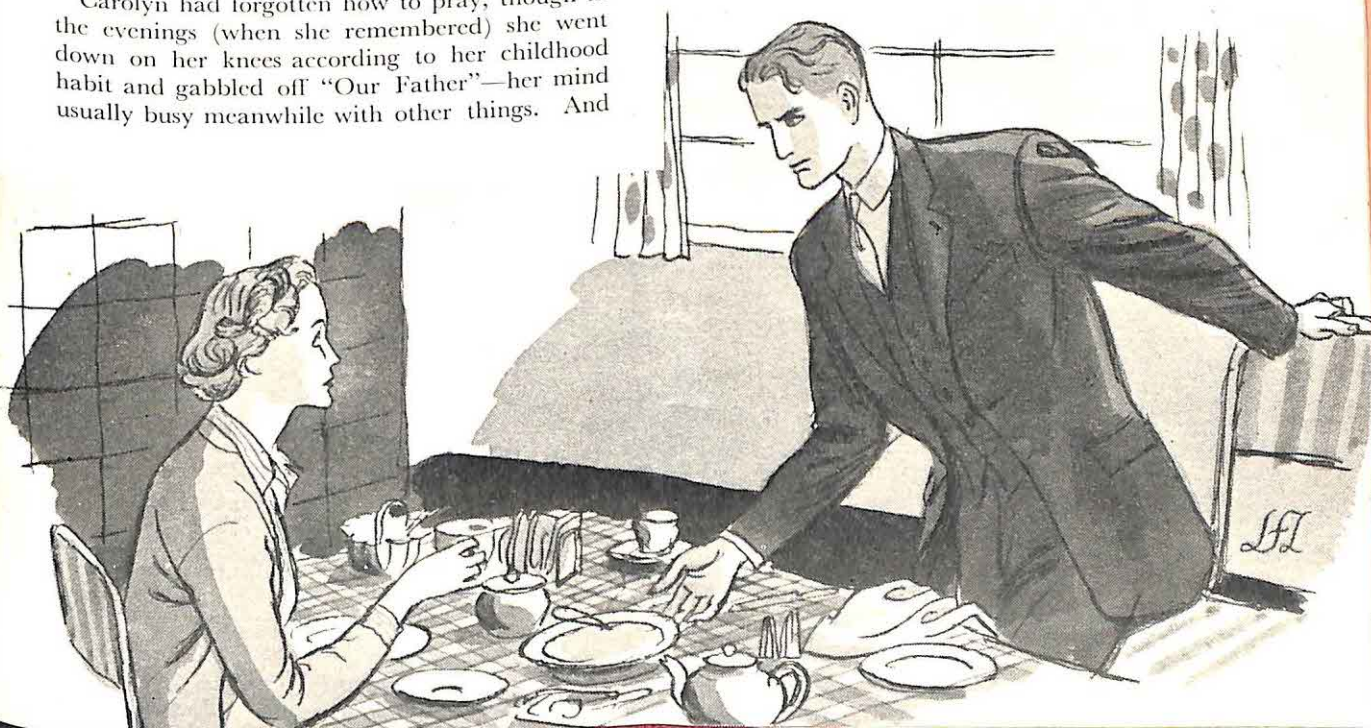
* * * * *

She flew to the door to meet him as soon as she heard his footsteps on the crazy paving, and his key in the door.

“And this,” said James complacently, releasing her at length, “is more like the lady I married!”

Carolyn laughed tenderly, though she retorted with spirit. “The gentleman *I* married hasn’t

(Please turn to page 47)



FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

DAVID'S LITTLE BIBLE

I'VE been thinking what a very little Bible David had! In the edition I am using he had at the very most 345 pages as against 1,353 that make up our heritage. Think of it—a Bible without Isaiah 53, without a Gospel of John, without St. Paul's letters, even without the Shepherd Psalm! Probably David did not possess a copy of his few scriptures, but treasured by heart what he had heard from God's servants. He couldn't buy a copy from the nearest book-seller, as we can, or have easy access to half a dozen different translations. It is humbling to consider the debt we owe to men of God in every age and from all sections of His Church, who have generously shared with us in their books the fruits of their study. David had none of these, and as I read his poem in honour of the Word of God (Psalm 119), I marvelled at what he got out of it and his delight in it. He shames our casual handling of the fuller revelation which has come down to us.

From his tiny library of history, law, prophecy and biography (I'm so glad he had the biographies!) David found a defence against sin (v. 11), a resource in depression and trouble (25 and 50), a guide (105), inexhaustible riches for mind and heart (72 and 127), and much more besides. What made him able to reap such a reward? Three things seem to be indicated in the Psalm itself. You may find others.

He was sure God's Word was true (89 and 90, 128, 160). He would allow no shadow of doubt to be cast on its absolute trustworthiness.

He let it speak to him, holding it to be ever and always God's message to each succeeding generation (9, 75, 130, 162).

He made it his guide (33, 59, 105); and so sure a guide is to be obeyed (1-8).

Maybe if David's faith and David's methods were ours, our daily readings would be of more thrilling interest and have a greater influence on our day to day living.

DRIFTING?

Have you ever planned something really big (as we count things big in family circles)—something which has filled your thoughts for weeks and which has cost you a good deal? If so, you know how hard it is to wait until you can tell the

family about it. As you wait you see in imagination how it will be welcomed. And then—what if it were received with contempt, or ignored, or they refused to share in it? Unthinkable, isn't it?

I've been reading the first three chapters of

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR NOVEMBER*

Psalms			8 § .. 119. 81-96			15 § .. 2. 1- 9			23 .. 7. 18- 28		
1 § ..	117.	1- 2	9 ..	119.	97-112	16 ..	2. 10- 18	24 ..	8. 1- 13		
2 ..	118.	1- 14	10 ..	119.	113-128	17 ..	3. 1- 11	25 ..	9. 1- 14		
3 ..	118.	15- 29	11 ..	119.	129-144	18 ..	3. 12- 19	26 ..	9. 15- 28		
4 ..	119.	1- 16	12 ..	119.	145-160	19 ..	4. 1- 16	27 ..	10. 1- 14		
5 ..	119.	17- 32	13 ..	119.	161-176	20 ..	5. 1- 14	28 ..	10. 15- 25		
6 ..	119.	33- 48				21 ..	6. 1- 20	29 § ..	10. 26- 39		
7 ..	119.	49- 64	Hebrews			22 § ..	7. 1- 17	30 ..	11. 1- 16		
		65- 80	14 ..	1.	1- 14						

* Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

that "open letter," the Epistle to the Hebrews, and I think, speaking reverently, that something very much like that has happened with God and us. God planned something unbelievably costly and in every way to our advantage, and for our highest good. Chapter 2 verses 9-18, give us a tiny summary of it. Through the ages it had been faintly hinted at by His servants. Then came the time for its full disclosure: "God hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son" (1. 1 and 2). The writer of this letter does not elaborately work his way through general considerations to Jesus Christ. He sets out from Him. He is presented to us as the unique, adorable Son of God, wonderful in His Person, His character, His achievements. It is through this One that God has spoken.

When anyone speaks we are responsible to do three things—to listen, to understand, and to answer. How much more when the message is from God through such a Mediator! We are not now surprised at the writer's *Therefore* (2. 1). "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest

heed to the things which we have heard, lest, as time goes on, we should drift away from them." That has happened in many homes. Once we knew quite a lot about what God had done through Christ. In our parents' home, or in our Crusader Class or Sunday School, we heard God's plan. We listened, we understood, but we made no answer, and as time went on we drifted away from these things.

This old letter will amply fulfil its purpose if it brings us, as it so obviously intends to do, straight to Jesus Christ—to hear Him and to respond.

*God, Who at sundry times, in manners many,
Spake to the fathers and is speaking still,
Eager to find if ever or if any
Souls will obey and hearken to His will:—
Who that one moment has the least despised Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are.*

Myers.

WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

I felt tired and disgruntled. Why bother to change. It seemed good enough to have a quick wash and go down in the same things. Then I remembered—! There was someone who might come this evening. They might not—but then again they might! And it would seem a poor welcome. So I turned back again into my room and did it all properly. Nobody came! But never mind; I felt all the better for being in a best frock, and—they will come one day!

"And now put off all these—evil temper, evil thoughts or words about others . . ." (Colossians 3. 8 and 9, Phillips). You know the ugly old

clothes. We should be ashamed for our Master to see us in them. They are a terrible misfit on anyone who calls herself a Christian. Instead there are such lovely garments we may take from the wardrobe—kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering, love (Colossians 3. 12-14).

"For yet a little while, and He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry" (Hebrews 10. 37). We should like Him to find us at our best. It may be He'll come to-day—it may not. In any case I shall feel all the better for putting on my best things—and it will make the family happy, too!

OVER-SCRUPULOUS?

THE EDITOR,
Homes and Parents,

DEAR SIR,

I read your magazine *Homes and Parents* with great interest, and often find the articles helpful, both in their general tone and in the practical points with which they deal.

One does detect, however, a certain over-scrupulousness, as, for instance, in the article "Top Standard," on page fourteen of the October issue. Mark's refusal to go to the pictures on "the Sabbath"—or rather his mother's imposition

on him of her own ideas and habits!—is held up as "giving children an ideal to live up to." Isn't this a very negative sort of ideal, and are there not some positive ideals more worthy of emphasis, such as bravery, truthfulness, unselfishness, and so on? Surely we can't build a satisfactory character on a system of thou-shalt-nots! This is likely to produce only smug little hypocrites whose obedience is forced upon them by domineering parents. What happens to such children in later life?

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) R. ROBINSON.

THE REAL THING (Continued from page 43)

been too evident of late." They laughed together then and James sniffed appreciatively.

"Well, feed the brute," he suggested, "and then the gentleman may emerge still further."

But it was more difficult to talk to him about her experience that morning than she had imagined it would be, and in the end it resulted in her sitting on a cushion at his feet, leaning against his knees, and reading to him the whole of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and challenging him as to what he made of it.

But James was inclined to be evasive.

"You know, Lyn," he said, "my father and mother are two of the best—kind-hearted, charitable, generous, straight as they're made—yet they never go to church, and they've never set up to be better than their neighbours, like so many of these religious people do. In fact, I've often heard my father say that it's not what you *believe* that matters, but how you live. If you live a decent, straight, moral life, well, that's better any day than all this church-going and psalm-singing and what-not."

Carolyn gazed into the fire thoughtfully.

"But, Jimmy, what you believe is *bound* to affect how you live and influence your conduct—even what you believe about humans. Take us. We believe in each other's love, and because we do it colours all our life and conduct. We believe in each other's honesty and truth and goodwill, and act accordingly. What you believe *must* affect your behaviour. Suppose, just for the sake of argument, we could believe this verse, 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father'—suppose we *did* believe it—then your argument that we don't *know* anything about God just falls to pieces. Because if it means what it says, Jesus Christ is the Way and the Truth and the Life, and we can not only know God through Him, but come to Him. Jimmy, do you think we should start going to church?"

"Honestly, darling, how can I waste time going to church when I've got that wilderness of a garden to get into shape—and only the week-ends to do it in? I'll come now and again—to please *you*. The other times you can go on your own—if you must."

"But, Jimmy," Lyn protested, "I can't bear not doing things together at the week-ends. I'll tell you what. If I help you in the garden one Sunday, will you come to church with me on the alternate one? After all, we're only in church an hour or so. And I have a feeling we ought to look into this whole matter. You said on the 'phone this morning that we were only human and must expect failure, but *this* says, 'If ye shall ask anything in My Name I will do it,' and implies that

if we *are* human we are something more, too, and can have the help and companionship of God Himself. It says, 'If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and we will come unto Him and make Our abode with him.' There was no answer.

"Jimmy! I believe you've gone to sleep!" Carolyn's voice was reproachful. Jimmy gave a start.

"Sorry, Lyn. I believe I *had* dropped off just for a moment. I'm dog tired. It's been a hard day at the office." Carolyn rose from her cushion and, turning, kneeled upon it and looked into her husband's tired face. Her heart was still full of the 'tender charity' which had come into it this morning in the moment of her self-despising and bitter consciousness of failure, and there was something of maternal compassion in her expression now as she smiled into his eyes and gently stroked his brow and cheek.

"You have forty winks," she said softly, "while I clear up." James returned her loving look and spoke slowly and with an effort.

"I don't know anything about what you call Divine Love," he said, "but I *do* know about yours—ours. I think if ever I *did* come to believe in it—in Him—it would probably be because of *your* love."

"What? Even when it can fail you as it did this morning? And as it has done so many times just lately? Oh, Jimmy, it isn't enough. I'm practically certain it isn't enough!"

"Seems to be enough for *me*," said James drowsily. And he closed his eyes.

As she washed up the supper things, Carolyn found her tears mingling with the water.

"O God," she thought passionately, "I wish You'd teach me about Your Love and make it real to me so that I can make it real to Jimmy. I wish You'd help me not to be selfish and resentful and bad-tempered when things go wrong. I wish I could always have the tender charity, steadfast faith, patient hope and quiet, brave endurance. I wish You'd show me the way."

She paused, tea-towel in hand. "Why," she thought in surprise, "I'm praying. This is praying. Really praying."

Into her mind flashed the words she had so recently been reading to an apparently indifferent and somnolent Jimmy.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

She hung up her tea-towel, and began putting the dishes away. "And that is the answer to my praying," she thought. "That's the line to follow up. This is the first step . . . to learn about Him."

To be continued

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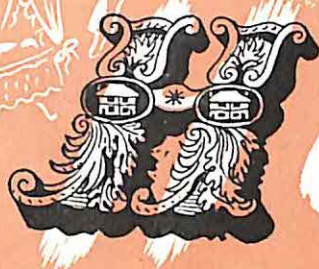
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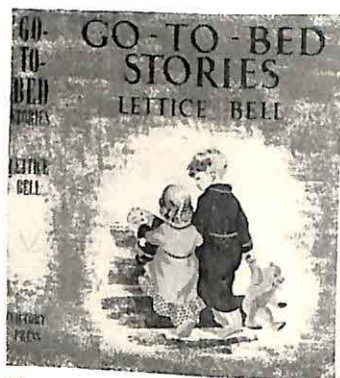
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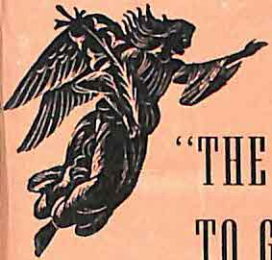
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HOMES & PARENTS

DECEMBER, 1953

the magazine for parents who care



"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US,
TO GIVE LIGHT TO THEM THAT SIT IN DARKNESS
AND IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH,
TO GUIDE OUR FEET INTO THE WAY OF PEACE."

St. Luke 1. 78, 79.



Let's all be old-fashioned

by
Eunice Close



The extremists



"School every day!"



"Mary's got the doll's bed"



On a bus...

DURING the last few years many new ideas in education have been advanced by those concerned with the training of our children. Many of these ideas are excellent, particularly when one realises that behind each one of them is a genuine desire to promote the happiness and well-being of the children concerned.

I sometimes wonder, however, whether we are not going a little too far; whether, in fact, what we are offering our children is not freedom, but licence. The extremists—and they are many—say, for instance, that children should not be made to learn to read until they show a desire to do so. As a teacher with over twenty years' experience in an Infant School, I am tempted to retort that under such circumstances some children would never learn to read at all!

The idea of freedom goes beyond the everyday teaching of the ordinary school subjects, and invades the field of behaviour in every department of life. It may be argued, of course, that many of the rules which we impose on our children are designed more for our convenience than for their good; and it must be admitted that some parents and teachers are rather too prone to insist on obedience more because they want it than because it is best for the child. But after all, why shouldn't they? Adults have just as much right to the sort of life they want as children have; and it seems to me that it is only fair that adults should expect and obtain at least as much consideration as the children get.

This brings me to the important question of discipline. Should discipline be imposed on children? And

if so, what sort of discipline should it be? I think it should be imposed. From my experience of children, I have found that they respect and respond to firmness, provided it is allied to reasonableness and kindness. My five-year-old pupils know just how much freedom they can expect from me. I must confess that I have never found them lacking in affection for me, nor have I ever had any difficulty in making them like to come to school. In fact, one small boy told his mother a little while ago that he "didn't see why they had to have Saturdays and Sundays"! In his view, it would be a much better arrangement if he could come to school every day!

There are a great many things that we have to teach our children if they are to live happily with others. In any community, however small, there must be a certain amount of give and take. To-day, I am afraid, we are allowing far too many children to grow up with the belief that they may take without giving. I see this every day amongst the children in my own class. We have, of course, a good supply of toys, but there are always times when the same toy is wanted by two children. I have known children come up to me and say, "Mary's got the doll's bed and I want it." They are genuinely surprised when I do not immediately order Mary to hand over the doll's bed.

Again, far too many children nowadays are allowed to monopolise the conversation and to interrupt others in what they are doing. This is particularly noticeable in buses and trains. The other day I was on a bus when four girls of Secondary School age boarded it. Their con-

versation was carried on so loudly that, not only could every other passenger hear it, but none of them could make themselves heard. When I suggested to the girls that the rest of the passengers were not in the least interested in what they were saying they were quite surprised. It had obviously not occurred to them that they were behaving in an extremely ill-mannered way.

This, I think, is the explanation of much of the bad behaviour of which adults are so apt to complain. The children are thoughtless because no one has ever bothered to teach them to be anything else. Consideration for others and a habit of looking at things from the other person's point of view must be taught, and taught from a very early age.

Small children are remarkably reasonable if they are allowed to be. If you take the trouble to explain to a five-year-old that you want to be quiet for a while because you have some work to do he will accept your reason quite cheerfully. It never takes me long to convince my class that registration—which is one of those things that has to be done every morning and afternoon—is over much more quickly if everyone refrains from talking while it is going on. This is a small instance, but it illustrates one of the ways in which we can train children to exercise self-discipline for the general good.

It is not an easy matter to learn anything, whether it be a new rule in arithmetic or the best way of getting on with others. Learning of any kind demands that the child should put out a certain amount of effort. If the purpose of the effort is not clearly perceived then the effort required is naturally greater. There are some things, however, which the child has to take on trust. A three-year-old, for instance, sees little difference between the pavement and the road-

way. For his own safety, then, we must insist on holding his hand, even though he may fail to see the necessity for it.

In a similar way, no one can get along in the modern world without being able to read. We cannot expect a small child to be able to look ahead sufficiently well to realise that if he does not learn to read at a comparatively early age he will be handicapped throughout his school career and afterwards; he must, therefore, take our word for it that learning to read is one of those things that we all have to do, whether we like it or not.

The habit of applying oneself to a task that may be distasteful in itself in order to gain some desired objective is not one which is acquired easily. Personally, I feel that we owe it to our children to give them the opportunity of acquiring such a habit while they are young.

My own mother was, and is, a great believer in always finishing whatever you begin. As children, we were always provided with anything we needed for whatever we wished to make, if we could show that we had finished the previous piece of work. We grumbled at the time, I remember, but for my own part, I have never ceased to be grateful to my mother for training me to carry through to the end whatever task I attempted.

On reading over what I have written, I am conscious that I may quite easily be accused of being old-fashioned. Perhaps I am. But the virtues of industry, perseverance, and consideration for others are none the worse for being old-fashioned. If we could get more of them into our everyday lives the world would be a better and happier place, and our children would grow up to accept freedom without allowing it to degenerate into licence.



Mother: "What are you doing?"

Son: "Gardening."

Mother: "That isn't gardening!"

Son: "Well, it's the way Daddy does it."



Teaching them "Good Manners"

by Elisabeth Murray

MY small son sat eating his tea and smacking his lips with gusto. "Don't chew with your mouth open; it's rude," said elder sister.

"Why is it rude?"

"Well, we don't all want to see what you've got in your mouth, and you make such a horrid noise, too." Elder sister imitated the smacking sound. "It's good manners to eat with your mouth shut. Isn't it, Mummy?"

"But," enquired a puzzled little boy, "what's 'good manners'?" (The next time I looked at him, he was doing his best; he was chewing hard, mouth still wide open, eyes tight shut!)

This question gave me considerable food for thought, long after I had haltingly tried to explain, in terms comprehensible to a small child, the meaning of what we call "good manners." Saying "Please" and "Thank you;" offering the box of chocolates to the others before you help yourself ("but supposing they take *the one you want!*" came a cry of woe from one member of the family); not interrupting when someone else is talking—all the small but none the less important social observances that make for courtesy. But as I thought about all this, I came to the conclusion that training a child in good manners means far more than teaching him certain rules of etiquette. While many of us work hard at teaching our children the formal, "use-a-fish-knife-for-fish" kind of manners, we sometimes tend to neglect the teaching of courtesy in a deeper sense. There is much insistence on correct table manners, on saying "please" and "thank-you;" and obviously these things are important; the child has his own little social life to live. But surely if a child is taught that "good manners" are a part of consideration for others, all the rest of it falls naturally into place, and will in time become second nature.

A very small girl was travelling with her mother in a crowded train; opposite the child sat an elderly lady. After studying this lady with

considerable interest for some time, the little girl said in a loud clear voice, "Mummy, is that lady a man? She's got hair all over her chin."

All children make these remarks, so natural to them, so hard for their adult companions to live down. But this particular instance of childish candour impressed the small girl's mother with the need of teaching her daughter—even at that early age—that personal remarks are hurtful and must not be made.

It seems to me that this is where fundamental training begins; in explaining to a child that "good manners" are more than formal behaviour, they have their root in the deep qualities of kindness and consideration for others. Never to say anything "rude" means never to say anything that might hurt another person. "How would you like it if you heard someone saying that about *you*?" "Try to think how *you* would feel." Children have imagination, and can be taught to use it in this way as in any other.

What is all-important is that the adult should practise what she preaches (or he, in father's case). Children are quick to observe and quick to imitate. In a discussion at a youth club not long ago, a fifteen-year-old grammar-school girl complained that they were told at school always to open the door for a teacher when she left the room, but that when they did this, "the teachers never say 'thank-you'—they just stalk through without even looking at you, as if you weren't there at all." The natural reaction is to argue, "If grown-ups won't be polite to us, why should we bother to be polite to them?" Fair enough!

Good manners—like charity—begin, or should begin, at home. Why is it that in some families you hear parents and children talking to one another in a way in which they would never dream of speaking to people outside the family? I don't mean the ordinary teasing and give-and-take that happens in every family circle, not even the periodical "flare-ups" which run their course and are



Eating his tea—



They just stalk through"



"Oh, you're no good!"

LOVE

A MATTER FOR THE WILL, OR THE EMOTIONS?

TOO often answers to the query as to the nature of love are either humorous or vague.

It is a great tragedy that many fine young people are depriving themselves of marriage, one of life's richest experiences, because they do not know what to look for or have been misinformed. In their confusion they turn to others for guidance as to the nature of love, and the response is vague.

One great danger is the storm of emotion, as depicted by Hollywood and modern novelists, that is supposed to connote love. Seemingly, when the emotion is gone you are no longer in love and therefore at liberty to seek it elsewhere. Few Christians adhere to this philosophy. Yet, through exposure, they are not entirely beyond its influence.

Some have been disappointed in love and are certain that they can never love again. Others, perhaps, have lost their mates early through war or illness, and are convinced that they could never marry again, as any second marriage would be empty by comparison.

Many tragic experiences could be avoided if it were possible to define simply and clearly the phenomenon of love. As a beginning, perhaps the following definition may be of some help: "Love is caring for someone else more than one cares for oneself."

Some people say that there are different kinds of love. Perhaps this is true. The relationship between husband and wife, for example, is seemingly different from that between parent and child. However, to say that there are different degrees of love is possibly more meaningful—different degrees depending on how much one is willing to sacrifice oneself on behalf of another.

Instances of very great love occur in the Scriptures, as, for example, the love of David for his son Absalom: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" This is a touching example of great love. David cared for his son more than for his own life.

Of course, the supreme example is that of Christ giving His life for mankind. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "But God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

An additional characteristic of love is that it is basically an attitude. As such it is more closely related to the *will* than to the emotions. This is extremely important as it means that love is not necessarily an uncontrollable force in human relations. To be "swept off one's feet" is more passion than will. It is succumbing to one's physical urges, and is to be questioned as an expression of love.

That love is aligned with the will is demonstrated frequently in Scriptural admonitions. "Love one another." "Husbands, love your wives." These commands, and others, are based on the proposition that love may be controlled, that it is in the power of one's will to love, and that any failure to love is a wilful act. Were love an uncontrollable emotion no such commands could be issued. Because of this, one is able to love even the unlovable.

Another interesting observation that may be made is that nowhere in the Bible is love made a pre-requisite for marriage. Should love come before marriage, all the better. However, a lack of love need not deter from marriage. It would appear that in Biblical days (and even to-day in some areas of the world) a young man or woman usually left their life's choice to their families. Abraham sent his trusted servant to select a bride for Isaac. After she became his wife, he loved her. Of course: he had the disposition to love her. He would have loved anyone that God in His providence through the faithful servant provided for him. And, no doubt, he would have married her in faith even though he didn't respond as immediately and enthusiastically as the Scriptures seem to indicate. After all, Rebekah didn't make that long trip to be accepted or rejected according to the whimsical response of Isaac's emotions. He was committed long before he loved her, and before he even met her.

Several years ago an unusual modern example of the above took place. A young couple met and, after a brief acquaintance, decided that it was in God's will that they marry. They felt, after joint and separate prayer, a complete sense of liberty as to joining their lives in matrimony. Yet, on the day of their marriage they were quite frankly not yet "in love." Fortunately the minister did not ask if they loved each other, but, rather, whether they promised to love each

other—future tense. They promised that they would, and they have kept their promises. Their marriage has been highly successful. Now, admittedly, this is an unusual case. Yet, it is an example of two young people who were determined to make their union a success. They will to love. For them emotion was not the cause of marriage but the result of marriage.

In a sense their experience was that spoken by Satan's emissary Screwtape to his associate Wormwood in C. S. Lewis' *Screwtape Letters*: "Humans are to be encouraged to regard as the basis of marriage a highly coloured and distorted version of something that the enemy (God) really promises as its result. Humans who have not the gift of continence can be deterred from seeking marriage as a solution because they do not find themselves 'in love' and, thanks to us, the idea of marrying with any other motive seems to them low and cynical. They regard the intention of loyalty to a partnership for mutual help, for the preservation of chastity, and for the transmission of life, as something lower than a storm of emotion."

Human love is an act of the will, and when a young man and woman will to love each other

"till death do them part" they unite to become a part of each other. As in salvation, stimulated emotions may assist in prompting the initial act of the will. However, varying with individuals, they are not necessary. What is necessary is the complete sense of liberty, after sustained prayer, that this man or woman is God's choice for you. Then after the step of faith, as in salvation, God will confirm the decision with all of the emotional factors so often expected before the decision.

We have been saved by faith to live a life of faith. This "deeper life," as it is sometimes called, is made up of a multitude of practical decisions, some more important than others. One of the major decisions to be made is that of marriage. To insist upon emotion as a prerequisite to marriage, is, as with the Jews in Christ's time, to ask for a sign before believing. It is not acting by faith. It is avoiding the very life to which we have been called. Should God give such a sign, thank Him for His graciousness. But if you are asked to make this major decision in pure faith, with confidence in Him alone, step across the threshold into what Peter Marshall has so aptly called "the halls of highest human happiness."—*Reprinted by kind permission from "Inter-Varsity"*.

TEACHING THEM "GOOD MANNERS" (Continued from page 54)

settled amicably: but a rude, contemptuous way of talking which is obviously habitual. I heard a mother once say bitterly to her little daughter, who had just stumbled painfully through a page of reading aloud, "Oh, you're no good; you'll never be any good." The same mother was perpetually ordering the child to do things and fetch things for her—"Go and find my glasses—Go and let the cat out"—but with never a "Please" or "Thank-you." Yet presumably if the same little girl doesn't say "Please" and "Thank-you," she is reproved for her lack of "manners."

That mother, fortunately, is not typical of most of us. But even the best-intentioned mothers, coping with young children and housework with little or no domestic help, become tired and irritable sometimes, and speak harshly to the children without cause. When this happens, and the mother knows herself to have been in the wrong, the only right thing, surely, is for her to apologise to the child, as she would to another adult. "I'm sorry I was unfair, darling; I get tired sometimes and then I say things I don't really mean"—if this is said, not emotionally but straightforwardly as between friends, the child responds at once to

what it recognises as honesty. It learns its own lesson from the apology, too ("when I have been naughty or rude, I must say I'm sorry; Mummy always does") and there is no cloud of resentment left, to spoil the relationship between parent and child.

To teach "good manners" means not only training the child to say the customary "polite" thing, but to consider the feelings of others; for instance, never to stare or to comment on a person who is disabled, or who has a differently coloured skin; always to be observant of the person who is lonely or shy and show that person special friendliness—it is in things like these that the growing child must be taught to show courtesy. Perhaps a truer word would be loving-kindness, which includes all that we mean by good manners—courtesy, consideration, putting oneself in the other person's place. I think this lesson can be taught, bit by bit, from the very earliest years, and perhaps it will be easier if we ourselves learn it from God, for it is one of His characteristics that most impressed the Psalmists, who mentioned it well over one hundred times!

"Mummy, where has Grandma gone?"

GRANDMA had been a frequent and much-loved visitor to the Brown family. Her death, after a very short illness, puzzled Jennifer and John; she had been ill before and unable to pay a promised visit. But *never* to come again—it just didn't seem possible.

"But Mummy, where *is* Grandma? Can't she *ever* come back?" asked Jennifer.

"No dear, she is with the Lord Jesus now. We shan't see her again until we go to be with Him, too."

"How did she go, Mummy? By aeroplane?" asked practically-minded John.

"No, John. People don't go to heaven just like going to London or somewhere like that. For one thing, we couldn't enjoy heaven just as we are; we have to have a different kind of body. Do you remember the stories I was telling you at Easter about the Lord Jesus when He came alive again after He was crucified? Was there anything different about Him?"

"I know," said Jennifer. "He suddenly came into the room when the door was shut."

"Yes," added John, "and He went up in the air all by Himself."

"And yet all His friends knew it was the same Jesus, didn't they? It seemed the same Body and yet it was different—much more wonderful. In the Bible God tells us that one day we shall all be changed and our bodies will be like His. Death is just the first step."

"Will Grandma have a new body? Will she be able to run properly again?" John enquired.

Mummy laughed. "I expect so, John; there will be no aches and pains in heaven, and Grandma will be able to do all God has prepared for her."

"But Mummy," insisted Jennifer, "you said Grandma had gone to be with Jesus, so she's got her new body, and she could just come and see us like Jesus did."

"Well, Jennifer, the Lord Jesus really only came those few times because His friends hadn't understood about His coming alive again. When they did understand He went back to heaven and He doesn't show Himself to us in that sort of way now, although we know He is with us. And then again, Grandma won't have her new body yet; not until the time when the Lord Jesus returns to earth as King. Until then her spirit—the real Grandma—is with Jesus. Your body, you know, is only like a house; it is what people *see*, but the real *you* which makes you do and say things is your spirit which lives inside the house. I know it isn't easy to understand—in fact even the cleverest people don't really understand, but we know it is true because God has told us."

"Did they put Grandma in a box like the one we saw going into church the other day? Mary said they put people under the ground when they died."

"Yes, the spirit part goes to be with Jesus but the outside, the body, is buried under the ground because the spirit is going to have a new house later on. Really, we should be glad when people die, because they will be far happier with Jesus. Often their earthly bodies have become rather worn out, or they have been ill a long time, so although we are sorry not to see them, they are much better off."

"Does everyone go to be with the Lord Jesus when they die, or only the good people?" enquired Jennifer.

YOUR CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS

answered by

Kathleen Cundy



"It doesn't depend on being good or bad exactly, Jennifer. Can you say John 3. 16 to me?"

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Yes, so you see it is the people who believe in Jesus who are given this gift of everlasting life, which means that not only does Jesus live in our hearts now, but He will take us to be with Him when we die. We know Grandma loved the Lord Jesus, so we know she is safe with Him."

John gave a little sigh. He was younger and of a less enquiring mind than his sister. "It would be nicer to have Grandma here still," he remarked. "But I suppose Jesus likes her, too."

"I expect so, John . . . And now what about tidying up the toys before bed—just look at the time!"

(Suggested Bible passages for study: 1 Corinthians 15, 12-58, Philippians 1. 21-24, 1 Thessalonians 4. 13-18.)



Christmas Presents? HERE THEY ARE!



AMY CARMICHAEL OF DOHNAVUR
Reviewed by the Consulting Editor

IN 1883 Mr. Edwin Arrowsmith, one of the early pioneers of the C.S.S.M., held a mission at Harrogate, where a girl from an Ulster Presbyterian home was at school. "After his address," she says in her own account of it, "he told us to sing 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' and then to be quiet. During those quiet few minutes in His great mercy the Good Shepherd answered the prayers of my mother and father . . . and drew me, even me, into His fold." Thus was Amy Carmichael led to personal trust in Christ.

There is no more wonderful story of a vision given by God and fulfilled on earth than the record of the growth of the work among the children of India which, under God, Amy Carmichael was used to establish and build up, and Bishop Houghton has produced a well-written and extremely readable outline of a life that was truly devoted to the Lord. He has partly drawn aside a veil which Miss Carmichael herself kept resolutely shut; he portrays sufficient of her childhood and youth to give an insight into the early fashioning of her character; he traces the steady development of her work until it took its final shape and was concentrated upon the rescue of the children over whom hung the dark shadow of temple-slavery; he writes, with great sympathy, of the later years of suffering and chastening; and he introduces, in their proper context of experience, many of the poems for which Miss Carmichael is rightly honoured and beloved.

One cannot help feeling that the picture drawn is somewhat idealistic; there are hints of difficulties and problems, but the story is focused on Miss Carmichael's reactions, so that anything in the way of an objective judgment is hardly possible. The reviewer also found himself wondering about some of the mystical and introspective elements in the story; sometimes one or other of the people concerned seems to have spent a great deal of time and mental energy in reviewing a matter about which clear guidance had already been given and, apparently, accepted. But with Miss Carmichael, at any rate, such 'contemplative debates' were conducted in such beautiful prose—and verse—that one almost forgets to ask whether they were really necessary!

The important fact is that this is a classic missionary biography—a beautifully produced volume which cannot but inspire many readers with a fresh vision of sacrificial love, of true fellowship, and of the resources of God; and through it all walk the true 'subjects' of the book—the needy children of a pagan land, the precious souls for whom a Saviour died. (S.P.C.K., price 12s. 6d., postage 9d.).

A BOOK FOR 1954

John O' London's Weekly described previous "Homely-Year" books as anthologies of wisdom, prayer, and Christian experience. *The Fifth Homely Year* (Epworth, 6s.) by Ida and Leslie Church certainly lives up to such a description, and many will warm to a book about which its authors write, "The book is divided into weeks, and each week begins with a passage of Scripture, followed by a short explanatory note to suggest a theme for the next six days. We have gathered thoughts from various sources to open up the subject and inspire further thinking. The third and fifth days are more intimately written, for on them we have tried to share our personal experience with you. They come from our hearts, and it may be that they will help to unite us in an unseen fellowship of faith which shall find its expression in the prayer with which each week ends.

So this little book goes from our home to yours with the hope that it may be of service to you."

For The Under-Nines

The Tip Top Annual (Epworth Press), at 7s. 6d., makes an attractive present for younger children, containing stories, including Bible stories, puzzles, poems, pictures, and prayers.

It is not usually difficult to find books which will help teenagers and juniors to understand more about the Christian life, but it is quite another matter for the under-eights. Further, the Bible itself is an extremely difficult Book for one who is still grappling with the mechanics of reading.

STEPS, by Jean James, has been published by the C.S.S.M. (price 4d.) in order to teach little children the meaning, the need, and the method of prayer and learning the Scriptures; it is written simply so that a child will be able to read it himself without much difficulty, and shortly so that he will be able to absorb it all.

The Clover Books are published by Victory Press at 2s. 6d. each. The series consists of three books of Bible Stories for boys and girls of 4 to 8 years; and a number of other general story books for boys and girls of 10-14 years. *The Call of the Sea* comes in the second group and is a "mystery" story for boys which contains some Christian teaching. We are only sorry that occasional paragraphs giving this teaching are written in language rather above the heads of children. However, the reviewers' two daughters, aged 10 and 14, quite enjoyed the story!

Gilbert's Book, by Lilian Crisp, (Epworth Press, 5s.) is a series of camera studies of a little boy, together with poems which express his thoughts. This is a book which will have an appeal for many.

This month a Doctor answers the Editor's questions.



ON THE FAMILY

1. How long have you been married?

13½ years.

2. How many children?

Three.

3. Had you any very definite ideas in your minds as to the sort of person you would marry?

The girl I would marry would have fair hair and blue eyes. She would not be a colleague at work. (In fact, we met at work, were not formally introduced, and she has dark hair and eyes!) More seriously, she would be a Christian, a Protestant, preferably with evangelical and interdenominational tendencies similar to mine. She would be slightly younger, and shorter, than I am. She would share my zest for games, travel, reading, and music. She would be my undoubted superior in all culinary and domestic arts!

4. What do you most admire in your partner?

I most admire her efficiency, initiative, and comprehensive care of the children. All the children's needs—of body, mind and spirit—are carefully considered, planned for, and as far as possible they are supplied in due course.

5. Had you any very definite ideals in your minds at the time of your marriage?

At the time of our marriage we hoped to be able to establish our home and found a family (ultimately we hoped for four children) in spite of World War 2 having just broken out. We hoped for opportunities of serving God together in the local Church and community.

6. When you began to have a family had you any special hopes or fears for them?

When we began to have a family I can remember no fears for them as far as I was concerned. We hoped, of course, that they would each be endowed with normal physique and average intelligence, and we have prayed from earliest days that they might learn in childhood to know and trust Him Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

7. Have you had any conscious aim in front of you with regard to their training?

We aim to give our children a good all-round education, preferably at boarding school in due course, so that they may be equipped with a fully-rounded knowledge of life and learning. This will enable them to choose a life work involving the carrying of responsibility and useful service to others. We have encouraged them to believe they will be able to fulfil their childhood dreams of a career when they are grown up, if they are prepared to work hard enough for it. At the same time we suggest to them that they may very likely change their choice of life work before they are grown up.

8. Have you had to modify your views as your experience has grown?

Yes, but to give detailed examples is beyond the space and time available.

9. Have you had to treat the children differently because of differing temperaments?

On the whole, no, as their temperaments are not all that widely differing. As yet, different treatment is largely necessitated by differing ages.

10. Do you think it is any use trying to modify a child's temperament?

I do not think it is much use trying to modify a child's temperament; but I feel it essential to inculcate some control of his (or her) temper or tantrums!

11. What do you now want most for your children? Has this changed during the years?

We most desire the developing of strong, reliable, Christian character in our children. We want them to serve one Master, and, in giving their lives' allegiance to Him to prove the truth of His words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

12. If you had to begin again is there anything you would do differently?

This hope and prayer for them has not changed during the years.
Yes, without the advent of the Second World War, we should not have been married in 1939. This would have allowed time for completion of training and studies which we both intended to pursue. If I had to begin again, I should not attempt prolonged post-graduate study after marriage, involving absence from home and interruption of family life, and separation from our three young children, soon after the end of the War, which had already caused separation and uncertainty enough.

13. Have you noticed anything in other families that has struck you as (a) very wrong; (b) very desirable?

Very wrong: it seems very wrong that in some families the children are expected to attend Church and Sunday School, with no parental attendance.
Very desirable: in several families I know, the wife has definite time off certain evenings, when she can pursue her own pastimes and hobbies, and have some hours' freedom from the relentless demands made upon her by the care of home, husband, and children. This does seem a very desirable arrangement.

14. What do you feel is the most important piece of advice you could pass on to new parents?

Parenthood is a part, but not the whole, of marriage. Marriage is there before the children come, and will remain when they have grown up and have homes of their own. Marriage is the most intimate partnership possible between two personalities. A human personality is a trinity of body, mind and spirit. Therefore I would say to new parents: "Be sure to plan your lives together so that there is scope for mutual enjoyment of activities concerning the body, mind, and spirit. Make time for satisfying sexual communion; and also for sharing games, walks, or other outdoor activities you both enjoy. Give your minds a chance to grow together by a common interest in books. Allow God to join your spirits as one, by the habit of Bible reading and prayer together day by day, as well as by Church attendance. By these means you will become the best possible parents to your new baby."

Correspondence

Shall We Adopt?

Dear Editor,

I was most interested in the answer published this month in answer to the question, "Shall we adopt?"

As a mother who has two children, one of whom is adopted, I am sure that to adopt a child is the answer to a childless home, or, as in our case, to the only child. The adopted one is just the same to us as our own—and people often say, "how like her father"!

When done through a Christian Society, it is such a help to know that the placing of the children is done with such prayerful care. We were told all we wished to know about the child's background, and all through the Society were so helpful and considerate.

I feel sure that it is a help to have read something about adoption and would recommend *A Baby is Adopted* by Margaret Kornitzer, published by The Church of England Children's Society, and available from C.S.S.M., 2s. 9d. including postage. I understand from the author herself that more helpful literature is being prepared.

It certainly is a big step to take, but so worthwhile, and knowing that the need of so many is the security of a Christian home one can undertake it as a true call to service. One has to be prepared for some difficulties, but one's own offspring can be just as difficult and puzzling at times. Knowing that a "chosen" babe has its own problems to face as it grows up, one is prompted to give all the more love for one of these, His homeless lambs.

With all good wishes for *Homes and Parents*, which I feel is an excellent production—I lend mine to several others.

Yours sincerely,

MARY OAKLEY.



Ogo Pogo

Dear Editor,

After reading the article about "Ogo Pogo" in your June issue, I feel I must write to you about a similar thing which happened in my family, only with more drastic results. When we moved to our present house, my husband removed a hanging cupboard from a corner of the landing, leaving two patches in the picture rail which had escaped the last lot of paint, as they were under the cupboard fixtures. They stood out brown against the cream rail. My little boy was two and a half years old at the time and he asked me what the brown patches were. Jokingly, I replied—"It's only 'Okey-Pokey'." This was the worst mistake I've ever made, as the child was quite petrified. Even though he would ask to go and look at them, he would shake with fear, and no matter how we

tried, he always referred to the places as "Okey Pokey". Gradually, as he grew older, he became more sensible about it, but by then his small sister was old enough for him to pass on his fears to her, in the way all children have of frightening each other!

We still have the "Okey Pokey" fear, although Raymond is six years old and Pamela is three and a half years, and many times Pamela has almost fallen down stairs in her hurry to get away from "Okey Pokey"—her brother makes sure she doesn't forget him! We've even sent him (Okey-Pokey) to America, but unfortunately he came back again!

It has certainly taught me a lesson, and I've never made such a stupid joke since.

Yours sincerely,

DOREEN G. GAMBLE.



Over-Scrupulous?

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read Mr. Robinson's letter concerning the mother who would not allow her child to go to the pictures on "the Sabbath."

He asks, "Are there not some positive ideals more worthy of emphasis, such as bravery, truthfulness, unselfishness, and so on?" It seems to me that the emphasis on regard for Sunday is all too lacking in most of our families, and that it is a too-much-neglected positive ideal to help our children to see the common sense as well as a desirable Christian ruling in that particular law of God. And does not bravery play a large part? It takes quite a lot of courage for a child to refuse to do something with another on the grounds that "it's Sunday." Unselfishness, too, must needs come in when a child is not able to do exactly what he wants.

While I agree that "we cannot build a satisfactory character on a system of thou-shalt-nots" entirely, it is, surely a necessary part of character-building. We have only to look at the ten commandments to see what proportion the "thou-shalt-nots" take! Obedience, too, is a fundamental necessity if our children are to be obedient servants of God later; it is not so much "his mother's imposition on him of her own ideas and habits" as a direct command on an important issue.

All these ideals add up to a fully balanced character and standard of living. There are many brave, truthful, and unselfish people who are nevertheless not fully developed, one might say, because they lack the specifically Christian outlook. I would desire that my children should not only be good-living, but God-fearing, too.

I should be interested to know what other readers of *Homes and Parents* think on this matter.

Yours sincerely,

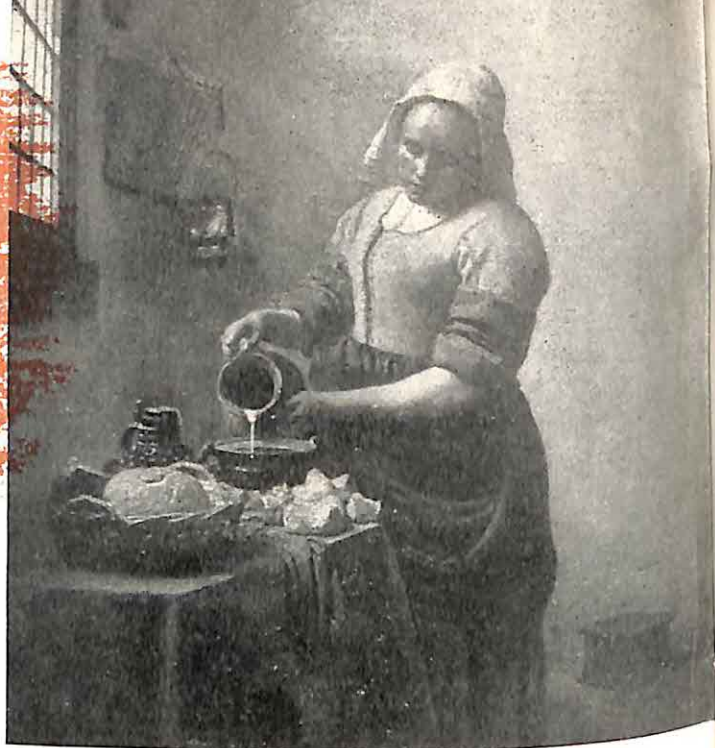
MARGARET KICKNESS.



KEEP THINKING UP

*Facts about the Worthwhile
Things in the World*

by G. G. Staines



THE COOK by Jan Vermeer
Copyright, The Medici Society Ltd.

The International Ice Patrol

Some of the most unobtrusive and arduous work, performed in loneliness and cold, is carried out in the Atlantic Ocean by the United States Coast Guards. Known as the Ice Patrol, and working in Coast Guard cutters, these men patrol the seas so that ships can be warned in time of the presence of icebergs which either break away from glaciers, or from the ice sheet of polar regions. Bergs are usually hundreds of feet high above the water, but nearly seven times as much ice is submerged and hidden from sight.

After the loss of the *Titanic* in 1912, when she ploughed into an iceberg and sank, the various countries sending shipping over the Atlantic subscribed to the formation and maintenance of the Ice Patrol. During the season when icebergs become a danger, the Patrol is at sea locating and identifying all icebergs before they move far enough south to be a danger to navigation. By determining the position of each berg it is possible to find its direction, to estimate its rate of progress, and to forecast its position in a few days' time. This information is then sent by radio to the shipping of the North Atlantic.

The safety of those using the North Atlantic for travel or commerce is thus dependent for part of the year on the faithful watchfulness of the Ice Patrol. It is well to ponder now and then upon all those, who, by their devotion to duty and often in unromantic ways, ensure the safety and welfare of their fellows. Pondering may well turn to prayer that all such may themselves be kept from dangers which lurk about their path of duty.

Jan Vermeer of Delft

The seventeenth century saw a remarkable rise of art in the Netherlands, which declined again before

the century was out. It is interesting to note that owing to the influence of the Protestant faith Dutch artists did not paint pictures to decorate the interiors of their churches, but the paintings they made were paintings of their churches. Most of the art of the period was democratic in character and the subjects chosen were largely domestic, frequently portraying the homes and occupations of the people, thus providing a commentary on the manners and customs of the times.

Jan Vermeer of Delft belongs to this group of famous seventeenth century Dutch artists. Born in Delft in 1632, he died at the comparatively early age of forty-three, leaving behind him pictures which, after a period of obscurity, took their place as treasures of the world of art.

Vermeer's work is characterised by its simplicity and clarity of line and colour, and by the absence of anything superfluous or ornate. Most of his pictures are of interiors, painted with a window on the left through which the light streams. The resulting effects of light and shade are worth close study. Vermeer gave his faces but few shades of expression with the exception of his famous *Head of a Girl*, which is dated about 1660. Painted against a dark background the girl's face has almost a look of surprise in the wide open eyes and the slightly parted lips. The light which glides over the face is intensely reflected in the eyes and in the pearl which hangs from the left ear.

The Cook was painted about 1658 on a canvas measuring eighteen inches by sixteen inches, and was acquired by the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, in 1905. The dominating figure of the powerfully



the **REAL** thing

by Diana Clarke

"DO I have to prise you out of that window-seat with a shoe-horn?" demanded James Sutherland of his wife with a humorous indulgence:

For behind the net curtains, seeing, but unseen from outside, sat Carolyn, the mending on her lap only a pretence, her eyes glued to the furniture van and the men in the green baize aprons unloading it. The neighbours were clearly about to move in to the recently finished house which stood next door to *The Haven*.

"There's a cot, Jimmy, and a high-chair, so it must be a young couple with a baby. What fun!"

James refused to be excited—but only to tease his wife.

"There are neighbours *and* neighbours," he mused darkly. "And suppose they park the baby in the garden, and it cries all day!"

"They don't cry all day—not healthy babies," retorted Carolyn promptly.

"Are we going to waste the whole of my day off from the office speculating about our new neighbours?" demanded James with a hint of impatience.

Carolyn jumped to her feet. "Of course not, Jimmy. What shall we do?"

"Let's launch an attack on the back garden," James suggested. "Clear up the bricks and rubble, and burn all the litter and rubbish. Get some sort of order into it."

"Let's," agreed Carolyn happily.

It was as they worked contentedly in the warm autumn sunshine that Carolyn, pausing with her wheelbarrow and glancing over the fence, had her first glimpse of Elizabeth Enderby, who was skilfully manoeuvring a perambulator into a safe and suitable position. Suddenly she lifted her head, caught sight of Carolyn, and smiled.

Carolyn dropped the handles of her wheel-

barrow and went to the fence; for the new neighbour, having settled upon a suitable site for the pram, was now approaching on her side. Her reddish-brown hair glinted in the autumn sunlight. Her freckled face, innocent of make-up, was rosy in its own right, and her smile and manner were friendly and quite unaffected.

"Hello," she said, "isn't it a heavenly day for moving house?" Only for a moment was Carolyn taken aback by the unconventional approach.

"Hello," she replied, "you are our new neighbour?" The girl nodded. "Enderby, the name is," she volunteered.

"Ours is Sutherland," returned Carolyn. "Welcome to your new house, Mrs. Enderby!" Her eyes went to the pram, where a round rosy dumpling of an infant was raising his head and craning his neck to take stock of his new surroundings. "What an adorable baby! How old is he?"

"Tod is nearly a year old," said Elizabeth. "He is rather a poppet, isn't he?" she added with modest pride.

James stuck his spade in the ground and looked up.

"Come and meet our new neighbour, Jimmy," called Carolyn. James came over to the fence, wiping the sweat from his brow.

"Mrs. Enderby," said Carolyn, with smiling and elaborate politeness, "may I introduce my husband? James, this is Mrs. Enderby."

James, taking his cue, smiled and bowed, and looked dubiously at his grimy right hand.

"I'm afraid," he began, "I'm a horny-handed son of toil—"

"That's all right," laughed Beth Enderby. "I'm not fit to shake hands either. We'll take the minutes as read. I'm up to the eyes. But the men have nearly finished, and once they've gone we can start in on getting straight."

"Look!" said Carolyn eagerly. "I was just going to make a pot of tea and some sandwiches. James and I thought we wouldn't stop for a proper lunch. I'll make enough tea for us all—the men included—if you'll let me."

"Let you!" echoed young Mrs. Enderby with grateful alacrity. "It will just about save our lives! I can't boil a kettle because the gas isn't connected yet, though we're expecting it will be through any minute. Bob—that's my husband—has just gone to the corner to 'phone the gas people."

"You might have used our 'phone," said James.

Mrs. Enderby's round and rosy face was wreathed in smiles like that of her contented and chubby baby-son, who was still craning his neck to see what all the fun was about.

"You are nice neighbours" she declared gaily. Jimmy grinned. "You wait," he warned, "until I borrow your husband's tools and forget to return them!"

It was a hilarious picnic, with the tea-tray balanced across the wheelbarrow, drinking mugs going back and forth across the fence, and Bob Enderby, who turned out to be as jolly as his wife, raising his mug on high, and drinking to the health of all of them.

"And to our better acquaintance," he said genially.

"Hear! hear!" agreed Jimmy, raising his own.

The two girls smiled at one another with the indulgent, superior 'boys-will-be-boys' air of contented young wives.

"And anything I can do to help," said Carolyn, as she presently gathered up the mugs—"please let me."

* * * * *

James was still in bed when Carolyn left the house on Sunday morning for the Old Barn which was doing duty for a church on the new estate pending the time when building could be begun.

"Lazybones!" she chided affectionately. "I thought you were going to get busy in the garden."

"Give me a chance!" grumbled James. "It's the only morning one *can* lie in, after all. Isn't Sunday supposed to be a day of rest? As a matter of fact," he added virtuously, "I thought of offering to help Bob Enderby get *his* garden into shape."

"Well, put the meat into a hot oven at eleven-thirty," Carolyn reminded him. "I've set the regulator and put it ready. I'll see to the veg. when I come in."

"Okay, darling. Cheerio! If you happen to see Enderby in the garden, you can tell him I'm at his service for the whole morning."

And James turned over again luxuriously with the complacency which comes of a firmly expressed good intention.

"Which is already well advanced," Carolyn impishly pointed out, blowing him a kiss from the door. "All right, I'll tell him." But there was no sign of Bob Enderby in the next-door garden, the sole occupant of which was Baby Tod in his pram, kicking vigorously and looking up at the branches of the tree over his head with their yellowing leaves, talking baby language with an expression of innocence and bliss in his wide blue eyes.

"Trailing clouds of glory do they come—do *we* come," thought Carolyn, and idly raked the recesses of her memory for the whole quotation. It came in the middle of the sermon—"From God Who is our Home." For the sermon was on the theme, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in every generation." God, the Home of our spirits. When she got back soon after twelve, James, in his oldest clothes, was hard at work.

"Haven't seen a sign of Enderby," he remarked. "He must be even lazier than me."

Carolyn chuckled. "Bob Enderby was at Church," she told him. "I saw him."

(Please turn to page 71)

Not my line of country, Mrs. Enderby.—



18th CENTURY MARRIAGE

by Frank Reed



(3) MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE

THERE was a time when the face mattered little, while the fortune counted for everything. This era began about the time of Queen Anne. Abroad, Marlborough's many coloured columns were wending their way amid the rivers and forests of Europe while oaken English vessels plied their trade in Biscay, Mediterranean or Atlantic. At home it was the fashionable period of sedan chairs, and glass coaches, of the political and literary intrigue of such figures as Swift, Addison and Pope. In London the dome of St. Paul's was rising to completion, and around it, and in the country as a whole, moved a prosperous people. Against such a background the barter system of marriage made good headway, especially in the upper and middle classes.

"As to Cloky," writes Squire Molesworth of Yorkshire, "we shall not have enough money to dispose of her here"—so she was sent to Ireland to seek a husband at a cheaper rate. Squire Guise was taken aside by a J.P. at the quarter sessions and asked whether he would marry a woman worth £20,000. He accepted the offer, although he had never spoken to the lady in his life. Further down the social scale a cornet of horse says, "Not expecting anything this campaign, I had taken thoughts another way to try my fortune under Venus and accordingly about a fortnight ago was (by some friends) proposed to a lady of very good fortune." He had secured a favourable interview with the lady but further that that could not say whether the transaction would go through.

It was considered a grave misfortune for a woman to remain single, and accordingly women did not mind the commercial atmosphere in which marriage plans were made. What did it matter if your husband had married you for your money? It was far worse to have no husband! It was of no consequence that the husband was usually chosen by parents—one fortune hunter was as good, or bad, as the next. Swift, writing to a young lady on her marriage, speaks of "the person your father and mother have chosen for your husband," and adds, "yours was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture of the ridiculous passion." This description probably applied to most "arranged" marriages

of the day. Runaway marriages, however, were common enough, such as that of the ostler of Spilsby who walked 240 miles to Gretna Green with his intended wife. It was a far cry from their obvious devotion to the sort of marriage typified in notices which appeared in the magazines of the day. Statements of forthcoming marriages were published frequently and always took the same form:—

"Mr. N. Tillotson, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, and a relative of Archbishop Tillotson, to Miss — with £7,000." or, "Sir George C. to the widow Jones, with £1,000 besides ready money."

Sometimes, as well as giving the precise amount of the lady's fortune the announcement would include comments upon her beauty and character. A county gentleman was reported as engaged to "a young lady of £50,000, aged about 17, and plain and ill-tempered." Such were the times that the gentleman minded neither her face nor temper so long as he obtained the money. This sort of thing became so common that public feeling was eventually aroused.

In 1742 a cynical pamphlet appeared, entitled "A Master-key to the Rich Ladies' Treasury; or the Widowers' and Bachelors' Directory, containing an exact alphabetical list of the Duchess, Marchioness, Countess, Viscountess and Baroness Dowagers; Ladies by Courtesie, daughters of Peers, Baronets, Widows, and Spinsters in Great Britain, with an account of their places of abode, reputed fortunes they possess in the stocks." The "Younger Brother" who wrote the work must have felt well rewarded as the custom gradually fell into disuse, and towards the end of the century public announcements merely stated that the lady possessed a "handsome fortune."

The idea that a woman should be provided with a dowry, or wedding gift, to take to her husband was at the back of the barter system. For centuries dowries in the shape of business commitments, family alliances, etc., had been part and parcel of marriage. Now, when it was becoming more difficult to use marriage for these purposes, it was expected that a bride should bring a substantial gift with her—indeed, as we have seen, no gift usually meant no husband. Dowries were sometimes of tremendous value—sometimes very small. Isabella, the sister of Henry III, had a



GROWING TASTY FRUITS

by *W. E. Shewell-Cooper*
M.B.E., N.D.H., F.R.S.L.

(Principal, The Horticultural Training Centre, Thaxted)

THE French always talk about the English "phlegm". Dare we describe it as "I couldn't care less"? Whatever it is, it does mean that when restrictions come, everyone accepts them and does very little about it! Is it a good trait in our character, though? Should we do more ourselves?

Take grapes as an example. They can be grown out of doors, and very successfully too, yet few people bother. It was in Suffolk, as far back as 1553 that the first outdoor vineyards in this country were established, and they did very well then. Where are they to-day?

Many a house in London has been clothed with a vine, but not all of them have cropped well, and the reason, of course, is that the right varieties have not been chosen. If you are going to grow vines outside you must plant *outside* varieties. My favourites are *Golden Chasselas*, which is one of the most abundant bearers; *Pearl of Czaba*—a White, which is particularly sweet; and as for a black, I can advise *Lady Hastings*. It is mid-season and a great bearer, while *White Frontignon* is one of the juiciest and most pleasant Muscat flavoured kinds.

Friends of mine have their grapes growing in their loggias, up pergola posts, and against sunny walls and fences. These conditions are admirable, but it is also possible to grow them as bushes, on the 9 ft. square system, thus leaving plenty of room in between for cultivation. A good strong stake is needed for every plant—so that when it is bearing large numbers of bunches of grapes it will not fall to the ground and allow them to get spoilt. There is, too, the tall cloche method which has much to recommend it in the wetter areas of the country. One important thing to remember—always see that the ground is dressed with sufficient potash. This will help to firm the leaves and berries and prevent attacks of the dreaded disease of Mildew.

People who've been to South Africa never forget the Cape Gooseberry—and they long to taste it again. Now the Cape Gooseberry, or its counterpart the Jamberberry, is very easy to grow in this country. There's no reason why every housewife in the country shouldn't be making Cape Gooseberry jam—provid-

ing the sugar is available! Plant out the Jamberberry at the end of May in a sunny position 4 ft. apart. It produces large numbers of berries enclosed in lovely yellowish "lanterns".

Picking commences in August and September, and you will find that the yellow gooseberries will have filled the lanterns and that the stems will be literally roped with berries. Cape Gooseberry jam takes much less sugar than the normal gooseberry, or the plum, but it needs boiling longer, until the colour is a rich, tawny amber. The jam then is the luxury of the epicure. The Jamberberry is even easier to grow than the tomato.

Now what about bananas? A friend of mine made my mouth water while describing to me the canary bananas which he had been picking. It is quite right, as he says, that the banana you grow yourself in your own greenhouse tastes just like bananas and cream, picked when ripe, and is nothing at all like the banana that one buys in the shops. Off one of his trees he picked 250 fruits! The plants were brought back from the Canary Island and he managed to fruit them in the first year. The plants were about 3 ft. high when he got them.

The curious thing is that the roots take up very little room. The border need only be 2 ft. deep, and the tree will grow quite happily in a square about 4 ft. wide. Those who want to see bananas doing well should go to the Palm House at Kew, where many of them are growing in large tubs or boxes. The snag is the heating of the greenhouse, for to get the best results the temperature of the house in winter should be about 65 deg. F.!

What a thrill the Persimmon gives to those who have lived in U.S.A.! Here is a "date-plum" which grows as large as a Blenheim Orange apple and yet which, when really ripe, is as juicy and sweet as a tomato. The curious thing about this fruit is that before it is really ripe it is very harsh and astringent, and in fact has been described by those who have been "caught out" as a fruit only for pigs. When ripe, however, there is nothing more delicious, as those who have travelled in the East will know, for the Persimmon is to the Chinese and Japanese the 'Kaki'.

When growing, the tree looks most attractive, especially in the winter when its ebony-like coloured wood stands out vividly against its background. It has been grown quite well in the South of England out of doors but it would probably need a little protection in the North. There are, of course, about 100 varieties of Persimmon, but it is the true *Diospyros Kaki* which should be grown just like an apple tree, making certain, however, to give it plenty of room.

We always turn to nuts at Christmas time—and how people love those delicious walnuts! Most people think it is impossible to grow a walnut tree in a small garden, and they are told that it never comes into cropping till it is about 20 years old, when it is 40 ft. high or so, and covering about that amount of space! Yet for many years now bush walnuts have been obtainable, especially varieties which have been grafted in to classified stocks. Such trees need only grow 5 or 6 ft. high and about the same distance across, and when they are 3 years of age they will give a heavy crop of lovely nuts. There are some



WHEN we were children we used to arrive downstairs on Christmas morning to a house transformed! Decorations were in every room and the hall, and a gaily decorated tree stood proudly in the window! We enjoyed this and accepted it as a usual surprise every Christmas.

My own children have built up a very different tradition. As soon as school term ends there are pleas that they might be allowed to make the decorations and decorate the Christmas tree themselves. When mother has all the Christmas decorations to do herself, it is a great help to have willing hands make the decorations and arrange them. As soon, therefore, as the decorations start appearing in the shops buy materials as you see them—counters are uncrowded and there are far more items from which to choose.

Paper chains are cheap, colourful, and easy for very little people to stick. Rolls of plain and printed crepe paper can be cut up, fringed, twisted, and used in all sorts of ways. Twisted round a hoop with "rays" fastened up to a central point, and with holly or other evergreens fastened around, crepe paper makes an unusual decoration for a hall.

Any evergreens can be used for decoration and colour added with shapes made from glitter wax. This can also be used on twigs to make leaves and flowers. Large leaves can be dipped in liquid gum or glue and then sprinkled with "frost", or dipped in a strong solution of Epsom salts and allowed to dry, when crystals will form like ice on the leaves. Gold and silver lacquer can be painted on leaves, too. Streamers of crepe paper can be hung from the picture rails and Christmas cards fastened to them with paper

fasteners or pins. This saves space, makes dusting easier and does not leave a lot of cards to be blown about with every wind—even into the fire sometimes, which might prove dangerous.

Rooted Christmas trees can be kept from year to year if they are kept in *moist* soil all the time they are indoors. Branches of decorated yew or other evergreens make very good substitutes for real Christmas trees.

Do be careful with fairy lights or any other extensions of the electrical system. The insulation of decorative sets used in previous years may have become defective, and there is always the possibility of fire or shock. If in doubt get a second opinion.

When you can, please leave curtains undrawn after lighting the decorations. It is so cheerful to walk along a dark road and be greeted with coloured lights shining from the houses!

And may you all have a very happy Christmas!

(Continued from page 62)

built woman dressed in a yellow blouse, blue apron, and brick-red skirt is sharply defined against a light wall. The creamy milk flows slowly into the earthenware bowl, the bread looks real and crumbly. The colours used in the woman's dress are repeated in subdued tones in the wonderful study of the still life of this Dutch kitchen. Note the artist's attention to detail; the bread basket, the Cologne jug, the earthenware pitcher and bowl, the straw basket, the copper pot, and footwarmer full of embers.

Three aspects of an artist's work are worth consideration; the careful selection of what he puts on to his canvas, his sense of proportion and of relative values, the harmony of form and colour.

The overcrowded programme, a distorted sense of values, conflicting aims and desires; these are the features of a discordant and self-centred life. The programme ordered aright, a proper sense of values, aims and desires in line with the Will of God: these are the features of a harmonised Christ-centred life.

(Continued from page 65)

dowry of robes of scarlet and cloth of gold, of blue and green cambric, her bedroom furniture, silver cooking utensils, and a chess table with chess men in an ivory box. Not many parents could equal this, but even the poorest tried to give their daughter something to take with her.

To-day, when many young people are away from home or are responsible for their own money, the custom of dowries in the old sense does not exist. Many a young couple, however, are deeply grateful for the good start their parents give them when they are married.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century marriage begins to assume a more modern character. In 1787 an aunt, writing of her niece's engagement, says, "I wish her to think from her heart, and if she likes him not to attend to the nonsense of pedigree. Happiness is the only pursuit—the older one grows, the plainer this appears."

Denise Hayward

at the age of 12 months had taken 6 first prizes at Baby Shows. She also won the title of Miss No. 1 of Boreham Wood at a Popularity Contest.

Her Parents write :

"'Outstanding' is the word we use to describe the properties of 'Ovaltine' Chuckles and 'Ovaltine' Rusks. I am sure that these products have helped to make Denise the prize-winner she is."



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FAMILY FOUNDATIONS

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON HER READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

by Enid G. Moxham

EXCELSIOR!

I FIND Ezekiel very hard to understand, but he has given me some seed-thoughts which I hope may develop into something of value as time goes on. There's that remarkable parable about the dry bones (chapter 37). No doubt the primary meaning is connected with the revival of the Jewish nation, but it reminded me that my Christian life, or the life of my Church, need no longer be of the skeleton variety—the dry bones of creed or doctrine, however correct, showing up hard and cold—but it may be clothed upon with the living tissue of a character which is strong, warm, sensitive because of the indwelling spirit of God—something, in His holy purposes, to be reckoned with (v. 10). Edwin Hatch has made this thought a prayer—

*Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,*

*That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou would'st do.*

Then I noticed Ezekiel's "Still upward . . . Still upward . . . still upward" (41. 7). Fay Inchfawn once wrote: "I am not writing of a perfect family; not trying to make out that our parents were flawless, and their children without guile. But I think we were, all of us, climbers, eager to know and determined to follow the shining upward way." It is Ezekiel's thought over again. I should like it to be true of my home that "the winding about of the house (even when those windings were awkward and difficult) went still upward." And as one who often slips and falls heavily on that upward way, I shall cling to the promise of God through Ezekiel (36. 11)—"I will do better unto you than at your beginnings," and all the praise shall be His.

MICHIGAN, MEXICO CITY, MELBOURNE

Melbourne, Mexico City, Michigan. In quick succession men and women from these far away places have come to our home for longer or shorter periods. They came to us as strangers. When they left we felt we were losing friends. Looking back now, I remember there was one thing which recurred in conversation with every visitor—CHRISTMAS. How we had to stretch our imagination as we heard of picnics on hot,

sunlit beaches on Christmas Day! Our friends from Mexico City described the luxurious blossoms of the poinsettias with which they decorate their rooms in December; and I can see a small American of four summers gingerly fingering a holly-bush in our garden while his Mother explained that in England we decorated with this for Jesus' birthday. "We use ivy, too," my daughter added, and they crossed the garden to stroke its

SCRIPTURE UNION READINGS FOR DECEMBER*

Hebrews			Titus		
1	11. 17-31	8	1. 1-16	1	1-16
2	11. 32-40	9	2. 1-15	2	1-15
3	12. 1-13	10	3. 1-15	3	1-15
4	12. 14-29	11			
5	13. 1-14	12			
6	13. 15-25	13			
Ezekiel			Psalms		
7	1. 1-16	14	72. 1-20	72	1-20
		15	73. 1-15	73	1-15
			73. 16-28	73	16-28
			74. 1-12	74	1-12
			74. 13-23	74	13-23

*Helpful notes on daily readings are available as follows: For children, 8-11, JUNIOR NOTES; for ages 11-14, KEY NOTES; for teen-agers, DAILY BREAD; for adults, DAILY NOTES and BIBLE STUDY NOTES. All are 4d. bi-monthly, and the Editor of HOMES AND PARENTS will gladly pass on your order.

dark, glossy leaves which covered the wall. How odd their Christmasses seemed to us: and no doubt they wondered at ours.

Some of my happiest childhood memories are associated with Christmas, and I'm sure that is true for my family too. Love of tradition is deep in British hearts, and I don't for a moment want to exchange our old customs for those of the loveliest lands beyond the sea. (I only hope their children know the exquisite joy of feeling a well-filled stocking in the early hours of Christmas morning, or the sound of waits in the road below, and you know the long, delightful day has begun!)

But I'm glad our friends from overseas have been with us. They reminded me, with a touch of the freshness we associate with these great, young lands, of two things. First, that Christmas (the "really-truly" Christmas, as a little girl I know used to say) belongs to every land and every race. No one has the monopoly of Christmas. I took up my Bible again and turned back and forth in the lovely old records, as you will do this Christmas—Isaiah 9. 6; Micah 5. 2; Matthew and Luke and on into Titus, and I found these:

"Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" (Luke 2. 10). "Thy salvation, which Thou has prepared before the face of all people (Luke 2. 30, 31). "For the grace of God which can save every man, has now become known" (Titus 2. 11, *Phillips*).

"The longer we live, and the more Christmases we spend, the greater grows the glory of the Incarnation. The manger becomes a casket in which all the jewels of divine revelation glitter with increasing lustre." And what is Dr. Boreham telling us but John's age-old message—"That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John 1. 9).

Christmas will largely have failed of its purpose if it does not make me increasingly conscious of my oneness with all God's children around the world, and of my responsibilities to those on whom the Light has not yet shone.

My friends reminded me, too, that it is strangely possible to hug to our hearts the bells and the cards, the log-fires and the laden tree, and all the associations of Christmas, and never to have welcomed at all the One Whose day it really is. God forgive us if we have held fast our traditions and never come with the Shepherds to find the Christ, nor knelt with the Magi to offer our gifts; never taken Him to our hearts like Mary and Simeon, nor spoken of Him to others like Anna.

How silently, how silently,

The wondrous gift is given!

So God imparts to human hearts

The blessings of His heaven:

No ear may hear His coming,

But in this world of sin,

Where meek souls will receive Him still

The dear Christ enters in.

"RING OUT THE OLD . . ."

Whoever first thought of Watch Night Services knew a good deal about human hearts and their needs. To attend a Watch Night Service presents rather formidable difficulties to a busy mother, yet the idea of spending the last moments of the old year and the first of the new with God seems to me the very thing I need. And I am not limited to attending a church with others. Sometime during that last week or that last day I may seek Him in the quiet of my own room. The larder will still be comfortably full after the Christmas festivities. The children will still be busy with new toys. I may keep watch with God. He is not limited to time or place. He inhabits eternity. He is ever waiting to be gracious.

Some words from this month's readings, but taken from their context, will help me when I find that place apart. "Ye have forgotten." "Remember." (Hebrews 12. 5 and 13. 7).

What have we forgotten? Perhaps that the year has been full of God's mercies and we have never so much as said "Thank-you," and we shall spend some moments in praise. Perhaps we have forgotten that great principle of the Christian life: "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me," and some unforgiven sin or disobedience is making it impossible for God to take me any further in my Christian experience. We shall find our relief then in confession and in remembering a love which delights to restore.

And how easy it is to forget that the difficulties we have been encountering are God's loving way of bringing greater blessing to us and ours. "Ye have quite forgotten" (is Weymouth's translation of this verse) "the encouraging words which are addressed to you as sons—My Son, do not think lightly of the Lord's discipline." Brengle, that great soldier-saint, has this to say: "How well do I remember the painful switchings administered by my step-father. But one day I discovered a way to ameliorize the sting: Sometimes mother switched us, and I found that when I got close to her, the switch didn't hurt so much! . . . I must not stand far off from God; I must get up close to him, and say: Lord, this hurts. But I know it's for my good. Help me to learn Thy lesson." Remembering these things we may leave our room as Habakkuk left his watch-tower, with firmer tread, with clearer vision, and with his age-old message in our hearts, too—"The just shall live by his faith."

The year is nearly gone and, says a wise Christian philosopher, "There is no joy on earth comparable to the joy of finishing well."

A GUEST HOUSE in a lovely part of Wiltshire on the Amesbury-Mere road, is open to those seeking quiet and rest. Miss O. B. Jeans, Old Rectory, Chicklade, Salisbury (late of Marlborough). Phone: Hindon 226.

James stared at her aggrieved. "Upon my word!" he exclaimed in disgust. "You don't tell me so!"

For not only had he been done out of performing his good turn, but his neighbour, as well as his wife, was now clearly conspiring to make him feel a pagan. All right! Let them get on with it! It was at this moment that Elizabeth came out into the sunny garden to get Baby Tod for his dinner.

"Hello, folk," she called. "Isn't this sun gorgeous?" She picked up the baby, and came to the fence. Carolyn and James smilingly went to meet her and to admire Tod. Elizabeth's wallflower-brown eyes took in James' workaday clothes and Carolyn's neat suit and hat, as well as the little Bible, no longer dusty, in her gloved hand.

"Oh," she said, "you've been to church then, Mrs. Sutherland. Bob and I have to take turns because of the Baby. Bob goes in the morning and I go at nights. I was going to suggest that perhaps you and I might go together to-night, but I mustn't, for your husband will be taking you, I expect."

And Elizabeth smiled her sunny smile at James, who propped his spade against the fence, and got out his pipe and tobacco-pouch. He packed his pipe methodically as he shook his head.

"Not my line of country, Mrs. Enderby," he told her. "But Lyn can please herself, of course."

"I'd love to go again," said Carolyn promptly.

"*Laborare orare est*," quoted James, with deliberate sententiousness.

Mischief glinted in Elizabeth's brown eyes.

"To work is to pray," she mused. "Yes, it's an awfully good get-out, isn't it?"

They all laughed as Bob Enderby, arriving home from Church, approached with a smile.

"What's the joke?" he wanted to know.

"These two women are baiting me, Enderby," James complained. "Come and stick up for me."

The girls laughed merrily, and the infant joined in with gurgling satisfaction, secure in the atmosphere of goodwill that surrounded him. Bob held out his arms for his son, and Elizabeth dumped Tod into them.

"A quarter past six this evening then," said Elizabeth. "That gives me time to get the infant to bed." She smiled at her husband. "Mrs. Sutherland and I are going to church together to-night," she explained.

"And perhaps," put in James to Bob, "I could give you a hand in your garden, though the days are shortening rapidly now, alas."

"That's awfully decent of you, Sutherland. Anyway we can have a chat if it's too dark to work. I'll be glad of your company while Beth is out."

But when Lyn returned from her service that evening she found James grave and worried, and staring into the fire.

"I lit the fire," he explained. "It seemed chilly after the sun had gone."

"Is anything the matter, darling?" Lyn asked, putting a gentle finger on the deep frown in her husband's forehead, and trying to smooth it out.

"Everything's the matter," Jimmy exploded. "Desmond's been here while you were out. Wanting to borrow money. The young ass has got himself mixed up with a very undesirable set in the works. They've been gambling—and drinking. He owes quite a bit of money, and, of course, he doesn't want to worry the Old Man. It would distress Mother keenly, too, if she were to know. I must prevent that at all costs."

Carolyn perched on the arm of her husband's chair, and cradled his head against her.

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, dear, I'm so sorry. So terribly sorry. What can we do to help?"

His arms held her gratefully.

"The trouble with Desmond," he said, "is that he's weak. I always knew he was weak, but when I was at home it was all right. I was able to keep him out of mischief and on the right lines, for we were pretty nearly always together. Now I'm no longer there to look after him—well, I suppose the poor lad misses me. I've got to help him, Lyn, somehow. We think the world of each other, you know, and if—if Desmond went off the rails it would break their hearts at home—and mine, too, I think. The silly young fool!" But the words, harsh as they sounded, were full of affection. "He swears he'll turn over a new leaf if only I'll help him out of the jam he's in. And he swears he'll pay it back faithfully, week by week."

"You've promised to help him, then?" asked Lyn.

James raised his troubled face to look at her.

"How could I? They're our joint savings, Lyn."

"Well, we must use them," said Carolyn slowly.

"I'm not having you worried, Jimmy."

"But Lyn, those savings are ear-marked for—for—"

"Our baby," she whispered. "I know. But the baby hasn't started his journey yet. And—and—" She swallowed her tears. "God will help us, Jimmy."

"God!" he replied. "God! Be your age, Lyn. Be practical. What's God to do with this?"

"Everything!" she burst out passionately. "Because only God can turn Desmond from a weak boy into a strong man. And only God makes me willing to part with our savings, because I love you too much to let you suffer. And it's God who has given you the love you have for Desmond and your parents, so that you are suffering now on his account—and theirs. It's God all the way and every time, even though you don't recognize it! And oh, Jimmy, if you feel like that about Desmond, and I feel as I do about you, poor weak human beings as we are, how do you think God feels about us?"

And Carolyn burst into tears, broke away from her husband's restraining arm, and fled from the room.

(To be continued.)

GROWING TASTY FRUITS (Continued from page 66)

delicious varieties, for instance, *Franquette*, which produces large elongated nuts with smooth shells. They are strongly sealed but easily cracked, and the flavour is particularly sweet. *Mayette* is a wide nut with a flattened base—so wide in fact that it is easy to stand the nut upright. The shell, however, is filled almost to overflowing!

The variety I should recommend for the small garden

is *Trayve*. The kernel is almost pure white and it gives a very heavy yield. All these varieties need very little looking after, and it is a wonder they are not more grown. They don't need spraying like apple trees, they need little or no pruning, and they crop every year. Unfortunately they are not very easy to get—but they are worth while searching for!

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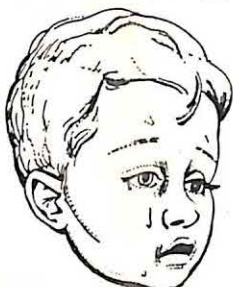
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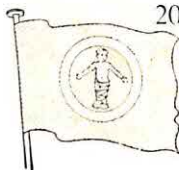
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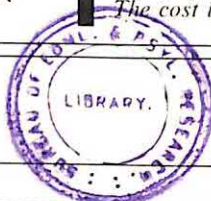
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